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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1962 VOLUME LVIII NO 4 WHOLE NO 347

ARTICLES

INTRODUCING THE MCLAUGHLIN DIMENSION — *In which the ouroi league is the major* — Mark Epernay 79
BARRY GOLDWATER: THE AFFLICTIONS OF AN OLDER MAN — *Right turn only* — Richard L. Gilbert, Jr. 96
THE LATE SPRING OF ALF LANDON — *The personal cerities show again* — Thomas B. Morgan 100
CAMUS'S LAST WORDS — *There is taking no chance on it might have been* — Robert Ryer 104
THE ANATOMY OF SOLITUDE — *The terror of nothingness stopatts in the expanding world* — John Sibley 120
A PASSAGE TO EGYPT — *Only the demotic is new* — Gore Vidal 138

FOOTBALL

KILKENNY — *Six pages of an autumnal spectacle* — Photographed by Ernst Haas 82
AND KICKBALL — *With suggestions for returning perspective to the game* — John Keats 86

A PRIMER ON MAX FRISCH

THE DILEMMAS WORLD OF MAX FRISCH — *The theatre of the man and his work* — Carl Riess 108
THRILL HOZE'S PLAN — *A short [illegible] on the art of film noir* — Sketch for a play by Max Frisch 109

FICTION

LARRY SHINE — *The promise of another day* — William Siegner 130

PRODUCING A PERSONALITY

THE BUTTERFLY BUTTERFLY BOOK — *Whatever you go you'll be you* — Blake Hampton 97

POTABLES

THE PERFECT WHISKEY SOUR — *1 Read carefully 2 Prepare meticulously 3 Enjoy thoroughly Repeat 1 2 3* 112

PICTURED ESSAYS

INDIAN SUMMERTIME — *Soft with theme and variations* — Photographed by Alvin Maley 111
HAPPY MARRIAGES ARE ALL ALIKE — *Duets for consonant consorts* — Photographed by Robert Benton 124

WEARABLES

THE LORD OF THE MANSIAN — *In which the peak coat is also traced to his loin* 91
BROWN: BELIEF RESTORED, AND DISPLEASURE — *And the separated with shades of grey and black* 116
BROWN IS NO LONGER A LOSER — *Here it occurs paired with blue gold and green* 118
A GENTLEMAN'S ARTICLE ON WARDROBE COMPONENTS — *Comment is the only embellishment* 128
HATS: YOU PROBABLY CAN CALL — *All for the money and one for the show* 134

TRAVEL

RICHARD JOSEPH'S TRAVEL NOTES — *I've begun to clean up after a town that never shuts down* — 63
HONEST WAYS TO BEAT U.S. CUSTOMS: PART I — *Nature only and reserve for that trip abroad* 134
HONEST WAYS TO BEAT CUSTOMS: PART II — *Objets d'art* — Richard Joseph 136

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Page: RIDING THROUGH 6
THE SOUND AND THE FURY 8
FILMS — Dwight Macdonald 22
RECORDINGS — Marion Meyer 40
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE 56

BRIEF

CHINESE CONFRONTATION — William North Jayme 18

SELF-PORTRAIT

ON HAND WITH MARX 112

ESQUIRE'S BUYING GUIDE

BROWN GOES LOOSE AND SUBURBIA 133

TALKING SHOP

SHIRTS: THE [illegible] beginning on 137
[illegible] — *Buy Right & Be Sure Always to Pay Right by Rule Book* —

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Some things that we like and one that we don't

SINCE this issue will achieve currency barely a fortnight before the Patterson-Liston title fight, we thought we'd better take advantage of this last chance to tell you that we don't agree with its cover. Though the cover design is a surrealistically dreamy composition showing a downed boxer alone in a ring and an arena, from which all but he have fled, still it has one touch of reality about it that we don't like. The designer, George Lois, who did this cover and is now working on next month's obviously talented, to suggest that for a beaten boxer the ring is the loneliest place in the world. To emphasize his point he even went to the trouble of removing all the seats on the near side of the ring. So far so good. He could have called his picture by some such generic title as Up Queen Street and it could have stood for all knockout fights and all knockout fighters everywhere. But he put in one hint of actuality, or if you like of prophecy. He gave the fallen figure the trunks that Patterson is supposed to be wearing in Chicago on September 25. Of course it could be argued that he had to give him trunks of some kind and that he had only two choices, black or white. But we're inclined to think that his choice was deliberate. Maybe after taking one look at Robert Riger's photograph of Sonny Liston on page 106 Lois leaped to the conclusion that anybody built like that just couldn't be stopped with the only weapons that are legal in the squared circle. But until events prove us wrong we'd prefer to believe that Liston can be stopped and that Patterson is the one that can do it.

This all reminds us of another pre-fight picture that we had many, many back in our men's-wear-syndicate days. pre-Esquire when we supplied an illustration for an ad to be run in papers all over the country the morning after the second Tunney-Dempsey fight, showing a guy reading a newspaper that had folded vertically, commuter fashion, so that only the right half of the headline was revealed. It read: FOR WINS! We had scads of letters afterward, all wondering how we got that ad finished so fast with Tunney's name in the headline in the morning. Of course we'd have had just as many letters if Dempsey had won. And even after we'd explained that only the last two letters of the name showed—a lot of people were still ready to swear that in *their* paper they'd seen the full name. They had, too, because by the time they saw that ad—they knew who had won the fight—and their mind's eye was thus ready, and able, to supply the missing letters before the final two, that we had left out.

Since we started out with a negative comment, about an aspect of the issue that we don't like, we'd better hurry up and tell you about some of the features that we do like.

We like very much Tom Morgan's piece in this issue, *The Late Spring of Alf Landon*, with its touching anecdote about the girl in the Topeka bookshop who never heard of Roosevelt's opponent in the '36 election. But if you think Alf Landon is the forgotten candidate of that year, you're wrong. Who could ever forget the man who caused the coinage of that undying phrase, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont"?

The only way we remember that there was still another candidate in that long ago election is by recalling Sunny Jim, the elevator starter in the La Salle Street building in Chicago where the Republican National Committee had its campaign headquarters. Although it was evident long before November that the Republican prospects were growing dimmer and more forlorn, the elevator starter found some note of cheer with which to greet the National Committee Chairman each morning as he entered the lobby. On the black day after the election, with only Maine and Vermont to show for all his months of effort, the Republican Committeeman felt sure that even Sunny Jim would be speechless. But not at all. "Good morning," he intoned, "Well, Governor Landon certainly made a bum out of that Lemke, didn't he?"

Among other things in this issue that we like one is the photograph called *Indian Snow Girl*, partly because it reminds us of another picture with that same title that we ran some years ago by the late Gilbert Bundy. Another is the photographic spread, *The Prague Huntsmen*, partly because the figure on the left, modeling the rattletrap outfit, is that of our old fishing companion, and his magazine's original art director, John Groth.

We also like the story *Carrion Spring* by Wallace Stegner, partly perhaps because it recalls sitting up much too late one night in the early Spring of 1945 in a cavernous apartment on Central Park West with a lonely man named Sinclair Lewis, who kept asking us not to leave because he didn't want to be alone. He asked us rather thickly: Wanna know name of most promising two authors this country today? Jean Stafford and Wallace Stegner."

The most important thing in this issue, beyond a doubt, is *Introducing The McLandress Dimension*. Not since *The American Establishment* has any oth— but our space is all! —A.G.



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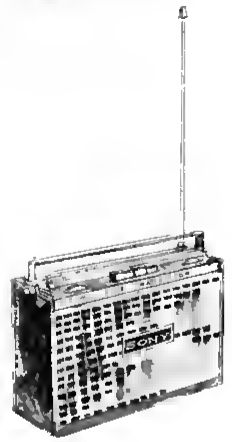
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

An established pillar responds

I found Mr. Revere's *The American Establishment*, which appeared in Esquire, May, 1962, an interesting article, although I am frank to admit that I was not as conscious of the "Establishment" as Mr. Revere seems to be. I was especially surprised that he regards me as a "pillar" of the 'Establishment.' If I am a "pillar" of the "Establishment," it is quite an unconscious role, and his statement attributes a greater stature in the "Establishment" than is warranted by the facts.

J. W. FULBRIGHT
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

* * *

We have just completed reading *The American Establishment* by Richard H. Rovere, and are most impressed with it. These are things that needed to be said.

Mr. & Miss W. B. McDANIEL
Bellaire, Tex.

A Question of In and Out

As for Mailer's sentence that Carson and Ginsberg be invited to the White House (*An Evening With Jackie Kennedy*, July '62), how can these gentlemen be out and in at the same time? I assume they are in the same position as Thoreau who admitted that "my thoughts are murder to the state."

DAVID HALLSTROM
San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

If I were chanced to be in the East Room of the White House by invitation of the President of my country to stand before a much respected elder poet, I much doubt either one of us would go into a Keymeski dog-dance. When this poet is an select ground he do magical dignity to tread it.

GREGORY CORSO
American Poet
Paris, France

* * *

Re the essay *An Evening With Jackie Kennedy*: it was written by a self-absorbed, self-pitying, anti-intellectual snob. In plain fact it was an article that revealed Jackie Kennedy not at all, but most certainly revealed Norman Mailer.

DOROTHY S. HULL
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mr. Tynan smites back

As you rightly reported in your July issue, Mary McCarthy (in *Mary McCarthyism* by Brock Brower) reviewed a book of mine called *Curtains* in *The Observer*, and panned the hell out of it. The book which appeared last year, was a collection of drama criticisms I'd written since 1950, and Miss McCarthy thought most of it shoddy stuff.

It may divert you to learn that two years before, to the same newspaper, I had reviewed a book of Miss McCarthy's called *Sights and Spectacles*, which also happened to be a collection of drama criticisms. In the course of my notice, I applauded the surgical vivacity of her style, but I also accused her of pedantry, inconsistency, glib irrelevance (e.g. *Death of a Salesman* is phony because its characters employ "Jewish Rhythms" instead of 'normal American locutions') outright obtuseness (e.g. *The Iceman Cometh* fails because "O'Neill is an incompetent reporter"), and—*à propos* of her comments on Shakespeare—simple lapses into schoolgirl error. I also said:

'To converse with her is like fencing on the brink of a dizzy abyss, in that the upper air which makes most of us feel faint, she is utterly at home; her bright cinematic smile unfolding us, with a deft parry and thrust she sends her opponents plunging into the depths of intellectual ignominy.... Reading her pieces I realized with a pang of shame how absurdly merciful I had been all these years, to adapt the old soap flake advertisement. I thought my standards were high—until I saw Miss McCarthy's. Are you stooge, those who find, or have found, merit in the work of Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams or Elia Kazan? If so, by very intellectuals, says Miss McCarthy, 'think this theatre is corn.'

I praised her skill as a literary detector and the passionate precision with which she could write about subjects she clearly felt to be beneath her; but I added that I often found her humorless, that it baffled me when she referred to Lillian Hellman as an exemplar of "subtlety and virtuosity," and—in conclusion—that I somehow could not imagine her in a theatre at all.





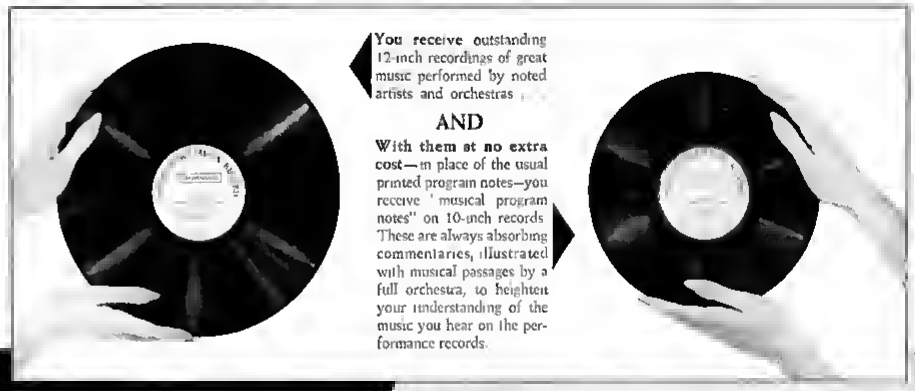
My difficulty in picturing her as a playgoer is probably linked with my inability to imagine her as a member of any crowd anywhere. There is something antiseptic about her intelligence that would always resist the contagion of multitudes. She is a born specialist, a cat that walks by itself or with a pedigree *elite*.

A couple of months afterward Miss McCarthy took part (along with Norman Podhoretz, Norman Mailer and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.) in a symposium on "TheTies" at Columbia University. Writing about it in *The Observer*, I said that her address 'fell somewhere between sociology and gossip, and I described her manner as 'bursting with the kind of good humor that is usually called girlish.' She said nothing about politics that was not frigidly sceptical.

'As the spectators scattered, I heard a faint murmur of discontent. They had come to learn about the idealism of the Thirties; to find they had run up against the apathy of the Fifties.'

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clothes, shelter, etc., to all people, Mormon or not.

For five years my mother held a position in one church which included having food in people's homes when there was a death in the family taking care of people in time of need, illness or anything else. Many times she was gone all day helping in another home.

Why is it people try to write something about a subject of which they really don't know a thing?

I say this to Mr. Morgan and anyone else who is thinking of writing about our church and have a membership in another. Try to see past the money and tell a little of the good and the truth along with your sarcasm.

I cannot tell you in words the damage done to us by your article and magazine.

A UTAH COLLEGE STUDENT

Las Vegas, Nev.

• • •

After reading the recent article appearing in your August issue entitled *Utah Has Much Money Hath The Mormon Church?* by Neil Morgan, I feel prompted to enlighten Mr. Morgan on two points which seemed to be the focal point of his article.

I refer to the *Principle* of tithing. Mr. Morgan seems to imply that payment of tithing is merely a man ordained way of fulfilling the needs for revenue of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

May I point out that in The Old Testament under the Book of Malachi, and elsewhere in the Old Testament, tithing (on the tenth) is set forth as a spiritual law whereby mankind is commanded to pay the first tenth of all his income into the Lord for the upbuilding of the Lord's Kingdom. Thus we Latter Day Saints who fully adhere to this law by giving the complete tenth are only carrying out another commandment of our Father in Heaven as equally valid a law as is any other commandment given us.

RICHARD L. NELSON

Pueblo, Colo.

The game's the same

I should like to call to your attention a misstatement of fact in Burton Bernstein's article, *Son of Old Maid*, which was published in the June 1962 issue of your periodical.

Mr. Bernstein in describing a game called "Double-Crostic Charades" which is played by a select group in New York states that the "creator of this game is 'the distinguished lyricist and international gamesman Stephen Sondheim.' "Distinguished?" "lyricist," "international" and "gamesman" Mr. Sondheim may be but "creator" of this game he is not. The fact is as Mr. Sondheim will no doubt affirm if Mr. Bernstein or your research staff will ask him, that this game was created several years ago by Mr. Stanley Robeets, a writer well known both in Beverly Hills and the San Fernando Valley and me. The game was, and still is called "Crostic-harades." Mr. Sondheim participated in one of our games in my home, in Los Angeles a few years ago. That was his introduction to the game. Our ingroup had played the game a number of times before Mr. Sondheim was invited to join us. (In the interests of complete accuracy it should be pointed out that there is still some dispute between Mr. Roberts and me as to precisely what share of responsibility for the final product should be allocated to each of us.)

Mr. Roberts and I were elated to read the portions of Mr. Bernstein's article other than his regrettable misstatement about the origin of the game. We can now treasure the thought that our meager contribution to the theory and practice of games has proved to have sufficient intrinsic merit to attract the attention of this gamey New York group, and to require the attribution of its creation to so deserving a person as Mr. Sondheim.

HAROLD HOROWITZ

Chevy Chase, Md.

A floating comma

I appreciate your printing my answer to Jean F. Le Blanc (*The Saint and the King*, August, 1962) but I wish you had not changed the punctuation. The line should have read, 'Gene as a little boy once said to another Chicagoan, back in 1919, 'Say it ain't so!'"

Instead you placed another comma after boy, thereby making it appear that Mr. Lees was the kid who spoke to Joe Jackson. I don't think Gene was born then.

IRA GITLER

New York, N. Y.

Bedside reading

How did you know? Now I've been found out! I thought no one knew that I secretly read my husband's Esquire, hiding it under the mattress so I could finish it first before he got to it!

Your July issue has just arrived and your cover shows that you knew all the time!

Here's how it started in my case. Some years back, time came to renew my magazine subscriptions and sheepishly realizing that all our magazines were for women, I decided to get one for my husband. Memories of the old Esquire my brother used to read when I was a teen ager (and I used to sneak—am I to be forever doomed to hiding books under the mattress?) came back complete with visions of Vargas cartoons and pretty girls, and so I subscribed.

But what a change! Was it the magazine? Was it me? The cartoons and pretty girls were still there, but the rest? Marvelous! Why waste it only on men?

Not only did I read it, but I used it in the Sunday School class I teach. (Is this an Esquire first?) We were right in the middle of Auriel Israel when your December issue came out with Paddy Chayefsky's Gideon.

Since I have been asked to teach again next year, the raised eyebrows caused by a Sunday School teacher arriving at church with a rolled-up copy of Esquire under her arm were a comedy opinion.

So now you know, and as long as it is no longer a secret I might as well go and turn the mattress over once again and get on with the July issue.

ELLA MERKEL DiCARLO

Holyoke, Mass.

Clever Culver

A story you have in the July number—*The Penny Lunch* by Monty Culver, we think is a very fine piece of work. Although it deals with one particular class of people the psychology is applicable to people in all walks of life. We would like to see more of this type of thing in the magazine.

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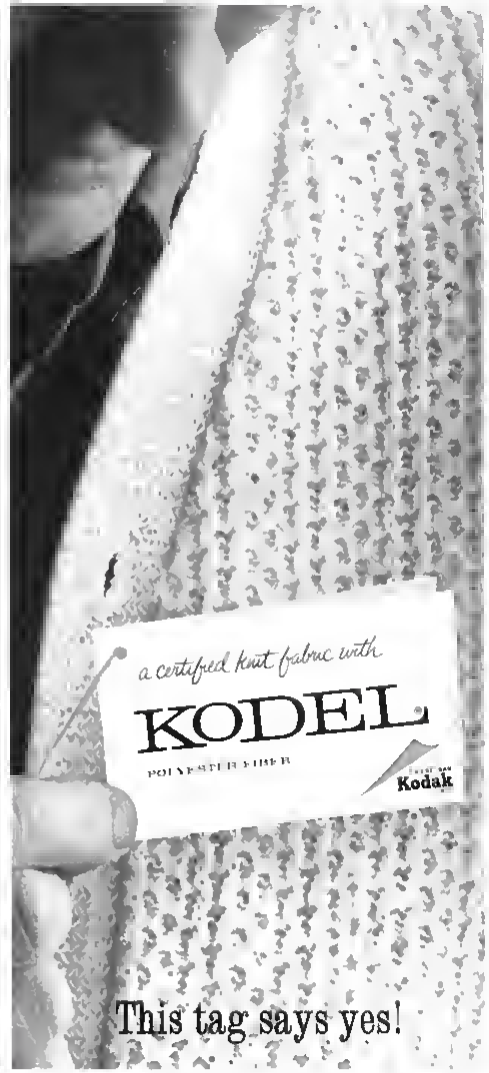
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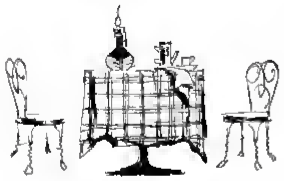
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FILMS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

The private worlds of Messrs Inge Dassin and Griffith (R)

MISS FRANCES MONSON of Brooklyn Heights has sent me the following "Exercise in the New Techniques of the Non-Movie" She found *Marienbad* "vapid boring pointless and infuriating" I didn't, but I think her parody is amusing

LAST YEAR AT GRAND CENTRAL

CHARACTERS Man (perhaps), Woman (perhaps), Suspicious-looking Character, and divers others, all of whom probably exist

SCENE Grand Central Station, April 1 following the year before

Camera sweeps Grand Central, from candy shop to information booth to Kodak exhibit to subway platforms and gum machines This goes on for about fifteen minutes and the same scenes are shown over and over A nasal voice begins droning

NARRATOR The dirty marble floors the ticket booths the worn smell of indiscretions reminiscent of yesterday concentric conundrum of fate, the dirty marble floors the fake heavens on the ceiling in this place where there is no heaven concentric conundrum of fate, the Hershey machines the Kodak exhibit, frozen people looking down on a frozen world, the dirty marble floors, the ladies' room the benches for waiting, the frozen people on a frozen wall looking down on a frozen world, concentric conundrum of fate the dirty marble floors.

(Keep this up until you think you've got a mood going any mood This part of the movie should be shot at night to avoid including people, who will destroy the mood you are after, no people should appear for at least twenty minutes much longer If you are producing the more meaningful six-hour version of the film.)

Now camera moves in on a young lady wearing a trench coat with black ostrich feathers at the collar and cuffs, leaning against a set of luggage lockers She gazes wistfully at nothing in particular her right hand at her throat Man approaches wearing commuter costume He regards her intensely (These are positively the last instructions for facial expressions so get them right) There is dialogue between man and woman on occasion—below are samples, which can be arranged in any order that seems convenient. Films for export should include parentheses around the subtitles even now and then for added interest

MAN (I've met you before.)

WOMAN (Get lost.) *Do not destroy facial expressions by moving mouth during dialogue Remember, mood is everything*

MAN Oh was it Penn Station?

WOMAN (Perhaps.)

MAN (You were wearing a black negligee.)

WOMAN Get lost.

MAN (Or was it white?)

WOMAN Perhaps

MAN You promised to meet me by the Hershey machine

WOMAN (Get lost.)

MAN (Oh was it the Chiclets machine.)

WOMAN Perhaps

Flashbacks should be interspersed at will This is the method use the same scene, only dialogue that seems handy ("Do you think it will rain!" "Not in here. ."). It is interesting to speed up the sequence of film cuts so that the audience can't see anything at all for a couple of minutes or stop the action entirely for fifteen minutes so that the audience has ample time to look at everything from one good angle Good detail man drops nickel in Coke machine, waits fifteen minutes for Coke to come out At this point, the jew's harp which has been playing throughout the film is heard loud and clear, the pitch grows frenetic

Camera follows man and woman (who has now changed into a frogskin dress with a feather boa) to shuttle Trailing behind is another suspicious-looking character a sex maniac perhaps Suspicious-looking character does something suspicious (Suggestion shoots everyone.) Everyone remains stationary and possibly dies All proceeds as before Man and woman board shuttle All exit at Times Square except main characters who ride back and forth using dialogue above until man finally convinces woman to get off at Times Square Narrator reappears, and repeats his lines "The dirty marble floors concentric conundrum of fate, the Hershey machines."

THE END (optional)

Phaedra

JULES DASSIN'S reputation over here as a serious director has long baffled me If he were French one could lay it to *nouvelle-vague* snobbery but he is in fact a New York boy His *He Who Must Die* was considered one of the best foreign films of 1958 (I thought it a pretentious

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pastiche of Eisenstein-*cum*-Socialist realism), and *Never On Sunday* was generally admired as a light-hearted comedy (I thought it lead-en-footed and phony-folk). Now we have still another Dassin movie with a Greek background and I wonder what the reviewers will make of it. "Star-crossed lovers"? "The inevitability of antique tragedy"? "A gutsy retelling of the centuries-old myth against the background of bustling modern Greece"? Myself, I wish they'd left the myth alone. *Phaedra* indeed! Euripides Racine Dassin—whither Western culture and a double whither? In the Greek story Phaedra falls in love with her stepson Hippolytus, who rebuffs her; she denounces him to his father Theseus for having tried to seduce her; Hippolytus goes to his death and Phaedra kills herself. Melodramatic but logical. In the Dassin version, the melodrama is heightened and the logic is eliminated: Phaedra (Melina Mercouri) and Hippolytus (Anthony Perkins) fall madly in love with each other and consummate their passion in a luxurious Paris flat; he asks her to leave his father for him; she refuses for reasons I didn't quite catch and goes back to her husband's luxurious country house in Greece; no sooner arrived there than she regrets her decision, but it is Too Late; Hippolytus-Perkins is now through with *her*, who and also and etc. and etc., until finally their suicides put them, and the audience, out of their misery.

As is his habit, Mr. Dassin sacrifices background and character for dramatics. The husband (Raf Vallone as Theseus) is alleged to be a shipping tycoon but the Balzacian drama that this world might have afforded is reduced to a gala launching of a ship named *Phaedra*—the irony of it all—and a few long distance phone calls conducted with the usual mastery of movie tycoons. His personality and his relations with his wife and son are barely sketched in, so one has no clue as to why they are both so willing to betray him beyond that *coup de foudre* that is the last resource of cheap dramaturgy. Not enough, especially since Vallone, whose only definite trait in the film is virility, would seem much better able to satisfy the formidable sexuality of Mercouri—she has developed as terrifying a mane and set of teeth as Bardot, whose physical dimensions she far surpasses—than the wisp Perkins who becomes more fragile and epicenely contorted with each new film. He is so outmatched in every way, from breadth of shoulders to manliness of voice, that during the many, many love scenes I had the unsettling notion they were both in drag. An instance of the sacrifice of character and logic to melodrama is the extraordinary series of metamorphoses Perkins goes through without any clue as to why: he deserts the London School of Economics for art and has a big success at a crack London gallery; then he forgets art for Mercouri, then he hates Mercouri, then he decides, while surveying the family shipyard with his father, that he too will become a tycoon; then he tells his father (who at the moment is beating him up for cuckolding him) that he simply *hates* money, ships, etc., then he has a brief tropism back toward Mercouri as she sponges off his battered face and begs him to run off with her, then he decides it is Too Late and climbs into his sports car and zooms off to his death, after having delivered the only line that defines his personality with any consistency: "I'm only twenty-four." Or was it twenty-three?

To be fair, there was one good sequence, a rendering



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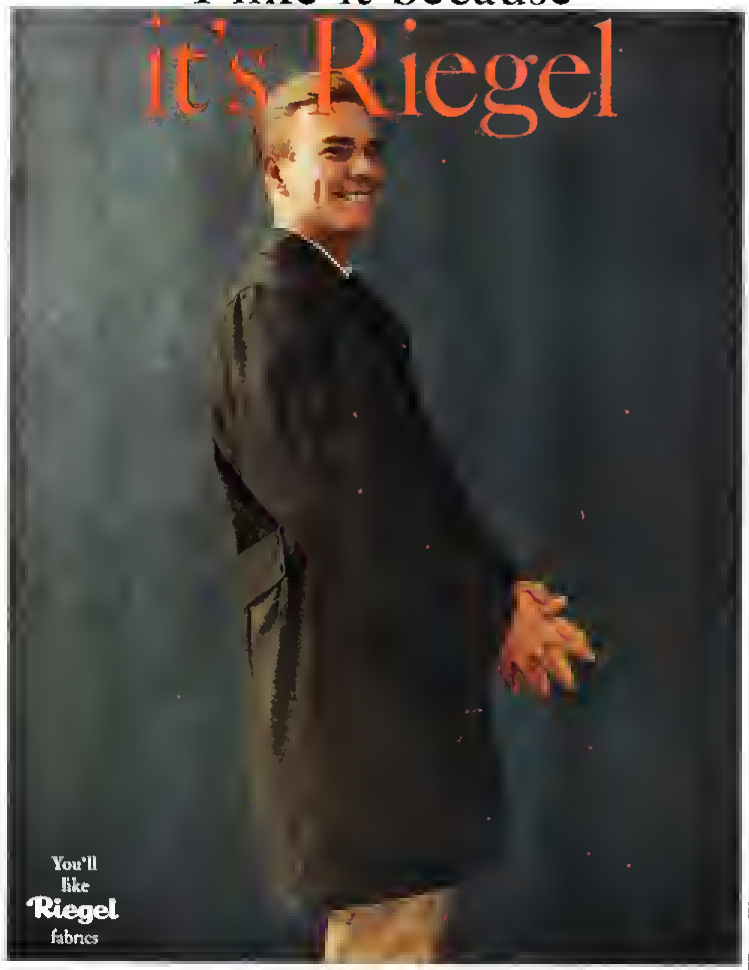
of sexual intercourse that showed naked flesh through wavering water and rhythmically pulsing flames. Overblown but cinematically inventive. Mr. Dassin does have a flair for effect as in the famous long silent sequence of the bank burglary in *Rififi* but he is lost when it comes to anything sustained and he is worse than lost, he is all too confident when it is a matter of inflating his melodramas with Social Symbolism. There was almost nothing but Social Symbolism in *He Who Must Die*—all those peasants running from left to right and back again—and even in this sex drama he deploys black-garbed women of the people as an imbecilic Greek chorus as when they marvel at the nocturnal launching. 'They are powerful. They speak many languages. And they celebrate with fire in the sky.' They come on again at the end as the wives and mothers of the sailors who have been lost on the *Phoedra* which obligingly sinks at the very moment Mercouri is rushing to her husband's office to reveal her infidelity. (Even ships obey the iron laws of Dassin-esque melodrama.) The women go through their paces pushing back and forth and lamenting with picturesque vigor, but somehow one doesn't believe a word of it, not one widow's veil of it, and, what's more, one doesn't believe that Mr. Dassin does either.

All Fall Down

The reviews gave the impression this is a disturbingly realistic study of middle-class family life. But in fact like *Splendor in the Grass*, it is just another projection of William Inge's personal fantasies on that subject. The usual grotesques are on hand: the ineffectual tippling father (a Karl Malden role and sure enough,) the doting, dotty, overpossessive mother (Angela Lansbury makes her almost believable), the rakish older brother, destructive to himself and to others (Warren Beatty is perhaps even less attractive than Mr. Inge intended), the sensitive kid brother (Brandon De Wilde, who else?) and the decent, inhibited beauty who is Mr. Beatty's predestined prey (Eva Marie Saint is clearly indicated).

One mark of a bad movie or play is that the characters exist only as functions of the plot, which means they have lots of Big Moments, but no small ones. Real people, however, exist all the time—this is known as the time-space continuum and is rigidly enforced everywhere except in Hollywood. Their small moments, of everyday life, count as much as the big ones and perhaps more, since there are many more of them. The relation of the rakish big brother to the rest of the family, on which the whole dramatic structure rests, is unconvincing for this reason. It is not believable that the parents (who are not morons, whatever their other Ingean weaknesses) and the kid brother (who keeps a journal and appears to be a reflective type) should not realize long before the film ends, and indeed before it begins, that Mr. Beatty is just a bum, and a dangerous one at that. As to how Miss Saint, who is represented as a sensible career woman whatever her inhibitions, could become so overwhelmed by Mr. Beatty's raffish charms that she gets herself pregnant and could then decide on death rather than dishonor—such mysteries can only be explained by (a) Mr. Inge's very special ideas about family life and (b) the plot line that ensues therefrom. But of course if the rest of the cast saw through Mr. Beatty—who hardly bothers to make himself opaque—as they would if they weren't so preoccupied with their Big Moments, then there would

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WALK OVER
WALL STREETER
WARD HILL
WINTHROP
WOLVERINE
YORKTOWN

be no movie.

William Inge by now has established himself as a bush league Tennessee Williams. He is a busher because he lacks the master's knack—"talent" would be too big a word—for diverting the audience's attention from the absurdity of his fables by means of poetic-dramatic showmanship. Art has often been created from the artist's neuroses but only when he has been able to break through from *his* world to *the* world from the personal to the public and that takes more talent and psychic energy than either Mr. Inge or Mr. Williams seems to possess. Blake, James Baudelaire Joyce to name a few, were able to impose their special worlds on us because they had new visions which were so powerful that they were obliged to create original forms, even new vocabularies to express them. But the visions of Mr. Inge and Mr. Williams are not new but merely private, and they express them in the familiar conventions of modern playwriting which are naturalistic. They are, therefore, often mistaken for uncompromising realists while in fact their notion of reality is as bizarre as Edgar Allan Poe's. This odd combination of unrealistic content and realistic form has produced a great deal of misunderstanding and a great many bad plays and movies.

John Frankenheimer's direction might have stiffened the flimsiness of the screenplay by filling in some of the chinks with realism, real realism that is. Instead he has gone the other way. Not since certain German films of the Twenties have I seen such overuse of camera angles, such cluttered sets and such a profusion of props. He shoots wherever possible from behind lace curtains, hat racks or rubber plants, and his actors are almost invisible in the welter of baroque radio sets and Tiffany-glass chandeliers. His directorial eye is lavishly corny, as in the lakeside seduction with willows, mist and swans yet! And must it be raining heavily when our betrayed heroine drives off to her suicide? Finally, it was his, or someone's, boundless duty to restrain Mr. Inge from his concluding big moment. Brandon De Wilde, at last enlightened as to the True Nature of his big brother, walks out on him with a fat line: "You really hate life, don't you?" He keeps walking into a fruit-laden orchard aggressive with fertility in the morning light and, believe me, some contrast to his brother's crummy pad. The camera pans to his transfigured face which emits another fat line: "But *I* love life." Well, one gets the point.

The Cabinet of Caligari

Under the subtle headline, CALIGARI CROCKS THE COGNOSCENTI, the 20th Century Fox Film Corp. reproduced as a full-page ad in *Variety* of April 11th last, a photostat of a fan note written to Spyros Skouras, then president of that ill-starred corporation, by Richard Griffith, who is the Curator of the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. The letter, which was on the Museum's stationery, runs as follows:

March 9, 1962

Dear Mr. Skouras:

When I first heard of it, I hated the idea of a remake of *Caligari*. Remakes usually lack the vitality of originals, and this particular old master seemed especially impossible to resurrect today! I don't think I have ever been so surprised in my life as I was at Monday's screening. Your *Caligari* is entirely true to the basic idea and spirit of the old picture, but it is in itself an independent work of art and one of the most strikingly original uses of the medium that I have seen in a lifetime of looking at movies. In writing, direc-

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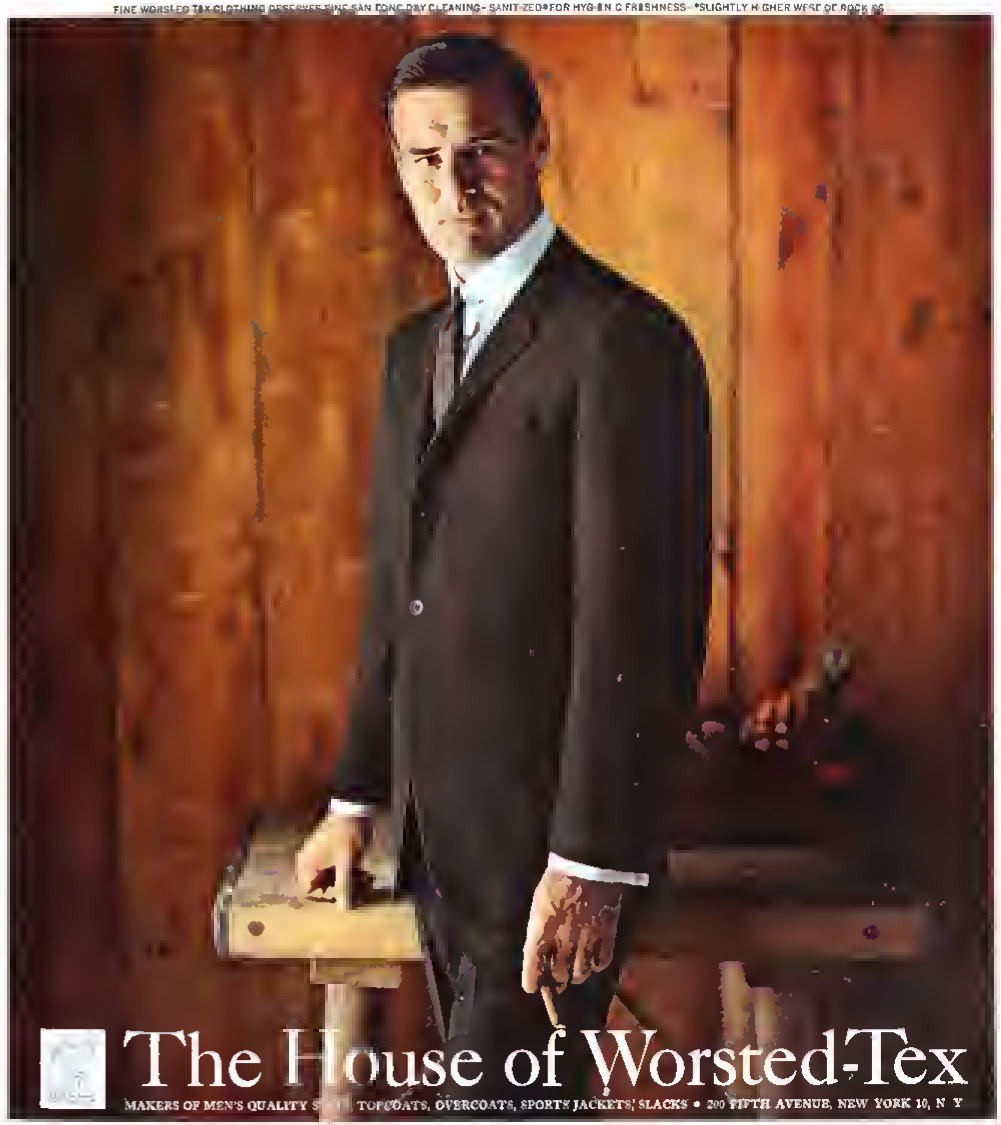
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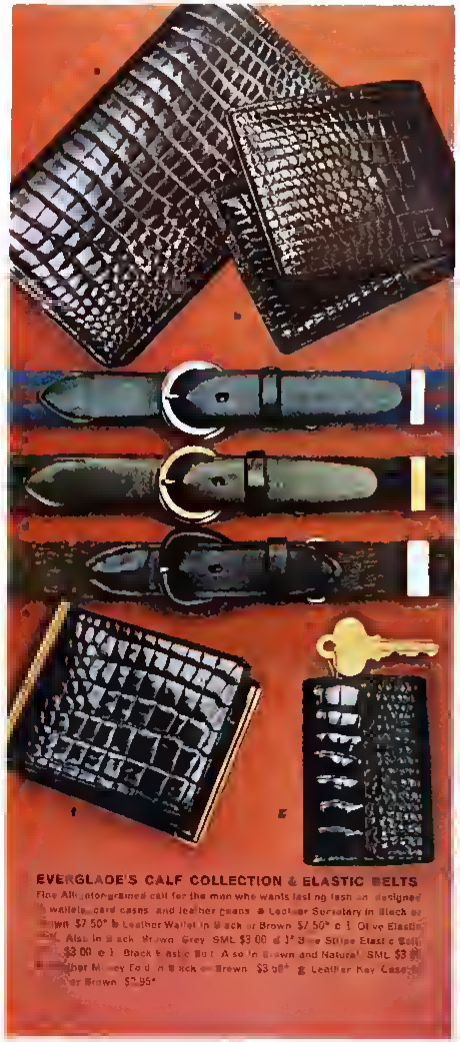
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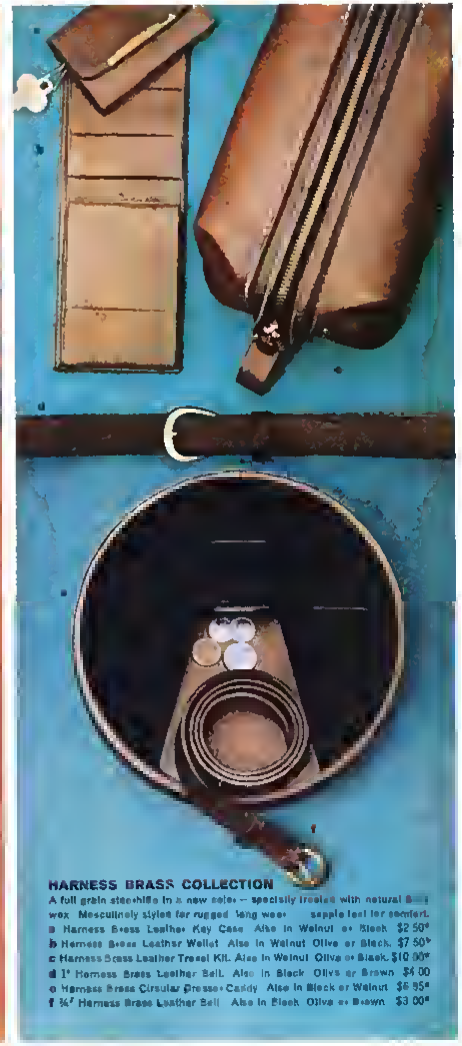
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tion, performance, and most especially in lighting and the use of the space provided by CinemaScope. It is as stunning and as stylish as can be imagined. Best of all, everything in it *works*, rings true, and contributed to the vast surprise of the ending. Not to go on and on: it is a brilliant job and one on which I heartily congratulate you and your associates.

I hope it makes you millions. I can't wait to see it a second time so as to examine in detail how artfully I was fooled and mystified. *Vive le cinéma.*

With all good wishes,
Richard Griffith, Curator

My first reaction, on reading the above, was to wonder why, if it was really one of the greatest experiences Mr. Griffith has ever had in *le cinéma*, he didn't address his fan note to the director or the cameramen or the actors—"your associates" is all they get. In *my* lifetime of looking at movies...it has been the directors, etc. who have sometimes managed to do something decent by guile, diplomacy or simple obstinacy, while it is the Louis B. Mayers and the Spyros P. Skourases who have done their executive best to circumvent them. Then I remembered that Mr. Griffith rather likes the standard Hollywood product as is apparent in his programming—for instance, the tribute to Samuel Goldwyn, with special brochure, he staged several years ago—and that cinemagnates like Mr. Skouras arouse in him the opposite emotions to those they do in me. I can't help feeling a little *Schadenfreude* ("enjoyment of others' mishaps" says Webster) at the recent firing of Mr. Skouras after the $30,000,000-plus tab for Elizabeth Taylor's *Cleopatra* and the camel-back-breaking straw of $2,000,000 for Marilyn Monroe's abandoned *Something's Got to Give*. The 20th Century-Fox directors are supposed to be businessmen—as, for that matter, is Mr. Skouras, otherwise what is he exactly?—and they may have thought such investments in psychiatric therapy hardly justified. For all my *Schadenfreude*, however, I can't help feeling a little pathos, retrospectively, in the slogan added by the public-relations boys at the bottom of Mr. Griffith's letter: "One of the Big Reasons for Joining THE SPYROS P. SKOURAS 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION." In Hollywood it's sic rapid transit.

My second reaction was to ask two questions: (1) was Mr. Griffith's judgment sound? (2) Assuming so, was it proper for him to write a letter like this on Museum stationery to a movie magnate?

The answer to (2) was not difficult. I had only to imagine the reactions of the art world if, say, Alfred H. Barr of the Museum wrote such a missive on his official letterhead to some gallery proprietor who then reproduced it in an ad—and without provoking any public protest from Mr. Barr. Museum officials as critics carry an illegitimate weight, that of the institution they represent, they are therefore usually careful not to lend their corporate voices to promotion, and it is in fact not conceivable that Mr. Barr would write such a letter. (That Mr. Griffith is so chummy with Hollywood is all the more deplorable because of the apathy he has shown toward recent films, mostly from abroad and none from Hollywood, that are making cinema today an exciting art form.)

The answer to (1) was even easier. *The Cabinet of Caligari* is a bomb of purest ray serene which was unanimously panned by the New York daily press. While this has sometimes been a recommendation here the nonsense was so patent that Miss Rose Pelswick of the *Journal-American* saw through it and the *Daily News* described it, with unwonted accuracy, as "jumbled and garbled [...] a mere skeleton of what was once a great film." The female lead is Glynis Johns, a British actress—if the noun be not too pretentious, whom I have hitherto seen only in cloak-and-sword epics, usually opposite Richard Todd, her perfect complement. The rest of the cast, except for Estelle Winwood, who

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has fallen on evil days were unknown to me and will probably forever remain so. Dill to the director, listed as Roger Kay.

It all begins when Miss Johns' car gets a flat on a California road, she seeks help in a mysterious mansion with a peculiar butler and finds herself immured there for what seemed centuries. The first morning she meets the bearded, peculiar and mysterious master of the establishment. "I don't even know your name," she complains—she is always complaining, in the pinched tones of an English gentlewoman. "Caligari." "That suits you. It's exotic." Caligari then shows her some cards she shrieks they are filthy and she is hustled offstage. Desultory episodes follow, mysterious and badly photographed, like Jonas Mekas and some other creators of the New American Cinema. Mr. Kay equates a lack of continuity with Art. At one point Caligari hypnotizes Miss Johns for reasons not clear but possibly not honorable, since she later complains: "He could have had me in the right way, the wholesome way." Another line I recall with affection is her protest: "I was completely vulnerable in my bath." A third comes as she is doing a striptease to seduce Caligari, as painful a scene as when Doris Day tries to get sexy. It's as if some respectable maiden aunt should begin to take 'em off. Once more she complains in her thin, genteel voice, perhaps as she is tugging at her girdle: "Must I do *everything* alone?"

What Mr. Griffith found "the vast surprise of the ending" turns out to be It Was All A Dream: our heroine was "in therapy" and she was "fantasying." Nobody was allowed to enter or leave the theatre during the last thirteen minutes. This venerable gimmick was pathetically otiose in The Broadway showing. Unended, there was no press of customers demanding admission and the few patrons still trapped inside must have been either asleep or killing time. "At last you know my secret," says Caligari, removing his beard. So help me. "Sanity and insanity are relative terms. It is more accurate to say you have lost touch with reality." Deep stuff. He then explains those shocking cards. "A man named Rorschach invented those." Inside stuff.

The 1919 *Caligari* was a film of such originality and power that it influenced a decade of movie making and is still exciting to see. Its sets, costumes, acting and camera work—all stylized in the German Expressionist mode—were appropriate to the content, which was a drama of the subconscious, both Freudian and political. Like any important work of art, the 1919 *Caligari* can be interpreted in various ways—in his *From Caligari to Hitler*, Siegfried Kracauer takes it as a parable prophesying the rise of the Nazis. The 1962 *Caligari* differs in every respect. There is nothing to interpret since it merely recapitulates psychiatric banalities—the 1919 film was far more advanced. Its flatly realistic style is not appropriate to the subject and the snatches of arty camera work the director throws in when he thinks of it merely add to the confusion. "Everything rings true," *chant* Griffith, who is Film Curator of an avant-garde museum and who describes this dismal bit of *kitsch* lacking even the professional touch that sometimes makes Hollywood films endurable, as "entirely true to the basic idea and spirit of the old picture." I wonder if he did see it a second time, so as to examine in detail how artfully I was fooled and mystified." If he did, perhaps he would now consider deleting the adverb. *Caligari Cracks the Cognoscenti!* You can say that again. ##

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RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

LATER this month Columbia Records will issue the results of the first recording session in three years by the most formidable piano virtuoso of modern times, Vladimir Horowitz. Because it is the artist's first record ing for any but the Victor label it will be what Horowitz delightedly calls a "debut recital." Chopin's *B-Flat Minor Sonata* (the one with the Funeral March—"but," Horowitz says, "remember there is some real music in the other movements you have to listen"), two Rachmaninoff *Etudes*, the Schumann *Arabesque*, and Horowitz's own transcription of Liszt's *19th Hungarian Rhapsody*. True to his traditions, Horowitz has made the Liszt piece more difficult. "He was getting a little old and weary when he wrote it, but it is nice material, already there is some impressionism."

The record is vintage Horowitz ("It has my dynamic," he says, "good or bad. It's mine"). It recalls to mind that, though he retired from the concert stage, perhaps permanently, nine years ago, Horowitz is *not* old—at fifty-eight, lithe and dapper, not even a little old. He is still as interesting and infuriating as he ever was; still that incredible pianism, that clean, light-pedal articulation, that occasional breathtaking beauty of phrase, that Slavic rubato that leaves a messy trail of broken rhythms. Both the Rachmaninoff *B-Flat-Minor Etude* and the Schumann are stunningly played. I find the first movement of the Chopin a marvel of nervous intensity, and the fantastic race through the incomprehensible finale a plausible interpretation of the piece as a grevision of speed-and-direction effects with a tape recorder. The next five Horowitz Columbia recordings will be devoted each to a single composer—Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Rachmaninoff—with a big work on one side and some encore pieces on the other.

Born in Kiev, where his father was a prosperous engineer (one of the class that the Bolsheviks were later to call "former people"), Horowitz studied both piano and composition, and thought of himself as a fledgling composer rather than a virtuoso. His family suffered even more than most in the ravages of war. "One day," Horowitz recalls, "my teacher said to my father, 'Look, the boy has some talent as a pianist—why don't you let him give a recital; maybe he will have a success?'"

By 1924, at the age of twenty, Horowitz was the foremost of young Soviet pianists—a kind of N E P Ashkenazy. That year he gave twenty-three recitals in Leningrad alone. "I repeated some things," he said recently, "but there were eleven or twelve different programs I played. Not bad for a twenty-year old. Then you know, I toured Europe and I started to *lose* programs. People would say, 'Don't play that—they don't like that.' Soon I was down to four or three programs. Later, of course, with all the transcriptions, I'll bet he would have shrugged his shoulders, except that he was stretched on a couch, his head propped on his arm. Above his head was a great Picasso of the classic period; across the room, eerily disembodied, a Renoir girl's head; on the wall to his right, one of the most romantic of Manet's portraits of his wife in a gaudy hat. Horowitz and *his* wife (Toscanini's daughter) bought their paintings in the Thirties, after the great



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crash had convinced Horowitz that money was to be enjoyed rather than accumulated—and, to, accumulation came, too. Recently, Horowitz sold some of the less cherished items in his collection for something like the cost of the whole lot. 'These are the leftovers," he says when people admire the magnificence in his parlor. "The rest are in the grocery store." Transcriptions when he was playing them in public, did very well by Horowitz.

For a young man who had been raised on four-hand versions of the Haydn and Schubert symphonies, and who studied Liszt's fireworks with opera as a matter of course, there was never anything strange about piano transcriptions of music that had been written for orchestra or voice. Before leaving Russia, Horowitz had written and played transcriptions of Mussorgsky's *Khovantchina*. At the height of his career as a concert artist, perhaps because he regarded himself as a "frustrated composer," he turned out new transcriptions almost every season—syntheses of *Carmen*, improvements on Liszt, fantastically difficult versions of Sousa marches. "Such hard work," he recalled. 'They took so much time." He paused, and shot his interlocutor a sideways glance. "And such a pity, I didn't write them down."

This statement was permitted to float in the air for a moment. He didn't write *anything* down? 'Well," Horowitz said with a wave of his hand. "there were sketches." Did that mean he was *improvising* those unbelievable thunderings? Horowitz flashed his big triangular smile. "Of course," he said. "They were for *stage*. If a person repents the same thing all the time, he goes back."

Oh

Recent Recordings

Big symphonies, little operettas, chamber music and Stravinsky (a category in itself).

The symphonies are among the biggest there are. Mahler's *Third* and *Ninth*, the former by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, the latter under Bruno Walter, who had conducted the world premiere of the work in Vienna fifty years before, both Columbia. Each of these works takes an hour and a half to play, and the man who loves every minute of either has been deafened by love. The first movement of the *Third* is a entnsu ophe, displaying Mahler's most unwarranted envy of Bruckner, to the point where his usually infallible orchestration disappears behind great bleatings from the brasses. Thereafter however, the work is in Mahler's most gently ruminative manner, packed with lovely tunes, Wagnerian but fastidious, lingering but in motion. Bernstein has never struck me as a great conductor of Romantics, early or late, but one must admire the way he keeps this very long piece in focus throughout. The Mahler *Ninth* is a far more significant work, not only beautiful but, I think, profound, reflecting not Mahler's easy acceptance of death, but a hard won acceptance of life at the last minute. The final movement, justly famous, stands with the slow movement of Beethoven's *Ninth* as a use of the orchestral machinery for deeply personal utterance. To criticize Walter's performance would be impertinent (though not impossible); it derives added poignance from its release so soon after the conductor's death.

The little operettas are from Angel, one Viennese, one English. For Strauss's *Gypsy Baron*, as gorgeous a piece of schmalz as junior ever wrote, Angel has found in Heinrich Hollreiser a plausible substitute for the mastery of the late Otto Ackermann who con-



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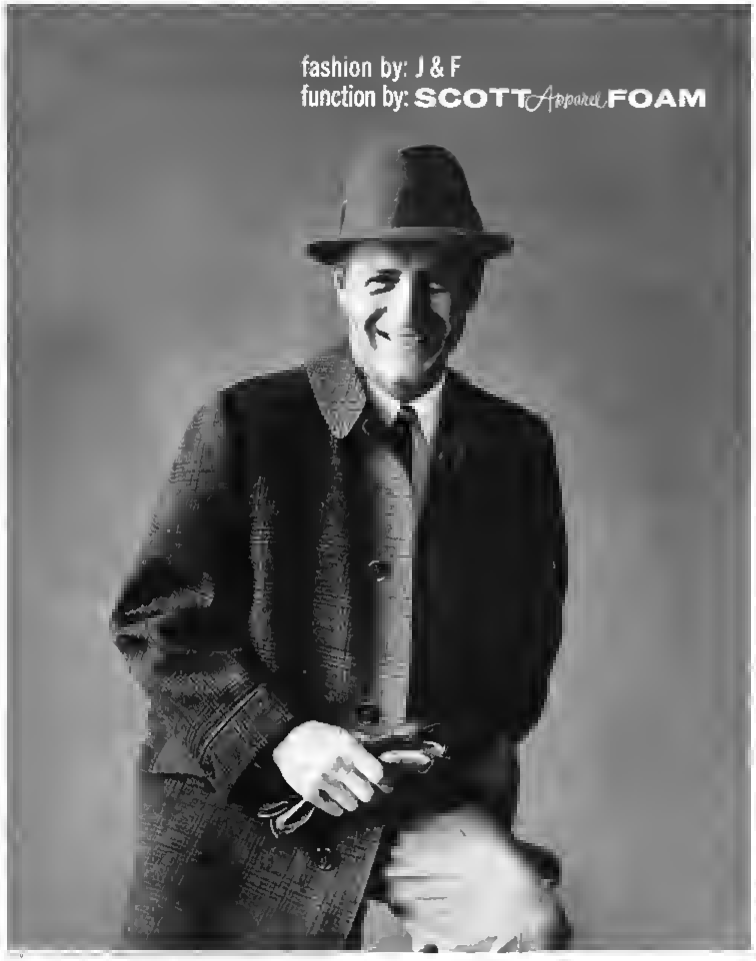
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ducted—and how wonderfully!—the other operettas in the line's "champagne series." Vocally, the stars are Gueden and Kunz who has almost no voice at all but never lets you know it. A perfectly delightful album. *Trial by Jury* continues the triumphant Angel Gilbert & Sullivan series under the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent. The music here is in Sullivan's best Rossini-Donizetti manner, avoiding competition in the area where the Viennese are strongest (the area my seven-year-old calls "love stuff") and the plot still has a lot of fun in it. The voices, as always in this series, are much better than the usual G&S cast.

Chamber music is represented by two Schumann quartets—the *A-Major* for strings, and the *E-Flat* for three strings and piano. The *A Major* receives from the New Italian Quartet a highly emotional performance (Angel), I like it, though I must report a friend's objection that "this piece may be rhapsodic, but it isn't supposed to be orgiastic." The *E-Flat* by contrast gets a completely straightforward performance from Leonard Pennario and three superbly accurate movie-studio string players (Capitol). On the reverse of the Pennario is the Fauré *Piano Quartet*, one of the loveliest chamber pieces of the later nineteenth century, played in the same clean, no-nonsense manner—quite correctly, to my taste. Outdoor chamber music if the phrase is permitted comes from Columbia in the form of Mozart's great *Serenade* for thirteen winds—or, as the liner notes here insist for twelve winds and double bass. This is major Mozart, and there has been no satisfactory recording of it since the Fernand Oubradous performance of fifteen years ago (which was disfigured by an off-pitch oboe). Robert Craft freed here from his Hamlet-like indecisions on the scale of a piece, leads a neat (almost too neat), beautifully phrased performance.

Mention of Craft takes us directly to Stravinsky, and the eightieth birthday year has been heavily celebrated on records. Most highly recommended in this corner are the Columbia series. Stravinsky has supervised himself and in recording of the *Concerto for Strings* and *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* both most accurately described as neo-Romantic, handsomely and affectionately played by the Zurich Chamber Orchestra under Edmond de Stoutz (Vanguard). In the Columbia series note particularly the magnificent *Concerto for Two Pianos Alone* played by Gold and Fizdale with some charming frenchified *Easy Pieces* on the reverse, and the *Violin Concerto* the composer conducting Isaac Stern showing what the piece sounds like with exact intonation. Another Columbia disc presents a beautiful performance, under the composer, of the monochromatic *Mass*, and *the* performance of CBS-TV's *The Flood* a stronger work I think than some critics have said but more than a little embarrassing in spots.

Alan Ferenc Dreyfus conducting Mozart's *29th* and *Jupiter* Symphonies, and (with a hard brilliant assist from the pianist Margrit Weber) Rachmaninoff's *Paganini Variations* (both Deutsche Grammophon). Alfred Brendel playing the Beethoven piano *Variations*, most successfully with the big *Eroica Variations* but satisfactorily throughout (Vox in the low-priced Vox Box line), and Antonino Votto directing Puccini's *La Rondine* an urgent, powerful performance of a work I would have thought played beyond the possibility of power—but here it is disfigured by a collection of weak voices (Deutsche Grammophon). ###



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Satire: youth barbed, is the current order of the London night

by WILLIAM NORTH JAYME

THE FRINGE GENERATION

THE schools of Russia are turning out young scientists. The schools of America are turning out elderly Republicans. But the schools of England are turning out satirists. Or so it would seem from recent rumblings in London. It has been one of the most hilarious seasons since the theatre bills featured John Osborne & His Angry Young Men.

Beyond the Fringe, the satirical revue written and performed by four very recent college graduates is the West End's biggest hit since *My Fair Lady*. This one-set, street clothes-costumed piano-accompanied revue at the Fortune Theatre, performed by youngsters who a year ago were known only to their schoolmates and dons, has crossed the Atlantic and will open within a month in New York.

Another postgraduate undertaking in London, the satirical nightclub called The Establishment, is equally celebrated. Apparently the feeling among recent British college graduates is that there is much to be satirized in contemporary English life. But if they keep on at the present pace there soon won't be much material left. After reducing to rubble such formidable institutions as the Queen's Guards, C. P. Snow, theatre critics, high society, low society, Elizabeth Taylor, the ambiguous rhetoric of Mr. Kennedy, Gore, racial and religious prejudice, bird watchers, Lord Snowdon, capital punishment and the London bobby's cherished privilege to bop his quarry over the head with a nightstick, what's left?

The people responsible for this surge in English satire are almost without exception under twenty-five years of age, and, as such, represent a generation that has known virtually nothing of insecurity. Although born during wartime, their memories of privation, hunger, separation, even death come not so much from living as from cramming. Consequently, they can be very lighthearted about matters which still move their elders. *Beyond the Fringe* contains, for example, a lampoon of English wartime stalwartness ("Never you mind the bombs, my dear; just put on the kettle and we'll have our selves a good cup of tea"). To those who remember being stirred by Churchill's calls to arms, or even by Alice Duer Miller's *White Cliffs of Dover* and films in which Joan Fontaine agreed to wait for Tyrone Power, such a sketch could be highly distasteful. Because of the innocence of the performers, it isn't. The satire comes off superbly. Uninhibited by sentimentality or souped-up patriotism, the *Fringe* generation is probably the first that can now afford to look World War II in the eye.

Moreover, these new satirists have grown up in a society that is far more democratic than that inhabited by their elders. Where class distinctions and religious prejudice produce anger in a John Osborne, this younger generation views intolerance as somewhat of an interesting curiosity. In *Beyond the Fringe*, Peter Cook, the sole writer and performer, dismisses the entire problem with a flourish that takes approximately one minute. Stopping the show at midpoint, he says: "I think that about this juncture it would be wise to point out to those of you who haven't noticed—and God knows it is apparent enough—that Jonathan Miller and myself come from good families and have had the benefits of a public-school private education, whereas the other two members of the cast have *worked* their way up from working class origins. And yet Jonathan and I are *working* together with them in the cast and treating them as equals. I'd like to say it's proven to be a most enjoyable worthwhile and stimulating experience for both of us. Wouldn't you agree, Jonathan?"

MILLER, JONATHAN: I'm most impressed by the whole thing.

BENNETT, ALAN: Well, I suppose we are working class. But I wonder how many of these people have realized that Jonathan Miller is a Jew?

MOORE, DUDLEY: I suppose he gets away with it because of his ginger hair, actually.

BENNETT: I'd rather be working class than be a Jew.

MOORE: Oh, any day!

BENNETT: Think of the awful situation if you were working class *and* a Jew.

MILLER (*breaking in*): In fact I'm *not* really a Jew. Just Jewish. Not the whole hog, you know.

Beyond the Fringe has been sold out for nearly a year in London. A second company is playing South Africa. In America bootleg recordings of the show have been selling for as much as $30.

Chief instigator of *Beyond the Fringe* is Peter Cook, an energetic twenty-four-year-old. (This year in London, everybody is twenty-four.) While a member of the Footlights Club at Cambridge, Cook wrote one of last season's most successful musical revues, *Pieces of Eight*, which played in London with Kenneth Williams. Subsequently, Cook also wrote much of the material for the successor revue, *One Over the Eight*.

The three other participants are the previously mentioned Dudley Moore, Alan Bennett, a



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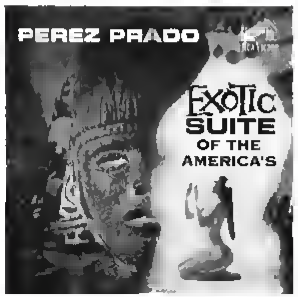
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★ **PEREZ PRADO** "Exotic Suite of the Americas." It's an inspired musical tour of the Americas. North and South and sure to become a classic. As it ranges from the throb bing "Theme of Two Worlds" to the rhythmic "Amohe" and the brassy "Blues In C Major," the music paints a lush and evocative tonal portrait of the Western hemisphere. Listen. This is definitely Prado at his most poetic.





★ **FRANKIE CARLE** "Honolulu Honky Tonk." Here's a bit of honky tonk hula hoopla as Frankie Carle takes to the Islands. It's a piano "pot-pourri" as he roosts such old coconuts as "My Little Grass Shack," "Lovely Hula Hands," "The Moon of Manakoora" and "Aloha Oe" and serves 'em all up in a sizzlin' new style. Different, sure and refreshing as the soft sea breeze from Waikiki.





★ **THE LIMELITERS** "Folk Matinee." Another frolic through a dozen delightful new Lime enlightened melodies zestfully emoted to accompanying bass, banjo and guitar. Among the delights are "Sweet Water Rolling," "Uncle Benny's Celebration," "Die Gendanken Sind Frei" (in English too, happily) and an inspired new roundelay they call "Funk." It's all fine, good fun . . . naturally!





★ **ODETTA** "Sometimes I Feel Like Cryin'." One of the great figures in American folk music, Odetta here sings her first album of blues. She has drawn directly from the great creators of the idiom and sings with remarkable power and emotional grasp, ranging from the gospel roll of "I've Been Livin' with the Blues" to the scathing "Poor Man." Each and every one is magnificent!





★ **CHET ATKINS** "Caribbean Guitar." The exceptional color, tone and taste of America's favorite guitarist have found another perfect medium. Blending harmonic classic and rhythmic styling, he tours the Caribbean and brings back views of pure paradise. "Montego Bay," "Jungle Dream," "Yellow Bird," "Wild Orchids," "Temptation." This is truly colorful, most exciting guitar!



HEAR!
HEAR!

BIGGEST NEWS OF THE YEAR from the STARS ON RCA VICTOR

AVAILABLE IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI
ALSO ON TAPE



RCA The most trusted name in sound

tidily constructed mild mannered student who gives the appearance of having just emerged from the library, and Jonathan Miller, by day a resident physician at a London hospital

With no costumes except the suits they put on that morning, the group performs with a single all purpose set. Their only props, as the program notes point out, consist of "Spanish bulls used for smoke propellant, cigarettes by Olivier, lighter by Ronson, and Coca-Cola." Smell visual fare for a smash revue. But visual fare isn't really needed, and if there can be said to be a "book" for the show it is eight words long: "Just walk out on the stage and talk."

For almost a year now such proper Londoners as T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene and nearly every other page in Burke's peerage have seen and heard the other half of the movement—The Establishment at 18 Greek Street.

The club is owned jointly by *Beyond the Fringe*'s Peter Cook and by Nicholas Luard, Winchester, Cambridge, Coldstream Guards, member of an ancient family. In 1961 a lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania in English 100 and all of twenty-four years of age. With Cook as an occasional drawing card, and an almost perfect combination of entertainments to attract all sorts of people, Luard has made The Establishment The Place To Go.

Downstairs, The Establishment bears out the late Fred Allen's definition of a nightclub as "an ashtray set to music." Until three a.m., London beatniks and their beaniches twist bravely through spilled beer, broken glass and useless ham sandwiches. (The prop sandwich is still required by law if one is to drink after normal closing hours.) What saves the room is Nicolette, a barmaid with more delicious long hair than Rapunzel, and the music of Dudley Moore Moore, also one of the *Fringe* group, is undoubtedly London's best new jazz composer and pianist. He drops around to The Establishment after his chores at the Fortune Theatre.

The theatre-restaurant on the ground floor of The Establishment is quite another matter. The room has been designed by Sean Kenny, the young Irish artist whose smash settings and Behanesque behavior have caused considerable stir in London. (Kenny's sets for *Oliver*, now touring the United States, have attracted especial notice.)

For The Establishment, Mr. Kenny has returned to the *art nouveau* of the late Thirties, when exposed 2x4 beams were considered the only "honest" interior design—and when canvas walls each were painted a different color to bring out the black of the ceiling.

Here nightly over surprisingly good suppers old movies (*The Lodger* with Ivor Novello, *Son of the Sheik* with Valentino) are alternated with a live revue usually featuring a singer and four or five performers.

For example, The Establishment on Mr. Kennedy's rhetorical press conference at which President Kennedy is answering the questions of reporters.

KENNEDY: Let us never negotiate through fear, but let us never fear to negotiate. Nor let us fear to *fear* from negotiating with fear, or negotiate to fear *to* fearing that negotiations by fear will bring fear *from* fearing in negotiations. Nor that whereas to negotiate with negotiations *of* fear may negotiate a fear that *fear* may negotiate to fear *by* fear and *from* fear of negotiating may negotiate a fearful negotiation.

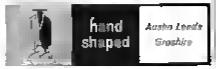
REPORTER: Mr. President could you sum up for us please?

KENNEDY: Could I sum up? Yes. We are at war #



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

This issue: pursuit of intellectual curiosity

READERS who study this issue closely can hardly fail to notice the spirit of pure research that impels its pages. We find, looking backward, that we've investigated subjects as varied as psychometric measurement (*Introducing The Mc-Laudress Dimension*), emotions of prizefighters on the eve of combat (*Famous Last Words*); aesthetic apparel for the liberated id (*The Bigger and Better You Book*)—loneliness in limbo (*The Anatomy of Solitude*); retrospection in politics (*The Late Spring of Alf Landon*)—the skeleton in the sports closet (*Kickoff . . . and Kickback*); the German literary movement in Switzerland (*Phillip Hotz's Fury*); *printemps* in Saskatchewan (*Carrion Spring*), and, in the final and absolutely definitive version *The Perfect Whiskey Sour*.



Ernst Haas



Robert Riger

Robert Riger, who visited the training camps of Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston to give us their *Famous Last Words* (beginning on page 104) is an illustrator, writer and photographer as well as reporter. This triple threat on the artistic side gives him an insight into things athletic that other reporters don't have, because of this he's become known for his remarkable scoops. He is author of *The Pins*, a dissertation on football published in 1960 and already a classic. Its success has led to a new series of football books called *Best Plays of The Year* to be published annually by Prentice-Hall. Mr. Riger, of course, will write, photograph and draw each book. The first of the series should be available later this year.

Mr. Riger was born in New York, has a wife and three children and continues to live successfully in New York.

The pictures for *Kickoff* (pages 82-87) were taken for us by **Ernst Haas**, who was voted one of the world's ten greatest photographers in an international poll conducted by *Popular Photography* Magazine among educators, critics, editors and art directors. He has received numerous awards for his color photography, and his pictures have been shown at the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum in New York where examples of his work are in the permanent collections. Portfolios of his work have appeared in the world's major annuals and photographic magazines. Right now Mr. Haas's photographs are being exhibited simultaneously in three countries: a one-man color exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York; a retrospective one-man color exhibition presently touring Japan; and an exhibition "The World as Seen by Magnum Photographers," which he designed and which, after touring the United States, is now in Mexico. A book on his studies of nature in close up is in preparation now; scheduled to appear in 1967. Macmillan is the U.S. publisher.

Mr. Haas was born in Vienna in 1922. His formal education was directed toward medicine but conditions in Europe at that time made such a career impossible for him. He also studied philosophy, and was strongly attracted to painting. All of these elements are revealed in his own comments about his work. "Disinterested in scientific objectivity, I want to transform reality with a poetic conception by relating the unrelated into a vision—forcing the viewer to feel what I felt as well as to think what I thought. I believe photography can be an art and I want to give everything to help achieve it. There is only you and your camera—the limitations of your photography are in yourself, for what we see is only what we are."

Journalist and political scientist **Merk Epernay** appears in the pages of Esquire for the first



Dunphy Gives A Patio Party In Palm Beach

and serves Vat 69, the light Scotch you'll recommend tomorrow. Have you tried Vat 69 lately? Chris Dunphy, a governor of the famous Seminole Golf Club in Palm Beach, knows it's the Scotch that meets today's taste for lightness plus flavor. Scotch drinkers all over the world know it, too. That's why **One Scotch Stands Out. . . Vat 69.**

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Tune any FM station. Note the powerful signal reach and station "pull" you get from the new built-in Wav/a/tron antenna. And, for greater dependability, every model is precision-crafted with RCA Victor Security Sealed Circuits!

Hear the full fidelity of FM sound and the rich pure tonal beauty of RCA Victor's famous "Golden Throat" Sound system. See your RCA Victor dealer this week and compare these fine radios to any other at any price! Compare the sound. Compare the styling. Compare the value!

See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network

*Manufacturer's nationally advertised prices shown for *Squire* (FM), *Emissary* (FM AFC) and *Bulletin* (FM AM). Slightly higher some areas West, South. Prices, specifications subject to change.

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Left to right, top row, *Squire*, *Emissary*. Middle row, *Bulletin*, *Award*. Bottom row, *Tribune*.

time with his article on the theories of Dr Herschel McLandress. Since emigrating from his native Alsace nine years ago, Mr Epernay has written many articles for political journals here and abroad, most recently on the Hickory Hill Study Group organized by Attorney General Robert Kennedy and on the Costa Rican seminar for Latin American political leaders. He has been a student of Dr McLandress for many years and credits this American expert with pioneer work in relating the measurement of behavioral patterns to political practice.

Mr Epernay is currently at work on the authorized professional biography of Dr McLandress. It will be published in the spring of next year. He now lives in Bogota, New Jersey, with his wife and two children.

Carrion Spring, the story beginning on page 130, is part of a book by **Wallace Stegner** called *Wolf Willow: A History, a Story and a Memory of the Last Plains Frontier*. It is a picture in depth of a little-known part of this continent, the border between Montana and Saskatchewan on the remote and belated frontier of the Cypress Hills, where Mr Stegner's family were homesteaders from 1914 to 1920. They represented the third and last stage in the cycle of white settlement, a cycle which in this slice of land ran its full course from fur hunting to dust bowl in less than fifty years. *Wolf Willow* is composed of fiction, memoirs and straight history; the result is a book which is not quite like any other and one which we believe has the earmarks of a classic.

Mr Stegner is well-known as an historian of Americana for a book published a few years ago, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*. The subject of that one was John Wesley Powell, a pioneer in the opening of the West. A more recent novel, *A Shooting Star*, was a best-seller and a Literary Guild selection. Mr Stegner is head of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University, as well as a teacher, lecturer, critic and recipient of a number of literary awards. His last appearance in Esquire was in 1958 with another piece of fiction, *He Who Spits at the Sky*.

Our examination of Egypt, opening on page 138, was conducted by **Gore Vidal**, who wrote the very successful Broadway plays *Visit to a Small Planet* and *The Best Man*. He has a book currently on the stands, *Rocking the Boat*, which is racking up excellent sales and contains, incidentally, some material which Mr Vidal originally did for Esquire. The New American Library has just brought out another collection of Mr Vidal's work, this a group of fiction pieces called *Thirst*. He is presently working on a novel and on a number of future projects for Esquire Magazine.

Happy Marriages Are All Alike, pages 124-127, may occasion a quiet snicker here and there in light of the news reports, at this writing of unrest between, at least, one of the couples concerned. *Ars gratia artis*, we say, and let us only observe that a moment of bliss shines the less for the consequences thereof.

Anybody for more pure research? Well, we have that *Indian Summer Girl* on page 111. If there's any reason to disbelieve in her, we'll eat our quote from Housman. ##



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GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

For escape, for stimulation, for pleasure, plan a cruise

BY the time you read this you might very well be thinking about getting away from it all this winter. (It All has a way of piling up once summer is over.) and you might very well be thinking about a cruise.

As we write this, though, just about halfway through the summer, the steamship people have been thinking about cruises for some time and cruise schedules are now firming up.

More and more people each year come to realize that for sheer escape, nothing touches a sea voyage. And when the voyage is aboard a cruise liner, making a port here and there now and again, you've got a choice amalgam of rest and stimulation. You escape for a while and then you come back for a while, and not too much of either. With this increasing demand for cruises, more and more ships are being built specifically for cruise service and more and more ships are being pulled out of their regular runs (usually transatlantic) during the winter cruise season. We follow with what data American Express Cruise Department has thoughtfully made available to us:

World Cruises from New York

The American President Lines' *President Polk* is offering a 100 day cruise through the Panama Canal and calling at Balboa, Acapulco, San Francisco (you may board there for the same price), Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Saigon, Singapore, Penang, Cochin, Bombay, Karachi, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Marseilles, Genoa and Leghorn. Minimum rate is $3,490. sails from New York December 8. The *President Monroe* repeats this cruise January 27 and so does the *Polk* on March 30 at a minimum rate of $2,390.

The Cunard Line's *Caronia* sails January 25 for Nassau, Cristobal, Balboa, Acapulco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Manila, Jesselton, Bali, Singapore, Bangkok, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Haifa, Naples and Lisbon on a 92-day cruise costing a minimum of $2,850. The Holland-America Line's *Rotterdam* departs the day before, in the opposite direction for Palma, Villafranche, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa and Cristobal. You can make this 80-day cruise for $2,700 up.

Mediterranean Cruises From New York

There's a much greater choice in this category, and they begin earlier and end later. The Constitution and *Independence* of the American Export Lines offer cruises of around 22 days, with slightly varying itineraries including such ports as Lisbon, Algeciras, Gibraltar, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Casablanca, Messina, Palma and Madeira, though not all ports are included on any one of these short voyages. The ships sail every couple of weeks from October through April, and minimum rates are from $475 to $569 depending on the month and the length of the cruise. American Export's smaller ships the *Argonaut* and the *Exeter* sail on 42 day cruises calling at Cadiz, Barcelona, Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, Beirut, Piraeus, Genoa and Leghorn, these cost from $975. And the line's *Atlantic* is scheduled to make one 46 day cruise on October 15, visiting Santa Cruz, Gibraltar, Algeciras, Palermo, Piraeus, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Messina, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona and Madeira; this costs $975 up.

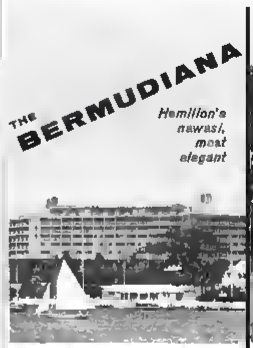
Cunard's *Caronia* sails October 5 for a 59-day cruise to Madeira, Casablanca, Tangier, Athens, Dardanelles, Yalta, Odessa, Constanta, Varna, Istanbul, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Dubrovnik, Venice, Catania, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Cherbourg and terminates at Southampton. All this costs a minimum of $1,100. The line's *Mauretania* sails February 5 on a 41-day cruise to Las Palmas, Tangier, Malta, Alexandria, Haifa, Athens, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Cherbourg, terminating in Southampton and the minimum rate is $1,075.

Canadian Pacific's *Empress of Canada* begins a 61 day cruise on February 21 to Casablanca, Tangier, Malaga, Bizerte, Valletta, Heraklion, Mykonos, Delos, Piraeus, Dardanelles, Bosporus, Istanbul, Samos, Alexandria, Larnaca, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Kotor Bay, Dubrovnik, Venice, Syracuse, Messina, Naples, Ajaccio, Cannes, Barcelona, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Santa Cruz and Funchal and the minimum rate is $1,675.

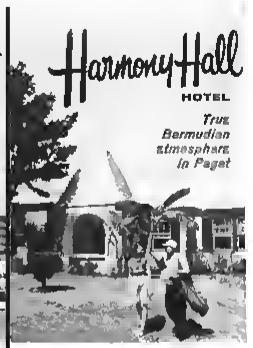
The Greek Line's *Olympia* sails January 29 for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Yalta, Odessa, Constanta, Varna, Istanbul, Athens, Dubrovnik, Messina, Naples, Cannes, Barcelona and Casablanca on a 52-day cruise with rates beginning at $1,075.

Holland-America's *Statendam* sails March 13 in Norfolk, Madeira, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Epidaurus, Piraeus, Delos, Mykonos, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Dubrovnik, Venice, Catania, Messina, Naples, Palma, Lisbon and

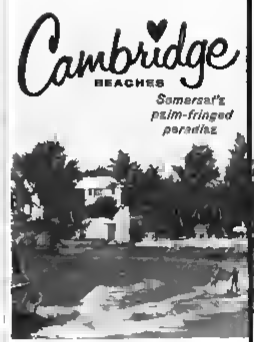
Where to stay in BERMUDA



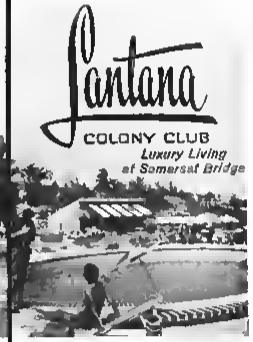
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Managing Director, Carroll F. Dooley



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Manager: Dexter H. Simpson



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back to Norfolk. This 45 day cruise costs a minimum of $1,175.

The Italian Line's *Leonardo da Vinci* sails December 22 on a 24-day cruise to Las Palmas, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona and Palma. First-class rates begin at $725 cabin—and tourist-class accommodations are available at a lower price. The *Leonardo* sails again on February 15 on a 31 day cruise to Lisbon, Palma, Palermo, Heraklion, Alexandria, Larnaca, Beirut, Haifa, Istanbul, Yalta, Varna, Piraeus, Dubrovnik, Messina, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Casablanca and Tenerife, and this one starts at $1,495.

The Norwegian America Line's *Oslofjord* leaves February 7 on a 76 day cruise to Madeira, Casablanca, Malta, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Crete, Corfu, Kotor Bay, Dubrovnik, Split, Venice, Messina, Naples, Leghorn, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, Gibraltar, Tangier, Cadiz and Lisbon. This costs a minimum of $1,300. And the Swedish American Line's *Gripsholm* leaves March 6 on a 52 day cruise calling at Cadiz, Ceuta, Tangier, Malaga, Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Haifa, Dodecanese Islands, Dardanelles, Sochi, Yalta, Istanbul, Epidaurus, Piraeus, Delos, Mykonos, Rhodes, Crete, Kotor, St. Stefan, Dubrovnik, Messina, Sorrento, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma and Lisbon. The rates for this 52 day cruise begin at $1,050.

Cruises to South America

The Grace Line's *Santa Maria*, *Santa Sofia*, *Santa Luisa*, *Santa Maria* and *Santa Barbara* offer cruises usually of 18 days, to such Caribbean and South American ports as Santo Domingo, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Maracaibo, Barranquilla and Cartagena with minimum rates beginning at $445 in October increasing to $495 in mid-December and to $595 in late January, the height of the cruise season. Cruises of from 26 to 31 days are also offered; these call at Cristobal, Bilboa, Buenaventura, Callao, Salaverry, Guayaquil, Buenaventura and the Canal Zone, and cost $800 to $980 depending on the season.

Moore-McCormack's *Brasil* and *Argentina* offer cruises of about 31 days, sailing approximately once a month to ports which generally include St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Barbados and San Juan, and rates begin at $1,110. There are also shorter cruises of around 27 days going as far as Rio and costing from $890, and cruises of 38 days costing $1,620 up.

The Argentine State Line's *Rio Jachal*, *Rio Tunuyan* and *Rio de la Plata* have 44 day cruises to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio

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de Janeiro Trinidad and La Guaira, and these cost $1 080 up

West Indies Cruises

There are more of these cruises from New York than we can describe in detail in this space There are the regular cruises of such ships as Furness *Queen of Bermuda* and *Ocean Monarch* and Grace's *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula* as well as the special cruises of ships usually in transatlantic service, which may also have a Mediterranean cruise or two on their schedules Furness ships depart once a week or more for Bermuda sometimes also calling at Nassau and rates begin at $160 for a six-day cruise. The Grace Line ships the *Santa Rosa* and the *Santa Paula* alternate on Friday sailings to Curaçao La Guaira Aruba Kingston Port-au-Prince and Fort Lauderdale on cruises lasting 13 days and costing from $395 to $495 depending on whether or not it's the height of the season, and the Home Lines' *Italia* sails regularly once a week to Nassau on a seven-day cruise that will cost you $150 up

Incres Line's *Victoria* begins her cruise schedule December 21, sailing for Nassau, Port-au-Prince Aruba, Gundeloupe and St Thomas on a fourteen-day cruise costing $430 up The ship sails again January 4 on a ten-day cruise to San Juan, St. Thomas and Antigua and this costs $305 up This cruise is repeated January 14 Thirteen- or fourteen-day cruises similar to the Christmas one will depart January 25, February 8 February 21 and March 8. Rates are approximately the same, and the *Victoria* will continue in cruise service through June

Special Cruises

Ships of a dozen transatlantic lines will feature some special cruises from October through February

American Export Lines' *Atlantic* makes a 14-day cruise in December 19 to Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Curaçao Fort-de-France San Juan and St Thomas, rates begin at $495 Their *Independence* departs January 28 for La Guaira Curaçao Port-of-Spain Barbados, Fort-de-France St. Thomas and San Juan on a 14-day cruise costing $415 up On February 1 the *Atlantic* will make another 14-day cruise this time to Nassau Curaçao Port-of-Spain Barbados Fort-de-France and San Juan and the rates begin at $480 The *Independence* sails February 11 for San Juan, Fort-de-France, Barbados Port-of-Spain La Guaira, Curaçao and Kingston on a 14-day cruise costing from $415 These cruises will be repeated with slight variations by the *Atlantic* on February 15 and the *Independence* on February 26.

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England leaves for a 19-day cruise on January 24 calling at Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Montego Bay, Cristobal, Curaçao Kingston Barbados Fort de France Frederiksted and San Juan and the minimum rate is $475 On February 11 the ship sails for San Juan, Antigua, Fort-de France, Port of Spain Aruba and Montego Bay on a 14 day cruise costing $350 up

Cunard's *Mauretania* departs on December 21 for Nassau St Thomas, Curaçao Montego Bay and Port-au-Prince for an 11-day cruise costing $310 up and on February 21 the *Queen Elizabeth* will make a 5-day cruise to Nassau costing from $185 This cruise will be repeated February 28

On December 21 the French Line's new *France* will make a 12 day cruise to Fort de France, Port-of-Spain Curaçao and Port-au Prince which will cost $180 up and on February 15 she makes a 25 day cruise costing $1,080 up and calling at Fort-de-France Rio de Janeiro Bridgetown Curaçao Port-au-Prince and Nassau

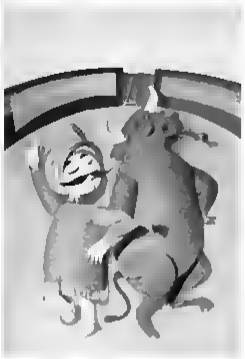
The Greek Line's *Olympia* will make four West Indies cruises during the October February season the first on October 19 to Bermuda and Nassau for a seven-day run costing $175 up On December 22 she sails for San Juan St. Thomas Barbados Trinidad La Guaira and Curacao on a 16 day cruise costing a minimum of $325 and on January 5 she departs for Port-au-Prince, Kingston and Nassau on a 9-day cruise costing $225 up On January 16 the ship will depart for San Juan St Thomas La Guaira Curaçao Kingston Port-au-Prince on a 13 day trip costing a minimum of $325

The Hamburg American Line's *Hanseatic* will begin a series of five cruises to Nassau These seven-day trips will cost $170 up, and the sailing dates are October 9 26 November 2 9 and 16

The Holland America Line's *Nieuw Amsterdam Statendam* and *Rotterdam* will make a series of cruises this winter beginning with the *Nieuw Amsterdam*'s October 11 run to Bermuda on a five-and-a-half-day trip costing $165 up The *Nieuw Amstrdam* will also make a 12-day cruise on October 19 to St Thomas Fort-de-France, Curaçao and Port-au-Prince costing $325 up a 14-day cruise on December 3 to Port au-Prince Montego Bay Curaçao, Bridgetown Guadeloupe and St. Thomas costing $385 up, another 14 day cruise on December 19 to Nassau Kingston La Guaira Curaçao and St Thomas costing a minimum of $450 and five more trips of varying length and price before the end of February The *Statendam* will make five cruises during this October February period on October 26, November 7 November 21 January 25 and February 12 The cruises range in length from 10 to 14 days and in price from $265 to $435 The line's newest ship the *Rotterdam* will make three cruises, the first on December 7 to St Thomas, La Guaira Curaçao and Port-au-Prince on a 12 day trip costing from $355 the second to Port-au-Prince, Curaçao Barbados Martinique and St Thomas on a cruise lasting 19 days and costing $450 up and the third to St-Thomas, La Guaira Curaçao Cristobal Kingston and Nassau This cruise lasts 15 days and costs $465 up

North German Lloyd's *Bremen* will make three cruises during the October-February period beginning with a 14-day trip to St. Thomas, Martinique Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao Cristobal and Montego Bay costing a minimum of $395 Another 14 day cruise at the same rate will be offered February 2 (the ship will call at a slightly different list of

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Creslan

go[illegible]) and in February 18 there will be a fifteen day cruise going as far south as Cartagena and Cristobal. The rates for the latter cruise will begin at $120.

The Norwegian America Line's *Bergensfjord* will make an eight-day cruise October 2 calling at San Juan, Bermuda and St. Thomas, and this costs $220 up. (The same cruise will be made from Philadelphia on October 12 and two shorter cruises will be made from Charleston to Nassau before the *Bergensfjord* sails November 16 on a 17 day cruise from New York costing $390 up.) The line's *Oslofjord* will cruise December 21 to St. Vincent, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, San Juan and Cap Haitien for 12 days; this costs a minimum of $275 and will make a 24-day cruise going as far as Cartagena and the Canal Zone on January 12. This will cost $550 up.

The Swedish American Line's *Kungsholm* and *Gripsholm* will also be in cruise service this fall and winter. Both ships sometimes sail from Boston but as we have barely enough space to talk about cruises from New York, we'll mention only these. The *Kungsholm* sails October 13 for St. John, St. Thomas and San Juan on a nine-day cruise costing $230 up, this cruise is repeated November 7 after a longer cruise October 24 to Nassau, Port-au-Prince, San Juan, St. John and St. Thomas. On November 17, the *Kungsholm* sails for St. Thomas, St. Lucia, Barbados, Port-of-Spain, La Guaira, Curaçao, Port-au-Prince and Nassau on a 16-day cruise costing $410 up. The *Gripsholm* sails December 20 for San Juan, St. Lucia, Port-of-Spain, La Guaira, Curaçao and Port-au-Prince on a 14-day cruise costing $450 up, and on January 4 for a 12-day trip to St. Thomas, San Juan, Cap Haitien and Nassau costing from $345.

This fall and winter the *America* of the United States Lines will make two five-day cruises to Bermuda costing from $160; the first sails October 11 and the second December 21. On December 26 there will be a six-and-a-half day cruise to Nassau costing $185 up, and the *United States* sails January 29 on a 15-day cruise to Nassau, St. Thomas, Martinique, Trinidad, Curaçao and Cristobal. This costs a minimum of $495.

And that only takes care of world cruises. Mediterranean cruises, South American cruises and some West Indies cruises regular and special from New York. We didn't have space to mention the fine West Indies cruises from New York on the ships of Moore-McCormack and the Argentine State Line, generally in South American cruise service; the excellent regular cruises out of New Orleans by the Clipper and Delta Line ships; the many fine special cruises from Boston, Washington, Norfolk, Charleston, etc., and the very many cruises out of Port Everglades, Florida, both special and regular, by ships of the Eastern Star Shipping Corp., Zim Israel Navigation Company, and the Companhia Colonial de Navegação, to the West Indies and Europe. Nor have we covered Matson's cruises to the South Pacific or American President Lines' cruises to the Far East from the West Coast, or the cruise-like voyages of the P&O-Orient Lines to both areas, or cruise-like trips to Africa by the Farrell Line ships.

For information on these, and for more information on those cruises we have covered we suggest a visit to your local ASTA travel agent. He knows the accommodations still available, can give you more specific information about the islands you are stopping at, the sight-seeing tours for the time available, and, if you're interested, in the shopping possibilities. ■



TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Las Vegas is the place where the action is not governed by the clock

More than two thousand travel agents, government tourist officials, transportation men, hoteliers and other travel people will take off for Las Vegas in late October for the 32nd World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents.

These ASTA conventions have had their impact in the past on such cosmopolitan communities as Honolulu, Mexico City, Rome, Paris and Madrid, but I'll bet that in Vegas the craps players will do no more than look up briefly from the tables at the sight of delegates dressed in dhotis, sarungs, turbans, fezzes and *gomuthas*.

Man and boy, I've been making the Vegas scene for fourteen years now (well, maybe man and *man* might be more accurate) and the only time I ever heard the smooth rhythm of the clicking wheels interrupted was election night, 1948, a rare historical occurrence in that it came to be there—like being in Pompeii the day that Vesuvius decided to let loose.

The small money had been heavily on Tom Dewey, a gang buster with choir-singing overtones over Harry Truman, an old Missouri poker player, and it served the plungers right for betting against one of their own. As the returns rolled in, confirming the almost unbelievable upset, the moans of the gamblers rose to the surrounding mountains and they cried their anguish in phrases that were straight Damon Runyon.

It was in Vegas, too, that I witnessed the most badly warped expression of civic pride I've ever encountered. I was out driving along the Strip just southwest of town with a local booster one day and he pointed to the mountains to the west, scene of several bad air crashes in the past.

"There," he said grandly, "is where we killed Carole Lombard!" But Vegas is a town of few memories, morbid or otherwise. The action's too fast.

Those past few years I've gone there mostly on the two-day lushes TWA throws for the travel press every January as part of their Quickie Vacation promotion. While we do generally watch Frank Sinatra or some of the other stars always in the repertory of the Copa Room at The Sands (one of the most successful hotels and one in which exuberance takes second place to lasting), view the mammary landscape at the Lido de Paris show at The Stardust—which its owners call the largest of resort hotels—observe Hank Henry's atrocious antics next door at the Silver Slipper and call it a night about four in the morning.

Next night we've got just enough gas left to make another dinner show, maybe at the Desert Inn, Flamingo, Riviera, Sahara, New Frontier, Tropicana or one of the other hotels along the Strip and the late show at one of the spots still uncovered and just possibly take another look in at the Silver Slipper to try to determine whether or not Hank Henry's really for real. The next morning, shaking only slightly, we manage to climb aboard a plane for Phoenix and the less frenetic life.

This with some variations is the general pattern for visits to Vegas although some people never do make it out of the casinos and some hang out downtown. Two or three days, then out. It's the greatest weekend town on earth, even if you take your weekend in the middle of the week.

What keeps Las Vegas from being a longer term vacation spot is the fact that the average human constitution can't take more than two or three days of the pace most people put themselves through while they're here. It's one of the few spots on earth where you can eat, drink and amuse yourself at any time of the day or night.

The casinos never shut down entirely, although some of the games close up for a while from time to time, and the croupiers and the players come and go—the croupiers sometimes more frequently than the players. You can always get something to eat—the chuck wagon buffets take over when the hotel restaurants and coffee shops close—and the bars are always open.

It's the only town I know of with an all-night television program on Saturday and Sunday and sometimes on weekdays as well. In the hotels on the Strip there's continuous entertainment from afternoon to early morning. There are dinner, midnight and sometimes late shows in their main restaurants, and the entertainers in the lounges just off the casinos are headliners anywhere in the world.

On one I call to mind a couple of years ago for instance, I caught Billy



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Williams Harry James Billy Eckstine and Billy Daniels playing the lounges while such acts as Marlene Dietrich Joe E. Lewis Lili St. Cyr Louis Prima Phil Silvers the Folies Bergere show from Paris Jack Carter Gisele Mackenzie Nat King Cole and the Lido show were headlining the main rooms.

The cost of all this packaged gaiety is considerably less than you might expect if you didn't know that the gambling tables pick up a good part of your tab. Rates at the twelve major resort hotels for example run from about $6 to $25 daily single and from $8 to $25 double. One half the Showboat charges $17 till double with meals included. Dinner and a floor show run you about six or seven dollars. You can get the midnight shows for as little as $2.50 and the chuck wagon breakfasts and buffets run about $1.50 to $2 for all you can stuff.

Las Vegas is an adult playground for adults playing adult games. It's not a rose-bordered Middletown U.S.A. set in the midst of the desert despite the occasional efforts of local hickory to put it as such, and the characters you meet in the chuck-wagon chow lines aren't those you'd be likely to find at a church supper away back home in Indiana—or if they are then they're in a different sort of mood.

The Travel Agent, an estimable trade publication, has come out with a useful guide to Las Vegas for its readers who will be heading there for the October convention, and evidently it has been edited with a sense of humor. There's a shot of what Sinatra would call "those broads," and it's captioned—and I'm not kidding—"Modestly clad choruses provide real family entertainment."

Which reminds me of the crack I heard Jack Carter make in a Vegas club a year or so ago.

"There's nothing I like better than working before a family audience," Carter said. "So I'm happy to see so many fathers here tonight with their daughters!"

Of the leading Las Vegas hotels all except the Fremont and the Showboat are situated on the Strip section. Some people staying out on the Strip never get into town—which is too bad because they're passing up something unique. I've never checked it with a light meter, but I'm positive that the streets of downtown Las Vegas at three in the morning are brighter than Madison Avenue at three on a cloudy afternoon. Places like The Mint are to gambling casinos what the Empire State Building is to its neighbors in the New York skyline.

I toured the Mint one evening with Sam Boyd the head of its operation and it seemed more like a huge brokerage house than a gambling casino except for the catwalks that thread their way above the mirrors in the ceiling of the gaming rooms. The mirrors are one-way mirrors, you see, enabling checkers on the catwalks to see and supervise what goes on the tables below and to make sure everything is honest on both sides of the tables.

Proud as he is of his Mint, Mr. Boyd seems to take even more pride in being the first man in the gambling business to be elected President of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, and in his ability to rear his family in the respectable churchgoing community of Las Vegas.

The half-block long Mint is just one of the big downtown casinos. Its neighbor on Fremont Street is the Horseshoe Hotel and Casino which recently completed a $2,500,000 renovation that included a neon sign that cost almost a third of that sum.

The Pioneer Club spent a

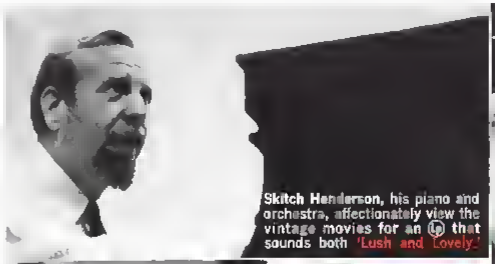


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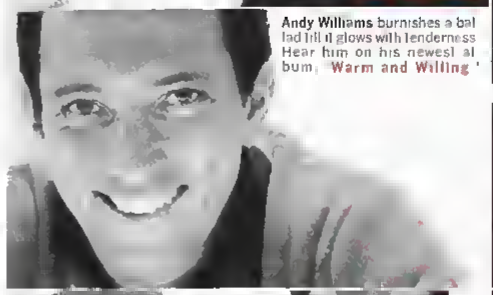
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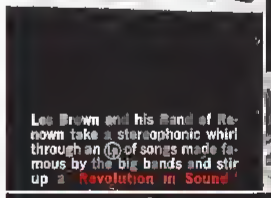
Skitch Henderson, his piano and orchestra, affectionately view the vintage movies for an LP that sounds both 'Lush and Lovely.'



Andy Williams burnishes a ballad till it glows with tenderness. Hear him on his newest album, 'Warm and Willing.'



Les Brown and his Band of Renown take a stereophonic whirl through an LP of songs made famous by the big bands and stir up a 'Revolution in Sound.'



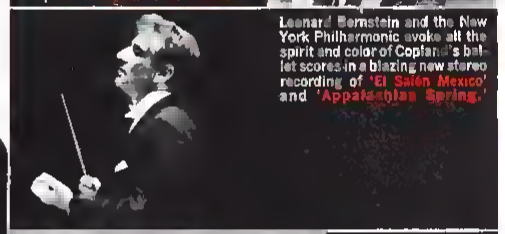


The Brothers Four bring a fresh vitality to folksinging. Their enthusiasm is catching in this live performance recording, 'The Brothers Four—In Person.'

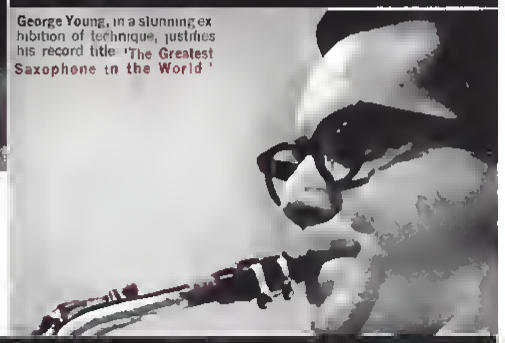


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Dave Astor, on his first album, digs at the absurdities of the modern scene till he disappears amidst the laughter. 'Will the Real Dave Astor Please Stand Up?'



Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic evoke all the spirit and color of Copland's ballet scores in a blazing new stereo recording of 'El Salón Mexico' and 'Appalachian Spring.'



George Young, in a stunning exhibition of technique, justifies his record title: 'The Greatest Saxophone in the World.'

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A. ELECTRA—Soft, dark checks or muted plaids. 50% DuPont Dacron polyester, 50% combed cotton. Zip-out liner of warm acrylic pile; quilted foam sleeve liner. Scotchgard Rain and Stain Repeller. 40 inch length. $39.95. GRAND PRIX—Variation without removable pile lining. $32.95.

B. [illegible]. pile zip liner; quilted foam sleeve liner. Detachable pile collar. $36.95.

C. COMMUTER—65% Dacron polyester, 35% combed cotton. Split shoulders. Scotchgard Rain and Stain Repeller. Black, carbon brown, olive and oyster tan. $29.95. REGENT—Variation of Commuter with Berg "Lofty" Acrilan pile zip liner and detachable pile collar. $36.95.

D. NOMAD—Cotton poplin in black, olive or oyster tan with contracting pile zip liner. $29.95. CHALLENGER—Variation of Nomad without zip liner. $19.95.

E. ALL AMERICAN—Skinner "Tackle Twill" fabric. Carbon brown, navy, olive, black. $29.95. BIG TEN—Variation with Berg "Biscayne" pile zip liner and foam sleeve liner. $33.95.

[illegible]

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(S)T 1107



S T 1133



S T 1199



S T 1258



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FAVORITE JAZZ THEMES WITH A FOUR FRESHMAN FLAVOR (S)T-1753



THE GEORGE SHEARING GENIUS WITH AN EXCITING NEW TOUCH —CONCERTO ARRANGEMENTS OF GREAT STANDARDS (S)T 1755



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S T 1414



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NELSON RIDDLE'S TREMENDOUS ARRANGEMENTS OF TOP TV THEMES (S)T 1771



(S)T 1642



(S)T 1658



S T 1705



(S T 1737





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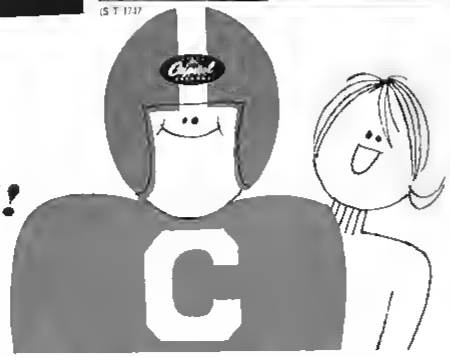
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NAT KING COLE PRESENTS A GREAT SEQUEL TO HIS SUCCESSFUL "COLE ESPANOL" (S)W 1749



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Something Special! ***Capitol Crowd Pleasers***

Capitol RECORDS

ter is the site of one of the regional meetings of the U S Junior Chamber of Commerce and of the American Legion Together the three conclaves will bring more than fifty thousand delegates to Las Vegas this year

Las Vegas is located in the midst of one of the great recreation areas of the West. Within easy driving time are such great visitor attractions as the north and south rims of the Grand Canyon Cedar Breaks National Monument Bryce Canyon National Park Zion National Park and Death Valley

About a half hour away from Las Vegas are Hoover Dam and Lake Meade two of the scenic wonders of the West Hoover Dam is the highest dam in the western hemisphere It is 726 feet high and backs up the waters of the Colorado River to form Lake Meade the world's largest manmade reservoir The 550 miles of shoreline of the lake extend 115 miles from the dam northward toward the Grand Canyon

Lake Meade and the adjoining lower Lake Mohave are never crowded even during the height of the summer vacation season They form a year-round fishing ground for largemouth black bass, trout, crappie and bluegill There are rainbow trout and some bass, too, in the lower Colorado River. There's a wide range of boating facilities. You can rent a small boat with a ten- to fifteen-horsepower kicker, or you can charter a cabin cruiser with a pilot for an overnight trip

The National Park Service has installed special facilities for water skiers in the lower basin of Lake Meade, just outside the Marina Harbor, and the area has been restricted to their use This is only a three-quarter-hour drive from Las Vegas

About forty minutes from Las Vegas in the opposite direction are 9,000-foot-high Mt. Charleston and Lee Canyon, a ski-resort area in winter and a center for hiking, riding and camping the rest of the year

Thirty-five miles to the north of Las Vegas is the Valley of Fire, a mass of red sandstone which changes its brilliant colors according to the position of the sun There are also petrified trees and petroglyphs in this area of the desert

You can also dude ranch it up a bit in Las Vegas Twin Lakes Lodge is a comfortable year-round guest ranch about five minutes' drive west of town It's situated on an oasis where two spring-fed streams once met, and it was well-known to the Indians and the early Spanish explorers who worked their way up from Mexico. It was here, too, that Kit Carson guided Captain John C Fremont and his pioneering company of American troops back in 1844

Which reminds me that Las Vegas has a long history, despite any impression you might have gotten that it was discovered by Frank Sinatra shortly after World War II

Actually, it dates back to the Spaniards who carved a trail out of the wilderness between Santa Fe and the missions of California 'Las Vegas" means "the meadows' in Spanish and Captain Fremont's reports mentioned "a camping ground called Las Vegas"

The first settlement was established in 1855, eleven years after the Fremont expedition when William Bringhurst arrived with a band of thirty young men out of Salt Lake City detailed by Brigham Young to "go to Las Vegas, build a fort there to protect immigrants and the United States mail from the Indians, and teach the latter how to raise corn, wheat, potatoes squash and melons"

The settlers cleared the

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Your feet are treated to extra comfort too, because every Bostonian Flexaire has a smooth, heel-to-toe layer of soft, foam cushioning Then for even greater flexibility there's hand stitching along the front It gathers the leather to give you flexible foot hugging fit

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see it at once in the season's new color—Mahogany Brown as shown in the pleasing three button suit above.

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CONNECTICUT

Ansonia — Hoche-to, Inc
Bridgeport — Meigs & Co., Inc
Bridgeport — Style-t
Bristol — Tendi's
Bristol — Levison's
Danbury — Nat Smith Co
Derby — Mr. Ka'ins Haggerty Shop
East Hartford — Normans of Connecticut
Fairfield — Fairfield's Being Aware Store
Glastonbury — BeGemm's Men's Shop
Groton — Goodwear, Inc
Hartford — Kennedy's
Hartford — Bowne Thompson
Manchester — Ingall Men's Shop
Meriden — Bugatini's, Inc
Middletown — Connell's
Milford — Kennedy's
Milford — Weyside Clothes
Naugatuck — Brown's Spot Shop
New Haven — J. Johnson & Sons, Inc.
New London — Selin's
Norwich — N. A. Brockway
Putnam — Chet's Cat's Pa Company
Southington — S. Hutton & Son
Stamford — H. Frankel & Sons
Stamford — Ivy Basement
Stamford — Bolin's 34 h St.
Torrington — Morano & Johnson
Waterbury — Selvin's
Waterbury — Garsson's
West Hartford — Kennedy's
Willimantic — Church Seed Co.
Windsor Locks — Smith's Men's Wear

DELAWARE

Bridgeville — I. S. Scott's Men's Store
Dover — Joseph Ivan's & Co.
Newark — Hewark Boys' Store
Rehoboth Beach — Crafton Men's Wear
Seaford — Dashiell's
Wilmington — Bolin's
Wilmington — Morgan's
Wilmington — John Wanamaker

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington — Allen's Men's Wear
Washington — Carl's Men's Wear
Washington — David's Men's Shop
Washington — S. Kann & Sons (A. Store)
Washington — Kay's Men's Shop
Washington — Lott's Men's Shop
Washington — N. Lewman & Co.
Washington — Dave Mc Neill's
Washington — Raleigh Haberdashers
Washington (M Street) — David Bitner's
Washington — Sherman's Men's Wear
Washington — The Clothes Mart

FLORIDA

Belle Glade — Bruce's Palm Beach Shop
Bradenton — Day's
Clearwater — Anne Brothers of Florida
Coral Gables — N. S. Sweeney
Coral Gables — The Gayland Shop
Daytona Beach — C. K. Slaughter
Ft. Myers — Caley Wyatt, Inc.
Fort Lauderdale — Bill Proctor, Inc.
Fort Walton — Lee's Men's Store
Jacksonville — Rosenbaum's
Tallahassee — Men's Suits of Florida
Miami — C. Dutton's
Miami — Jos. G. Home
Miami Beach — Geo. Cotton Co. & Shop Co.
Orlando — Sonin Men's Lovers
Panama City — Powell & Co.
Pensacola — Gordon's, Inc.
St. Petersburg — Mann Brothers of Florida
Sarasota — Mann Brothers of Florida
Tampa — Men's Suits of Florida
West Palm Beach — Anthony's
Winter Haven — Vic Edwards

GEORGIA

Atlanta — Cobb Wright Co.
Atlanta — Allen Harris Co.
Atlanta — Stein's Clothing
Atlanta — Ben Stein
Augusta — Carlisle's
Columbus — Thayer Daggery Co.
Decatur — Lester's Men's Shop

MARYLAND

Baltimore — Seerlers Clothing Co.
Baltimore — Gold Stream's Men's Wear
Baltimore — Herman's Men's Wear
Baltimore — Hertz's Bros. (A. Store)
Baltimore — Kassenbaum's
Baltimore — Norman Wattler's
Baltimore — Charles Men's Shop
Baltimore — Chet's Men's Shop
Bel Air — The Style Guide
Bethesda — Ike Beri Store
Chestertown — I. and W. Light's Men's Store
Cumberland — Manhattan Shop
Frederick — A. J's Men & Boy Shop

Easton — The Young Men's Shop
Frederick — Charles Men's Shop
Glen Burnie — Robinson's, Inc
Glenburnie — Raymonds Men's & Boys' Wear
Hyattsville — Wilson Men's Store
Ingleside Hills — Sid's Men's Shop
Lexington Park — Chet's Men's Store
Odenton — Gordon's
Reisterstown Road Plaza — Kennedy's
Riverdale — Anne's Village Shop
Rockville on the Pike — Wash's Best Store
Salisbury — Ralph & Gerald's
Silver Spring — Ben's Men's Wear
Silver Spring — Irving's Men's Wear
Silver Spring — Wilford Morris Agency for Men
Towson — Norman Wattler's
Towson Town — Rosenbush's
Westminster — Bone's, Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro — Lloyd's
Ayer — P. N. Tuggs Co.
Boston — Kennedy's
Boston — Leopold's Morse Co.
Bridge — Kennedy's
Brockton — Kennedy's
Brockton — Kennedy's
Cohasset — Bolotin's Men's Store
Clinton — Gould's Men's Store
Fall River — S. Greene & Bros. — Nite Hall Miller's
Framingham — Kennedy's
Gardner — Go-bee Bros.
Gloucester — Smolin Clothing Co.
Hyannis — Gov. of Men's Shop
Hyde Park — Kennedy's
Lawrence — Gentry Men's Shop
Leominster — Tobin's, Inc.
Lowell — Newton's
Lynn — Gosse Bolle
Lynn — Kennedy's
Malden — Bolen's
Marlboro — Risberg's Store for Men
Medford — Thomas O. Brown & Sons
Milford — Hamberg's Co. Inc. Store
New Bedford — M. C. Swift & Bros. Inc.
Newburyport — Frank S. Hatheard Co. Inc.
Newtonville — Mandell's
Peabody — Kennedy's
Pittsfield — Rosenfeld's
Salem — G. Howe's Men's Shop
Salem — Kennedy's
Springfield — Blakes on the X
Springfield — Kennedy's
Springfield — Richard Stevens, Inc.
Wellesley — G. ever Crosby
Webster — Shaw's Toggery
Westfield — Tuttle's Clothing Store, Inc.
Worcester — Benjamin & Mabey Co.
Wrentham — Kennedy's

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont — David's Heller Co.
Concord — David Herley Co.
Dover — Fo ason's
Hanover — Berry's
Keene — Floyd's
Manchester — Kennedy's
Nashua — Averell's
Portsmouth — Clarke's Inc

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park — Bell & Terry
Atlantic City — Hy Seathers
Atlantic City — Men's Clothes
Bayonne — Chas. Gerwig
Bordentown — Seidel & Hargreaves
Bradley Beach — Archies Men's Shop
Bradley Beach — Jackson's Wear
Burlington — Selzer's Men's Wear
Camden — Bell's Co.
Camden — Bellhorn's
Carteret — Peter Men's Store
Cranford — Ike Gertz Shop
Delran — Geo. Berg Men's Store
East Brunswick — Miller's on the Mall
Elizabeth — Levy Bros.
Flemington — Kersaws
Hackensack — Krieger's
Hackensack — St. Lo Brothers
Hackettstown — Fazio & Lee
Hammonton — Bellevue Men's Shop
Hoboken — Gertz's
Hopewell — Bonks Men's Store
Keyport — W. S. Wallace
Lakewood — Feldman's Suburbia Fashions
Lambertville — Verne Green & Son
Long Branch — Stanford Kaye's Men's Store
Maple Shade — Lee's Men's & Boys
Matawan — Wilson's Men's Store
Merchantville — Tom's Men's Store
Middletown — Maynard's Men's Shop
Newark — The Lackey Co. (All Stores)
Nixon — Weber & Heilbroner
New Brunswick — Jacobs Sh. I Store
Nutley — Steen's Men's Shop
Ocean City — Robert Men's Shop
Paramus — Terry's
Paramus — Stern Bros.
Paterson — Bert Greenberg Co.
Paterson — Store Goodkind's
Perth Amboy — Jack Levy Clothes
Pine Brook — Chet Chesley Store
Pompton Plains — Speedway Men's Apparel
Port Reading — Ben Seidler
Princeton — Hat's Sellot
Rahway — Meeks Hats Boot Store
Red Bank — John Stewart's
Rutherford — Watters
Salem — Peters Men's Store
Somerville — Berke's
Trenton — B. A. Donnelly
Union — Tilt Bros.
Union City — Fohrman's Suburbia Fashions
Upper Darby — Pat's Go-go
Vineland — Wm. F. & Wood
West New York — Schiro men's
Wildwood — Hat's Men's Wear
Woodbury — Town Men's Shop
Woodstown — Bylines
Yardville — Jack Lang Clothes

NEW YORK

Amherst — Klein Bros.
Amsterdam — Mahon's
Auburn — Bush son's
Binghamton — Mahon's Dept. Store, Inc.
Binghamton — Bell Stearns
Bronx — Gary Brent
Bronx — Terry's Tuxedo
Bronx — Stearns Clo.
Brooklyn — Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn — Beatty Clothes
Brooklyn — Buddy Ian
Brooklyn — Jackson's Wear
Brooklyn — Gower & Sons
Brooklyn — Irving's
Brooklyn — M. Ian's Men's
Brooklyn — Schlein's
Brooklyn — Weber & Heilbroner
Brooklyn (Bay Ridge) — Terry's Bath Shop
Buffalo — The Kiel Seen Co.
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Commack — Sokin-34th
Elmira — Fromer Clothes Shop
Endicott — Klein's Store for Men & Boys
Endicott — Mahon's Depth Stores, Inc.
Floral Park — Redready's
Fort Jefferson — Terry's
Garden City — Weber & Heilbroner
Glens Falls — Gurney's
Hudson — Kritzmon-Mack Co.
Huntington — Terry's
Ironwood — Shipley's Story and Co.
Ithaca — Men's Men's Store
Kingston — N. C. Berlowitzky
Latham (Shop. Center) — Dan A. Donahoe
L. I. — Bellian — Abrahams & Straus

Millerton — We Brothers
Monsey — Hazell's & Clothes
Monsey, Rte — Allen's Men's Wear
Mt. Co mel — Nite Hats
New Cattle — Instein's Men
New Rochelle — Auch's Men
Newtown — Savidge Bros.
Nanuet — S. S. Bros. Stores
Nanuet — Nudelman's
Oakland — Sop's Men's Store
Palmyra — H. W. Kinder
Philadelphia — Al's Jewelers Shops
Philadelphia — Bank Men's Shop
Philadelphia — Irvin Co. 52nd St.
Philadelphia — Snell Stores, Inc.
Philadelphia — Gimbel Bros. (A. Store)
Philadelphia — Howard's Men's Store
Philadelphia — Permanente Apparel for Men
Philadelphia — Sam's Clothing Store
Philadelphia — Scott & Hamilcher
Philadelphia — John Wanamaker
Philadelphia — Wolfsonian's
Pittstown — Bernstein's
Port Jervis — Bernard's Inc.
Rhinebeck — Cecil & Kent
Rochester — The Haggerty
Rochester — Jim Peters's Haggerty
Rockville — Mac's
Scottsdale — Sheraton Bro Belley Co.
Seaman — Lenvent & Stanton
Shenandoah — Open Saturday's
Shirley — Bernstein's
Stone College — He's Men's Shop
Sunbury — Kaufman's
Tarrytown — Carlton's Men's Shop
Troy — Brett Company (All Stores)
Uniondale — Sol Klein
Washington — Joe's Men's Shop
Wayne — Knuffman's
West Chester — Lee's Barbershop
When Be re — Lawson's Men's Store
Williamsport — Bevidi's
Willow Grove — Welkin's
York — Shenandoah Bros.

RHODE ISLAND

Cranston — Beardsley's
Newport — No apparent Clothing Co.
Pawtucket — McDevitt's
Portsmouth — Donnelly's
Smithfield — Kennedy's
Warwick — Donnelly's
Woonsocket — Kenneth's

VERMONT

Barre — J. J. Newton Co. Inc.
Rutland — Wilson Clo. Company, Inc.

VIRGINIA

Alexandria — Carlton's Quality Shop
Alexandria — Cohen's Quality Shop
Arlington — S. A. Smith Co.
Arlington — S. Kann Sons' Co.
Charlottesville — Kaufman's Sons
Clifton Forge — Zimmerman's, Inc.
Falls Church — Wilson Men's Stores
Fairfax — Be Swiss
Fredericksburg — Washington Wear or Mill's
Front Royal — Western Good's Store
Lynchburg — S. H. Sowell's Co.
Manassas — Atkins
Martinsville — The Hub
Petersburg — Peter Fox's — Y. M. Shop
Richmond — Berry Bros. (All Stores)
Richmond — Young Men's Store
Roanoke — Bon Sens
Roanoke — Davidsons
Shirlington — The Tent Shop
South Arlington — Mahon's Men's Store
South Boston — W. son's
Springfield — Allen's Men's Store
Staunton — Alley's Men's Shop
Suffolk — We shop & Co.
Vienna — Allen's Men's Store
Vienna — Al yn's Men's Shop
Virginia Beach — Chet's Pearson
Warwick — Hub of Newport News
Weyers Cave — The Men's Store
Williamsburg — Inez-Greeves
Winchester — Gray & Eldridge

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley — Steve Bush Clothes
Bluefield — Silver Bells Clothes
Buckhannon — Sore Bros. Men's Wear
Charleston — The Bonnett
Chesapeake — Kesimeos
Clarksburg — Metell's Inc.
Elkins — Maurer Little Boys' Shop
Fairmont — Anthony Johnson
Huntington — Lemon Men's Store
Logan — Steve's Men's Store
Martinsburg — J. S. White & Bros.
Montgomery — Cohen's
Morgantown — Bill Bros. & Co.
Parkersburg — Ike's Cle Co.
Weirton — Sutton & Mooney
Wheeling — Bernhardt's Clothes Inc.

mesquite newly and started building an adobe stockade. It was a great undertaking for those days, fourteen feet high and a hundred fifty feet long, but hardly big enough for one of the caravans today. They hauled logs from the Charleston Mountains to the west in order to build their homes, cabins that barely sheltered them, then fences to shut out the necessary bridges, and then they set about the business of farming. They planted crops, and after a while they set out fruit trees and grapevines. Some of the orchards and vineyards they planted are producing fruit to this day.

While Mormon records reveal that "many Indians were converted and baptized," the settlers soon found that most of the Paiutes stayed hostile, and the mission was abandoned after a number of raids had decimated the crops and holdings.

Another reason for the Mormon abdication was their failure in attempts to mine and smelt the "abundant quantities of lead" they found in the area. It was not until about five years later that they learned the reason for their difficulty in casting the metal into bullet molds—the "lead" turned out to be rich silver ore.

Though the Mormons had left temporarily, there followed a period of steady development of the agricultural and mining potentialities of the area. Furthermore it had become a vital part of the trail from Santa Fe to the Pacific and during the Civil War it was deemed advisable to send three companies of cavalry and one company of infantry to the area. They were stationed at the springs where many of the wagon trains stopped, and were there, of course, for the protection of the travel route to southern California. The post they established was named Fort Baker. After the wet mining was stepped up in the surrounding regions and the nearby Eldorado Canyon was an important producer of gold and silver.

On May 15, 1905, Las Vegas was really born. Around a platform erected under a spreading mesquite tree (near the present railroad station) nearly three thousand people gathered to hear an official of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad (now the Union Pacific) explain plans for a major rail development through Las Vegas and the Southwest. He started a land auction which lasted two days and saw the sale of 12,000 lots at a total price of $265,000.

Within a few days a mammoth tent city came to life on the desert. Housed in the tents were a post office, saloons and gambling houses, as well as hotels and a bank. The main hotel was a huge canvas structure a hundred forty feet long. Today, about the only need for canvas—other than that type used by artists in depicting the natural beauty of the area—is for the money bags needed to collect the silver that stays in the slot machines after someone has hit the jackpot. The Las Vegas territory is still a fine producer of silver, you might say that the city is the home of the silver dollar. This large and solid piece of silver is almost nonexistent in the East, but in a few cities of the West, Denver and San Francisco notably, you are likely to get one in change. In Las Vegas, if you purchase a pack of cigarettes, chances are that you'll get four of the silver cartwheels to jingle on your way—a few steps at most—to the nearest slot machine.

But the town and its surroundings that sold for $265,000 in 1905 have little resemblance to the Las Vegas of 1962. Today, its 1905 total cost wouldn't keep it going for twenty-four hours. ##

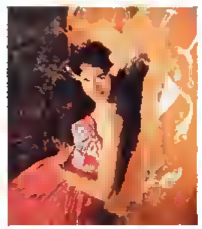




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There's more for all this fall: Aloha Week, Oct. 19-27, traditional week of Polynesian pageantry. The gay new Festival of the Pacific, Nov. 10-17 with music and dances of many Pacific lands. Hawaii's special Aloha to Honeymooners, Dec. 1-15. Big 100 day Fishing Derby continues through Dec. 15.

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INTRODUCING THE McLANDRESS DIMENSION

Test your own McLandress coefficient. If you make it to the sixth paragraph you are sufficiently qualified, at least, to make it all the way by MARK EPERNAY

At the Yale University Commencement this year, President John F. Kennedy called for a debate on the real as distinct from the mythical social issues of our time—on how to stop inflation, achieve full employment, arrest the outflow of our gold, and the other intensely practical issues with which the nation must contend. In asking for this discussion he could scarcely have known that he would encounter sharp competition for attention from a hitherto only moderately well-known scientist and physician from his hometown of Boston. The scientist is Dr. Herschel McLandress and at the moment a great many people are finding the matters he offers for discussion a good deal more interesting than the older if not less important questions raised by the President. In recent weeks a New Yorker who is not up on McLandress is likely to find himself sitting quietly in a corner even though he is just back from Washington and freighted with the latest word from Dean Rusk, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Pierre Salinger.

The McLandress Dimension, as it is known to scientists, is a new line of mensuration in the assessment of human behavior patterns. It allows the reliable sorting and classification of behavioral tendencies and it has already caught the attention of seasoned professionals as a possible way of predicting political success. It owes its origins to the scientifically impeccable work of Herschel McLandress, former Professor of Psychiatric Measurement at the Harvard Medical School and now chief consultant to the Noonan Psychiatric Clinic in Boston. Because of his simple but searching insights, Dr. McLandress' work has long appealed to a small but devoted group of disciples, including a goodly number of informed and discerning laymen. Now, in the view of well-qualified observers, he is firmly destined for a place among the scientific and medical immortals. Certainly the McLandress Dimension will be the best-remembered of his contributions.

The dimension along which McLandress has sought to measure human behavior is that of the individual's relation to self. The unit of measurement which he employs, called the McLandress Coefficient, reflects the intensity of the individual's identification with his own personality. No modern scientific tool is ever simple and the McLandress Coefficient—in scientific circles it is referred to as the McL-C (pronounced Macelsee) and will be so denoted here—is a thing of some complexity. But in essence it is the longest span of time during which a subject's thoughts may remain centered on some substantive phenomenon other than his own personality. By way of illustration a five-minute coefficient—a McL-C of five minutes—means that an individual's thoughts can remain diverted from his own personality for maximum periods of five minutes. A two-hour McL-C, a very large coefficient according to Dr. McLandress' researches, would mean that an individual's thoughts could be away from himself for as much as two hours or a hundred twenty minutes. The McL-C it should be noted, refers only to waking hours. "The focus of the dream consciousness," Dr. McLandress has said, "is an important area of research but it is not my present scientific preoccupation."

The McL-C for an individual is established by someone who is trained in Dr. McLandress' methods, and the individual may or may not know that he is being subject to psychometric measurement. Many of the ratings have been done by newspapermen who, after a brief period of training in Dr. McLandress' clinic, do the interviews under the guise of obtaining news. Interviews are then supplemented by what is called secondary communications research which means, principally, a detailed study of the individual's oral and written expression—his books, articles, speeches, sermons, interviews and the like. Experience has shown that where published expression is adequate, the interview can be omitted and the coefficient established on the basis of such secondary material without loss of accuracy.

Although he is careful to say that his work is still in a preliminary stage, Dr. McLandress has already established McL-C's for a sizable number of people. This is not a random sample; his concern has been quite frankly with people who are prominent in the political, scientific, academic, artistic, literary and business life of the United States and Britain. Early drafts of his manuscript, abstracts of which will appear



"Well, Horace, I suppose the students will be hanging you in effigy again today!"

in the autumn number of the *Journal of Psychiatric Measurement*, have been circulated for comment and criticism and it is these that have provoked much of the recent discussion. One can safely predict that when the volume is published, probably early next winter, Orbit Press, Inc., of Raleigh, North Carolina, will have on its lists the first medico-scientific best seller to appear since the famed Kinsey reports.

Interest will center, inevitably, on the coefficients that have been established for men and women who are prominent in public life. Dr. McLandress is careful to point out that these coefficients are "value-free." A low coefficient, one in the minute range, implies a close and diligent concern by the individual for matters pertaining to his own personality, but Dr. McLandress is careful to insist that this suggests neither superiority nor inferiority to the individual with a higher coefficient. Nor can it yet be concluded that the person with a low rating is more effective or efficient than a person whose thoughts are less precisely concentrated. While Dr. McLandress occasionally hints at lines of thought emerging from his researches, he is careful to point out: "It is the task of the scientist to classify and measure and, on occasion, to propose fecund lines of speculation but it is never his function to decide what is good or bad."

Many of the coefficients will not be thought entirely surprising. Thus theatre people have uniformly low McL-C's—the representatives of Broadway and Hollywood are nearly always in the minute range. Writers and playwrights, though with many exceptions, have higher coefficients than actors and actresses, and there are no significant differences between the latter. Both Mr. Arthur Miller and Mr. Tennessee Williams have a rating of thirty-five minutes. Mr. Gore Vidal, by contrast, has a rating of twelve-and-a-half minutes. Among actors and entertainers, Mr. Danny Kaye is something of a theatrical phenomenon with a McL-C of fifty-five minutes. At the other extreme, Mr. Mort Sahl has a rating of four minutes and Miss Elizabeth Taylor of three. By coincidence Miss Taylor's coefficient is the same as that of Mr. David Susskind the television impresario. His, in turn happens to be the same as that of Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, whom he once interviewed on his television program. Mr. Khrushchev was rated from secondary written and verbal expressions and is the only Communist leader that Dr. McLandress has found it possible to handle in this way.

Writers and journalists tend also to have low scores. At the upper extreme are Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at two hours and Mr. Richard H. Rovere, *The New Yorker* writer and author of the recent volume of *The American Establishment*, with a rating of one hour and fifty-five minutes. Nearly all other writers and journalists are in the minute range. James Reston, sixteen minutes; Truman Capote, ten minutes; Vladimir Nabokov, ten minutes; Mary McCarthy, nine minutes; Ian Fleming, nine minutes; Kenneth Tynan, eight minutes; Max Ascoli, four minutes; Dean Acheson, four minutes; Norman Cousins, three minutes; H. Trevor-Roper (the English historian), two and-a-half minutes. One writer and journalist conspicuously missing is Mr. Joseph Alsop. Dr. McLandress, in an amusing footnote, tells of his efforts to interview Mr. Alsop in the course of personally establishing his coefficient. Dr. McLandress found himself so deeply preoccupied with explaining and defending his rating of other individuals that his measurement of Mr. Alsop was never completed. He hazards the guess that Mr. Alsop is in the low minute range.

As might be expected, Dr. McLandress has established coefficients for a large number of his academic and scientific colleagues. For these, as also for ministers of the gospel, generalization is difficult—the range is from a few minutes to several hours. Thus the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr. has a rating of four hours; by way of contrast, both the Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and the Reverend Billy Graham turn up in the middle minute range. A similar dispersion characterizes the scientific community. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer has a rating of three hours and thirty minutes, and Dr. McLandress suggests "as a further line of speculation" that this may well have been related to his problems as a security risk. "When a really first-rate mind is so divorced from self it is certain to range rather widely. And we cannot be wholly surprised if this causes it occasionally to invade what many will regard as dangerous territory." Dr. Edward Teller, contemporary of Dr. Oppenheimer in the development of nuclear fission, has a much more conservative coefficient.

In the academic world there is not only a wide dispersion in ratings, but also a considerable unpredictability. Dr. McLandress cites but tactfully refrains from giving the name of a Harvard professor of English with a community-wide reputation of absentmindedness. On fine days he carries an umbrella; it is invariably left home in inclement weather. His Radcliffe students have not been the only ones to observe the occasionally embarrassing disarray of his attire. His McL-C was exactly two minutes.

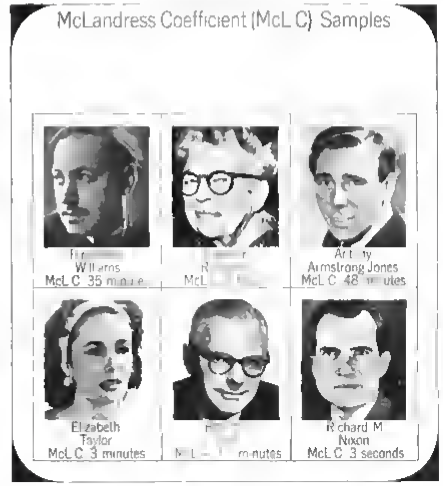
Reflecting their strong interest in the McLandress work, which has had university as well as foundation* support, the Presidents of both Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology asked to be rated and will have their coefficients included in the forthcoming volume.** Both, incidentally, are a highly unspectacular forty-five minutes.

There is little doubt that it will be the McLandress ratings for political figures which will provoke the most comment when they appear. And, possibly with this in mind, Dr. McLandress has gone into greatest detail in this department. Political leaders, like actors, tend to low ratings. Some that are surprises at first glance come to seem more reasonable on analysis.

The President of the United States, rated during a long and highly cooperative interview, has a McL-C of twenty-nine minutes. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who was similarly cooperative, has twelve minutes. In discussing the coefficients of these two political *(Continued on page 180)*

*Dr. McLandress acknowledges his indebtedness to The Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, The Rockefeller Institute, The Sherbrook Foundation, the Walter Rock Foundation, Inc., the George M. and Pamela S. Humphrey Fund, and the Aalland Trust.

**Only a small sample of Dr. McLandress' subjects offered purely by way of illustration, are given in the article.







Photographed by Ernst Haas

KICKOFF!

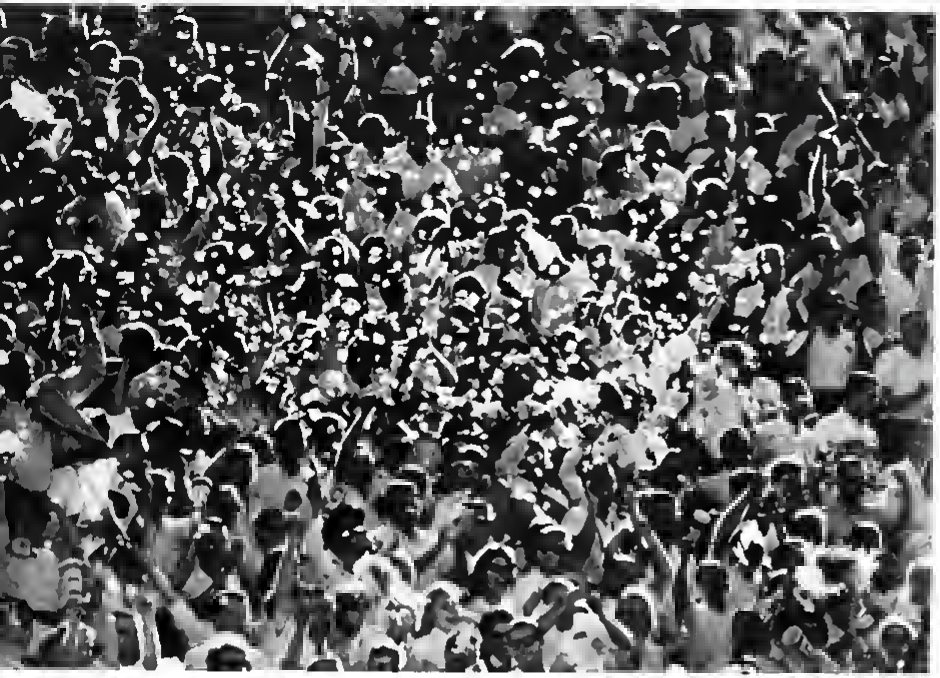
The coaches appear on the turf, the time of the cheering of fans is come and the voice of the quarterback is heard in our land. Football, the supreme synthesis of pageantry, ritual and science, is once again the reason for Saturday afternoon. The precise stepping of the marching bands is surpassed by the even more intricate choreography of broken field running. The team hustles from the huddle, the fans are tense. The air is sharp, the kick is good, and the cry from the stands is "Go!"



Watching the game, we live our past. Hip flasks, heroes and the trappings of times gone



y are made real again. The girls, cheering, with mums pinned to their collars, are all beautiful. The players, battling by the yard, are larger than life. It's our game, with our proud





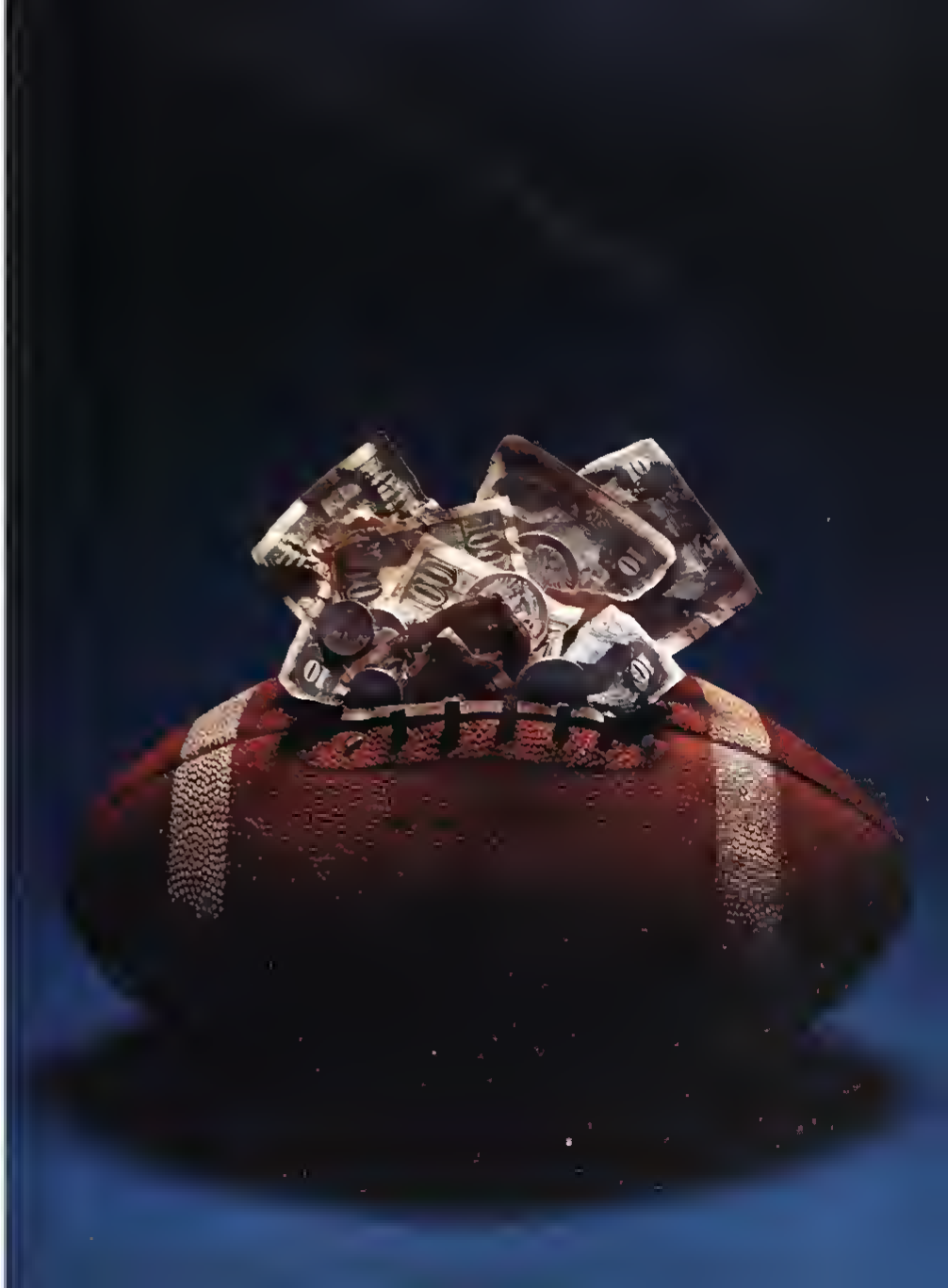
traditions. It stirs our hearts and it molds our men. And it reflects our way of life

Take that gravy! Break that oath! Fight, team, fight! by JOHN KEATS

...AND KICKBACK

At the outer edges of extravagance, big-time college football can be a cynical farce, acted out by mealymouthed college presidents, contract-breaking coaches, truckling professors, hyperthyroid alumni, ad-agency representatives, and a clutter of players so dense and brutish that the student bodies refer to them as "the animals." What makes the situation so farcical is its solemn pretense. When a college president, for example, speaks of his school's desire to field a "representative team" in connection with the hiring of a new coach, what he often means is that he wants a winning team and is hiring a man to produce one. When a coach with years remaining to his present contract is induced to leave one school in order to mold character more profitably at another, everyone pretends that he is not really breaking his pledged word, and that the inducement is not in fact a bribe. Instead, the coach speaks of his "regret" that "circumstances" have "forced" him to accept the second school's offer, but that he has to "think of his future," and off he goes—sometimes taking his players with him. Here, we pretend that the subsequent transfer of the recruited players is something the boys decided, independently, for themselves. It just occurred to them that their avid thirst for knowledge could be more adequately slaked at the second school, and meanwhile they had so learned to love and trust their coach that they just plain wanted to play ball for him and for no one else. So too everyone close to sports pretends that when an obvious illiterate is given a passing grade in English, the professor (who may have failed non-football-playing students whose work was superior to that of the player) was justifying the grade on the basis of the player's obvious willingness, cooperation, attitude and human qualities, and was taking into consideration the fact that the player was carrying not only his scholastic load, but also his campus job and the exhausting work of practicing football. We, as a nation, also pretend that when a bevy of perpetually adolescent alumni send a boy to college on an athletic scholarship, they in fact are moved by the humanitarian impulse to give the benefits of a college education to a boy from a deprived financial background, "who would otherwise never have the chance," and who in all academic respects is equal to another candidate who happens not to be able to negotiate a hundred yards in ten seconds flat whilst carrying an anvil under each arm. Finally, we pretend that the real purpose of big-time, intersectional college football is not to make money. Instead, we agree to pretend that the game has educational advantages. For one thing, strenuous athletics help to form the sound body for the sound mind; the game teaches the virtues of self-discipline and self-sacrifice to the common good. It molds character. It is really played just for fun, and the paternal colleges smile on the activities of eleven high-spirited young scholars who wish to challenge eleven like-minded scholars from another school to a game of football. An intersectional contest, we pretend, is of greater educational advantage than a game between two rivals in the same town, for it incorporates the broadening benefits of travel and gives the students an opportunity to meet with boys from another part of the country. (If it turns out that the twenty-two contestants in an intercollegiate match all come from Pennsylvania, this is held to be sheer coincidence.) Winning is held to be desirable, not because a winning team draws crowds of paying customers, but because it is important that a growing boy should develop his "will to win."

It is the flood of pretense that leads cynics to suggest that



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELBERT BUDD

an aroma of moral leprosy exudes from college football, but even the dourest cynics seem unaware that the same thing can be said of high-school football, of *junior-high-school* football. Yet, here too can be found all of the possible ills that might be found in college football at its worst—the cheating, the oath-breaking, the deliberately encouraged dirty play, the recruitment of ringers, the scouting of rival teams by motion pictures and, God love us all, Christmas-season bowl games in Florida for all-star teams of fourteen-year-olds.

Once upon a time, football was a game and nothing more, and at many schools and colleges it still is. But it seems to me that wherever football becomes more of a business, it becomes less of a game. As it becomes more of a business, it tends to take on a kind of jungle morality in which the guiding principles are *victory at all costs*, and *every man has his price*. At any school where football suffers from gigantism, whether in junior high or college, the game is carried to a point of perfection well beyond that which may be desirable with the result that football no longer belongs to the youngsters who play it, but rather to thoroughly vicious adults who have stripped the game not only of its fun but also of its meaning.

I speak as one close to three generations' worth of the seamier aspects of football. An older member of my family takes pride in his boast that he played three years of varsity ball for each of three distinguished universities, under three different names, none of them his own. During those nine years, he also played professional football on Sundays. Further, I attended a preparatory school that was an athletic cram shop for an Ivy League college, in which was stored the future talent of that college's team. Our boys were high-school graduates, characteristically dull but strong and fast, sent to the school by a college alumni association. The school sent them up to the college as the need arose. Our fullback was twenty-one years old, and had been patiently waiting for three years for the starting college fullback to be graduated. Eventually, tired of waiting, he accepted an offer from another Ivy League school and went there. It had been my impression, until recently, that such preparatory schools were few and far between; that almost everywhere else, football was a perfectly genuine game, played for fun by regularly enrolled students. But now that I have had a son on a prep-school team, and have served on the school's athletic association, I am aware of a universal viciousness.

This year, my son's preparatory school (a small Quaker establishment of no particular athletic pretension) just happened to have an unusually good 120-pound team of eighth and ninth graders. They won all but two games, with the result that no less than four of the boys were approached by three rival schools. Each boy was asked if he wouldn't transfer in order to play varsity ball for the rival schools at a later grade. In one case it was made clear that if money was an object, a scholarship could be found. This intrigued me to discover that one preparatory day school in our Pennsylvania area had imported its quarterback from fifteen hundred miles away. A scout had discovered him in the eighth grade. A four-year scholarship was arranged. He left his parental roof to board with a Pennsylvania family the scout turned up, and when he became old enough to drive was given a car. The startling thing to me was that no one seemed to think there was anything particularly wrong with any of this.

But surely the point is that pressure to win games is responsible for rounding up ringers. Surely the point is that when an eighth-grade boy is propositioned by a coach to leave one school for the purpose of helping a rival school to win games, some idea that has nothing whatever to do with football is planted in that boy's mind. One idea is that adults think the boy's loyalty is cheap. What else can he think? What else but that football is more than a game, that it is more important than school, that it is a business in which he has a saleable skill? By the time that boy is a high-school senior, it would be surprising if he were not for sale to the highest bidder, and, once on a college team, for sale again.

That recruited players *have* been for sale was amply proved by the recurrent basketball scandals, and a good many yards of type in the nation's sports pages dealt with my very presumption. That the basketball players, because of the manner in which they were recruited, had got the idea the game was rotten from the opening whistle on, and that there was no reason in their minds why one bit of cheating did not deserve another. Today, there is a persistent rumor that gamblers have bribed college players to shave points and throw football games, and sports editors, mindful of the basketball scandals, tend to believe it.

Recruitment of ringers nurtures the seed of scandal, but, worse, football has been corrupted for thousands of boys who are *not* recruited. Once upon a time, football was a happy kind of organized violence, offering the youngsters who played it genuine opportunities to display the virtues of raw courage, determination, stamina, loyalty and honesty. I can remember when the high-school locker room before the game was a glad uproar of snapped towels, singing, laughing, boasting and clowning around. Then the coach would stick his head in the door and say, "Let's go, gang!", and everyone would go clattering across the floor and whooping out on the field, ready to have one hell of a time.

But consider a locker room today. It is that of one small school I know, by no means the powerhouse of a small, low-pressure league. The room is a somber tomb filled with boys lying tense and sweating on wrestling mats, fear twisting in their stomachs while the line coach talks to the end coach in whispers. The backfield coach silently helps the trainer tape ankles.

"All right, fellows, relax," the head coach says, his voice harsh and troubled.

"Don't let it get to you," he tells them. "Breathe deep and relax. You'll do all right out there. Just don't make mistakes. You make one mistake with these guys, and bang! they're gone. Now relax. Think. Know what you're going to do out there. Think about it now. Take deep breaths."

In the gymnasium above the locker room, someone is shooting baskets. The boys on the wrestling mats can hear the *tunk, tunk* of the ball and the pattar of running feet.

"Ted," the coach calls to the team manager, "tell that goddamn fool to get the hell out of there. The kids are trying to relax."

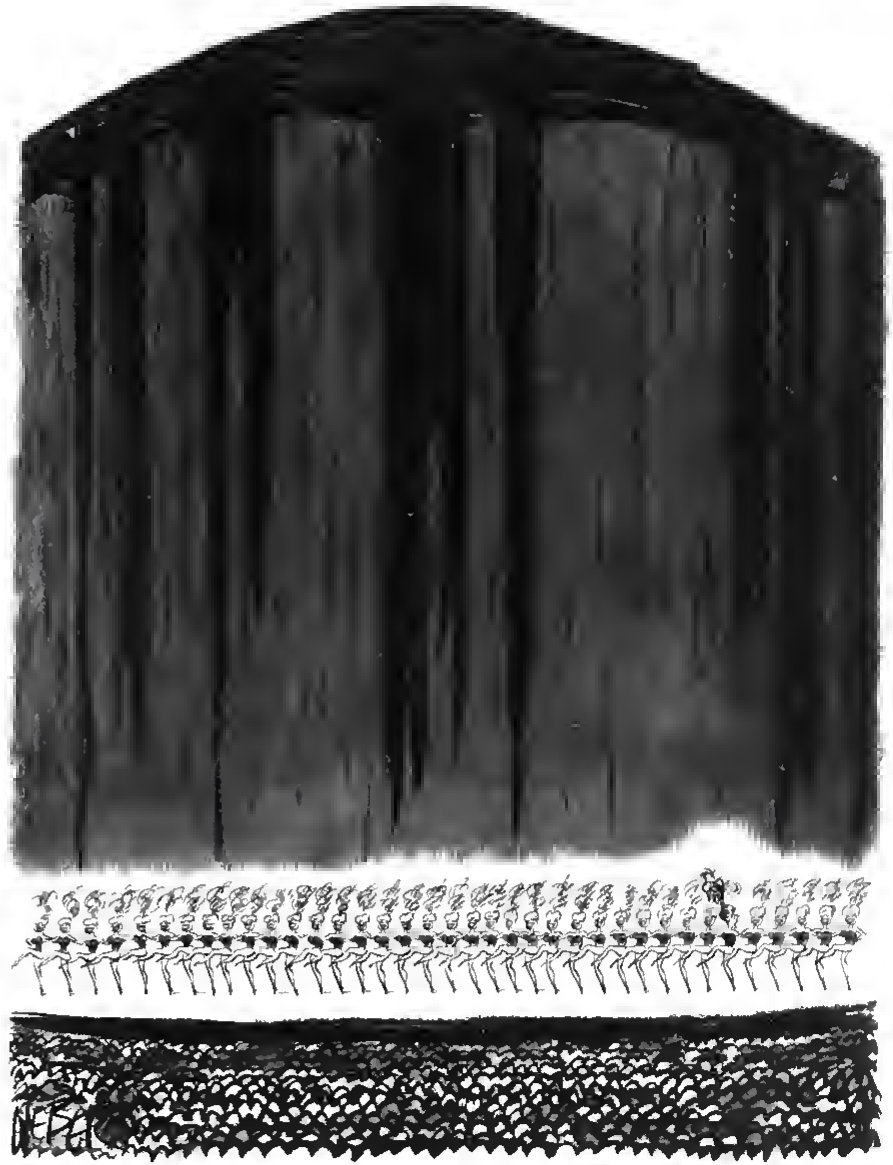
The white-faced manager scurries out. The pattering upstairs halts.

There is silence in the locker room, broken by hoarse breathing. A big, good-looking kid with the first dark down of what will one day be a heavy beard lies rigid on his mat, close to tears. There is a sound of drums thumping, a faint bray of horns. The coach looks at his watch.

"All right, you guys," he says. "Everybody kneel. Let us pray."

When the boys run out on the field, some of them are crying.

It is customary in magazine articles to say at a point like this that *all* coaches aren't this bad, that there are always a few bad apples in the barrel. Unfortunately, I am not in a position to say any such thing. My experience is limited and I therefore have no right to generalize. I can only say that I have met very few coaches who impress me as molders of men, that most of those I have met do not impress me as the father image beneath whose rough exterior there beats a heart of gold, but that my collective impression of coaches, from junior high to college, is that of a clay-footed slob, barely literate outside the vocabulary of football, with one eye fixed on the scoreboard while the other rolls around, looking for a better



"Good God! I can't remember who I am!"



"You, Adam, are not acting like the first man. Remember, there's no precedent!"

contract. Or, as one Latin teacher put it more kindly, "There is something primitive about them, isn't there? Taken as a group, of course, for there are exceptions." It is my unfortunate experience that even the best of the exceptions seem determined to make an intense emotional experience out of what, after all, should be clean, hard fun. Moreover, it is my profound conviction that many coaches are football's worst enemies. Time and again, I have heard junior-high and high-school coaches instruct their players not only to break the rules, but to play a dirty game.

"They're slugging in there, so slug them back!" one coach shouted at his ninth graders during the half-time intermission of a junior-high school game between two exclusive Philadelphia preparatory schools.

"Look," a high-school coach said, "grab his ankle if you have to. Hook his arm. But hold him out. I don't care how you do it, but don't let him through."

"Suppose the ref sees it," a lineman suggested.

"Suppose he does," the coach snapped. "If we get caught, we lose fifteen yards. If we don't, and we keep him out, we may go for a TD. Hell, holding isn't *against* the rules. It's *part of the rules*. The rules say if you get caught holding, you draw a penalty. That's what penalties are for—they're the chance you take. The rules say, *take that chance!*"

The players grinned as the logic sank in. Later, I asked the coach where he got his view of the rules. He told me he'd learned the lesson from his college coach.

"Goddamit," I heard another high-school coach say between the halves, "make them scared of you! Get that elbow into that face mask! The next time, that guy will be scared of that elbow! He'll wait that half step, and then you got him!"

And then, in another game, I saw one boy pick himself up from the pile and, after looking quickly around at the referees, kick at a helmeted head.

"Did you see that?"

"Yeah," the coach said. "Someday somebody's going to kick *his* teeth in."

"Aren't you going to yank him?"

"Who else would I put in?" the coach asked. "This year, the bench is thin."

The examples could be multiplied, but only to raise the question, *Where does this kind of stuff come from?* It comes from the pressure to win at all costs. It comes from articles about dirty play in the pro leagues, under such titles as "What the Refs and the Fans Don't See." It comes from motion-picture sequences of college games, sequences which seem to indicate that one young scholar goes out of his way across the gridiron to visit illegal mayhem upon another. Two such sequences have appeared on the nation's sports pages in the past decade, and seldom a season passes without some school raising the charge of dirty play against another. It comes from watching a Princetonian reach out of a pile on Franklin Field, after the whistle, to seize a Pennsylvania leg and foot and give the ankle a good, hard wrench. After the Pennsylvanian was helped off the field, the grand old game resumed, and everyone in the stands had learned the lesson. *You can get away with it.* Dirty play is not only condoned but taught in at least some high schools to my personal knowledge, and you get a sick feeling watching the kids grin slyly as they learn a new version of what the rules really mean.

Moreover, the game becomes less of a game as it becomes more perfect. In antique days, college teams consisted of amateurs who equipped and coached themselves, and played the game after class for the hell of it. When they played other colleges, they made their own arrangements for transportation and footed the bill. Today, no major college team is considered complete without its trainers, physicians, head coach, end coach, line coach, backfield coach, and its freshman squad's coaching staff. Without its batteries of scouts with their special forms and motion-picture cameras, without its business manager, locker-room staff, statisticians, press agents, dietician, training table, marching band, drum majorettes and its army of professional and amateur recruitment agents and, of course, its recruited players. Of all the scores of people seemingly necessary to the agitation of a bag of wind on Saturday afternoons, the players are still the most important, although eleven on a side no longer suffices. The head coach of one national championship college team said that to field a winning squad, it was necessary for him to be able to hand out no less than eighty-eight football scholarships to boys of his selection. Practically no boys on major college teams just happened to go out for football on arriving at the campus. Rather, they came to the school because they had been invited to play on its football team. This is just as true of the Ivy schools as it is of the school (and there always seems to be at least one each year) on probation for breaking intercollegiate agreements governing the recruitment of players. True, the Ivy schools do not admit dullards: their football players must be as academically well qualified as any other applicants, and no inducements, other than a regular scholarship, are held out to Ivy players. But they are asked to report to an Ivied campus specifically to play football, and some of them are first given an extra year in prep school to become a few pounds heavier, a little stronger, and to learn a little more football. What eventually comes out upon the field, at any major college game, is therefore not a team, but an army of carefully selected experts who do not play the game unaided.

Nor is what they play really a game. Unlimited substitution in either college or high-school football does *not* permit more boys to play football. It simply means more boys play *less* of the game. To be sure, as specialists run on and off the field, the quality of the spectacle improves, for each thing is done expertly. But this merely breaks the game down into a series of unconnected incidents as far as the *players* are concerned. When coaches call each play from the bench, sending specialists in and out, the game cannot be said to be played by the boys. The game has become an adult-directed kind of corporation effort, in which the old, old value of football is lost. The old value was found in that stirring drama of eleven boys, bone-weary and aching, hanging in there on guts and pride, matching *their* strength and skill against another eleven very much like themselves, playing *their* best game under the direction of *their* quarterback or captain, with no substitution except for injury. The game used to be the examination that determined how well the week's lessons had been learned and how well the team could adapt to the surprises of the unscouted enemy—and the players used to pass or fail this examination without coaching from the sidelines. Just as teachers do not answer questions during classroom examinations, so coaches should not answer questions during the Saturday examinations on the field.

It used to be a grand game, and the public loved it. Unfortunately, the public fell in love with winning. Now, of course, the purpose is to win. The purpose of *any* game is to discover superiority *within the limits of the game*. But what are the limits of this one? To put it differently, how well *should* football be played, assuming that recruitment of players, rule-twisting, cheap emotion and dirty play have no part in it? One preparatory school in our Philadelphia area supplies this answer. Its grammar school and junior high field 85-, 95-, 105- and 120-pound teams, each equipped with uniforms, coaching staffs, trainers and scouts. Its high school fields a 135 pound team, a junior varsity and a three-deep varsity. There is a tower on their field from which game pictures are taken with a movie camera, while an observer with charts is in constant telephone communication with the coaches on the bench. (No such facility is made available to the visiting team, sitting with the sun in its face.) *(Continued on page 184)*

The Proper Huntsman

In the middle of the eighteenth century Samuel Johnson remarked that "Hunting was the amusement of the gentlemen of England, but the labour of the savages of North America." It was quite true, but a few years later Lord Fairfax took the gentlemanly sport of fox hunting to North America, where it caught on instantly and has remained a popular amusement of the ravages ever since. If it is any comfort to the English, all the intricate conventions proper to the Hunt have been dutifully preserved. The gentleman at right wears the formal outfit prescribed for a Gentleman Member of the Hunt. His 4-button scarlet frock is a cavalry twill, $165. Huntsmen speak of it as "pink," referring not to the color but to a fashionable nineteenth-century London tailor, Mr. Pink, who specialized in hunting frocks. The silk top hat is especially reinforced, $50. The stock tie ($3) is actually a bandage, worn as a cravat, and handy in case of emergencies. The white breeches are a heavyweight twill, $83. Boots are of black velour calf with tan calf tops ($93); the left one must be pulled on first: tradition. White string gloves keep the reins from slipping ($3), and a crack of the long-thonged hunting crop ($18) keeps the hounds in order. The gentleman at left wears a less-formal hacking jacket, or "ratcatcher."* Practically any pattern of tweed will do. (This one is a Harris tweed, $43.) Breeches for the ratcatcher must not be white. There is a good deal of leeway in the choice of shirt: it might be a regular shirt and tie, a light-colored turtleneck, or a colored stock shirt and tie. Equal latitude is permitted with hunting crops: this one is a jumping bat, $6. Headgear: a bowler, $20. In this sport the hat is more than just an adornment. When a fox is sighted, you lift it, point in the direction of the chase and cry, "Tallyho!"—as much a tradition here as in England, thanks to Lord Fairfax.

*Both of this [illegible] at the Miller Harness Company in New York.



BARRY GOLDWATER: THE ADMONITIONS OF AN OLDER MAN

After the tradition of Polonius, Lord Chesterfield and other patresfamilias, the Senator from Arizona instructs his young

by RICHARD L. GILBERT, JR.

Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona is an enormously attractive and violently controversial man who just may turn out to be President of the United States. He says he isn't a candidate. But he's making candidate-type noises and traveling candidate-quantities of miles. And if, as he contends, there is a conservative tide washing across the land, it conceivably could wash him into the White House in 1964 or 1968.

Since 1952, when the Senator first went to Washington, he has publicly defined his position on everything from the executive branch of the Government to college fraternities. His audience inevitably responds with either deafening applause or quiet outrage. His public image has been written to death. His effect on his four children, though, is another story. Recently catepulted into the public eye was Barry, Jr.'s statement that he might be going into the Peace Corps. Daughter Peggy was also quoted as considering a stay in a Jewish *kibbutz*. The possibility of either child doing either of those things is completely unlikely. But, nevertheless, it focused attention for the first time on the Goldwater family. It suggested for the first time that even members of the family itself may be in conflict with the man who sees most everything in terms of black and white.

During these past ten political years, however, Goldwater has had to be a father *in absentia* much of the time. With children usually away at school, and father in Washington usually voting "no," letters often have had to take the place of direct father-to-progeny communication.

The letters written during this period are rather revealing, but will reveal different things to different people. Some will find them slightly redolent of Edgar Guest, Dr. Crane and the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale. Others will see them as the work of a man who has a firm grasp on the eternal verities and who would, given the chance, lead us out of doubt and confusion and back to first principles.

We come now to the Goldwater children. They are, in descending order of age, as follows:

Joanne, twenty-six. Went to Mt. Vernon Seminary in Washington, D. C. Married to a young doctor who is still in school, preparing to be a surgeon. Three children. Home: Torrance, California.

Barry, Jr., twenty-four. Graduated this year from Arizona State University. Before that, went to Staunton Military Academy, like his dad.

Michael, twenty-two. Graduated this year from the University of Arizona. Also went to Staunton.

Margaret, called Peggy, seventeen, named after her mother. Graduated this year from Judson School in Phoenix, a private school. (As a result of living closely with the family, she hasn't had the opportunity to collect the volume of correspondence the other children have.)

Joanne, the oldest, looks much like her father and is, by her own admission, her father's favorite. In her early years, she says, "Daddy was away a great deal and I was disciplined mostly by nurses. But Daddy ruled with an iron hand and what he said went."

Goldwater, in the Air Force in 1943, wrote a letter to Joanne —then seven years old—from Wilmington, Delaware. He was concerned that Americans do something for the starving children of Europe so that they might "grow strong and repay the United States by once again making the beautiful things they have always made for us." Nearly twenty years later, Goldwater would build his conservative reputation partly on the sturdiness of his anti-foreign-aid stance.

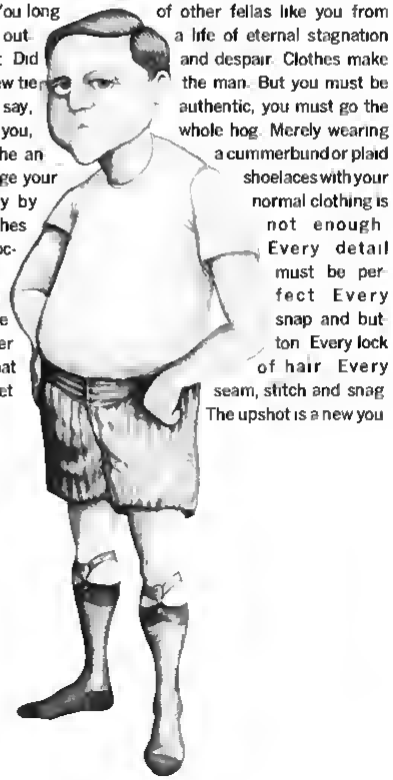
Dearest Joanne:

The darndest thing happened this morning. Remember the bird I told you about a long time ago who told me about the tree you hurt? Well, I was sitting there at my desk and along came this same old bird and he looked awfully tired as he finally made a landing on my window. *(Continued on page 170)*

The Bigger and Better You Book

Tired of that monotonous personality of yours? Weary of looking at the same old self? Here is The Solution, just in time, by BLAKE HAMPTON

Here you are, fella. In a rut, aren't you? Same damn thing every damn day, isn't it? You long for escape, a way out. Here is how to do it. Did you ever put on a new tie and hear a friend say, "That tie just isn't you, Garvin!" There is the answer. You can change your entire personality by changing your clothes. When a better man occurs to you, be him. When you wake up in a rut, become somebody else. No matter where you live, what you do, you can get out of it fast.



This handy guide will show you a solution that has saved hundreds of other fellas like you from a life of eternal stagnation and despair. Clothes make the man. But you must be authentic, you must go the whole hog. Merely wearing a cummerbund or plaid shoelaces with your normal clothing is not enough. Every detail must be perfect. Every snap and button. Every lock of hair. Every seam, stitch and snag. The upshot is a new you.

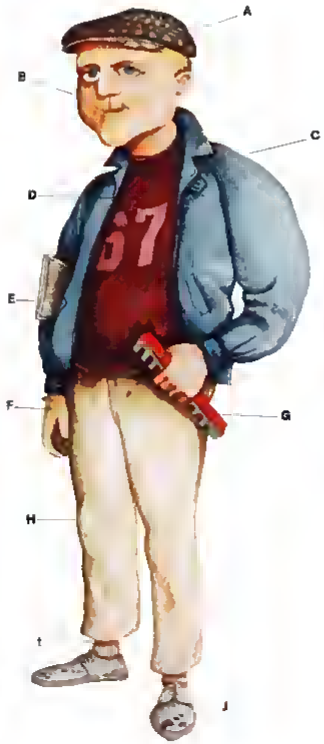
The Artistic You

A. Hair long and slightly unkempt. B. Expression ser ious as if worrying about freedom of expression in a static society. C. "Zapata" mustache. D. Blue black checked shirt. E. Ben the Bomb" button. F. Lavender wool string tie. G. Loden green "Norfolk" jacket. H. Norman O. Brown book. I. Leather patches on elbow even on new jacket. J. Pipe with oversize bowl. K. Handmade free form silver ring or polished water buffalo horn ring. L. Corduroy "frontier" pants with leather piping—knee sprung. M. Lavender socks and matching tie. N. Suede chukka boots with crepe soles.



The Suburban You

A. Tweed golf cap with holes in it. B. Relaxed expression as it you just got your cesspool repaired. C. Golf jacket—must have raglan sleeves. D. Old football jersey—can be ordered new and bleached. But make sure number on jersey corresponds to your size and weight. It under 120 pounds, wear a quarterback number. E. Seed catalogue. F. Leather palmed knit driving gloves. G. Broken part of a power mower as it you re on your way to fix it. H. Old Army khakis—not chines. I. No socks (summer only). J. Dirty tennis sneakers with small spots of barn red paint. Optional headgear: Old faded felt hat, wide brim era.



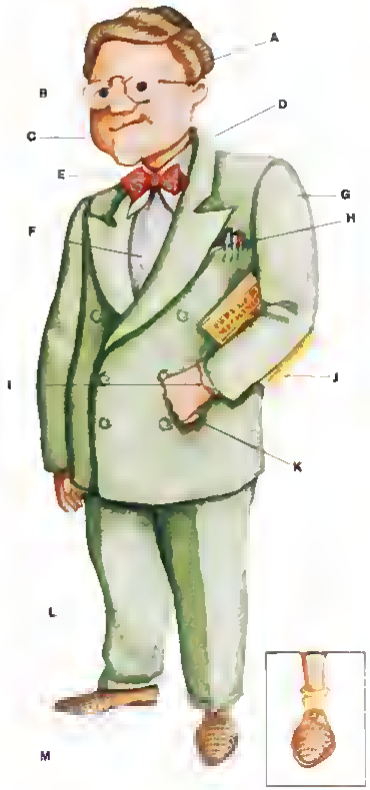
The Southwestern You

A. Black felt Stetson with Tucson crush. B. Hair-oil stains around crown, can be applied with any spout can household oil. C. Squint to make "crow's feet." D. Slightly serious expression as it worrying about beef prices or hoof-and-mouth disease. E. "Ready made" cigarette (nobody rolls his own anymore). F. Hair straight—sideburns optional. G. Sweat rings. H. Form-fitting Western shirt. I. Seven cuff buttons. J. Horsehide gloves (give appearance of working wrangler besides hiding soft hands). K. Worn copy of Quarter Horse Journal. L. Rodeo award buckle on hand-tooled belt. Buckles can be bought secondhand at Uncle Leon's Pawnshop, Wink, Texas. M. Navy ring. N. Faded jeans. Can be bleached at home. Must have button fly. O. Handmade Mexican or Ft. Worth boots. 2" below knee with "walking heel." worn outside jeans. P. Horse manure inside instep. Can be obtained from garden supply house.



The Midwestern You

A. Hair long and "finger waved." B. Rim less glasses. C. Fruit gum chewed. D. Collar of suit standing 1½" away from neck. E. Hand painted clip on bow tie. F. Nylon shirt—for casual wear unbutton neck and wear collar outside suit. Cigarettes can be seen through pocket of shirt. G. Light-green double breasted tropical suit. H. Two ball point pens and mechanical pencil with advertising from Earl's Service Station, Leroy's Dry Goods and The Chicken Box. I. Clear plastic watchband to match clear plastic belt. J. Popular Mechanics or American Legion Magazine. K. Odd Fellows ring. L. Pants 24" at knee, 22" at cuff. M. Ten perforated shoes. N. Pants cut high to show light yellow silk socks rolled down to the ankle bone. Optional: Sleeveless undershirt.



THE LATE SPRING OF ALF LANDON

"I'm an oilman who never made his million. A lawyer who never had a case. And a politician who only carried Maine and Vermont." So speaks a 1936 Republican Presidential candidate as he turns, rather astonishingly, from the right side of the road to the left

by THOMAS B. MORGAN

Early in 1960 at Madison Square Garden along with such ubiquitous liberals as Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, Walter Reuther and Harry Belafonte, a mass meeting of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy was addressed by, of all people, Alfred Mossman Landon from Topeka, Kansas. In the demonology of American politics, circa 1936, Landon is "the Kansas Coolidge"; the thin-smiling, respectable businessman-politician peering out from the pistil of a cartoonist's sunflower, the desperate and finally fuddled leader of the Republicans' terrible "Life, Liberty, and Landon" campaign against the New Deal. He is America's only ex-candidate for the presidency ever to carry Maine and Vermont and that's all. Yet, said he to the multitude of SANE bomb-banners: "Now—more than ever—world opinion must be aroused to demand that the attempt to ban atomic tests continue in energetic good faith. . . ." (Alf Landon?)

Then, last December and again in May of this year, Landon turned up in Washington to plug another unlikely cause: the establishment of a partnership between the United States and the Common Market nations of Europe. Had he been four-square for the conservation of American independence and sovereignty, he would have seemed more in keeping with his alleged character. He is, after all, dimly remembered for his attacks on Roosevelt's reciprocal trade program. Nevertheless, Landon told his Washington audience: "The time is past for any nation to travel alone. . . . The United States must take the leadership . . . to unify the military, economic, and political resources of the free peoples." He even said he might consider leaving the Republican Party if President Kennedy's new trade program, first step on the road to partnership, ever became a clear-cut issue between the two parties. "Landon astonished everyone," Washington columnist Mary McGrory wrote after his December speech. "His high-level defense of the Common Market would have done credit to McGeorge Bundy or Paul-Henri Spaak." *Alf Landon?*

With this question in mind, I wrote Landon last spring and was invited to pay him a visit. I flew to Kansas City and rode sixty-odd miles on the Santa Fe Railroad west along the Kaw River, through the wheat, and past Lawrence to Topeka, arriving at nightfall. I checked in at the Jayhawk Hotel and then stopped at a bookstore on Kansas Avenue. I was waited on by a young salesgirl who could find no books, old or new, about the Big Loser, neither Frederick Palmer's *This Man Landon* nor *What It's All About* by William Allen White, late editor of the Emporia *Gazette*.

"You know Mr. Landon?" I asked.

"Who's he?" she asked.

So, I bought a copy of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Politics of Upheaval*, which covers the 1936 elections, and read parts of it at dinner. Schlesinger says that Landon was essentially a moderate Republican. "He simply did not see the New Deal, as Hoover did, as a conspiracy to subvert American institutions. He was, after all, a man who had offered to enlist with Roosevelt in 1933, who supported the administration's agricultural and conservation programs, endorsed the principle of social security, had never criticized the securities or banking or holding company or labor legislation, and seemed to hold against the New Deal chiefly its administrative inefficiency and its fiscal deficits." As the campaign wore on, however, Landon was impelled to express the true sentiments of his party, "the hysterical certitude that the republic was on the verge of collapse." In the final weeks, Schlesinger says, "The man of modesty and moderation and charm had turned into a tired, groping, stumbling figure, moving somnambulistically from railroad train to limousine to auditorium, reading strident speeches in a flat, earnest voice before crowds which came to cheer him and, after ten minutes, sank into fretful apathy." While the winners laughed and joked, Landon failed himself and passed into our folklore.

After dinner, I found Alf M. Landon listed in the telephone directory just that way (as I learned later, only his wife calls him "Alfred") and he answered the phone when I called. He said I'd picked a good, average week to come to town. He would be running WREN, his Topeka radio station, and keeping tabs on his two other Kansas stations, visiting his oil leases down by Madison, Kansas, and enjoying his hobby, which was politics. He told me to hop a taxi and come on out.

On the way, the hackie circled around the state capitol, a green-domed granite pile lit by spotlights. "Best governor we ever had in there," he volunteered, "was old Alf Landon—um um, 1932 to 19 and 36."

"You know Governor Landon?"

"And like him, the old buzzard."

We passed the Menninger Foundation, the Topeka zoo, and the city line. Quarter of a mile off the highway on Westchester Road, we turned sharply and drove up to Landon's white house. In the glare of the headlights, we could see that it was only a little smaller than Monticello. Clearly Landon had been making the best of it.

Upheld by stately columns, the roof extended high over the long, wide porch. When I rang the doorbell, I half-expected Big Daddy or Tennessee Williams himself



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER



to appear, but there was old Alf Landon, wearing a checked shirt, beggy grey suit and unlaced brogans. At age seventy-four soon to be seventy-five, he appeared hale. He was sunburned and weathered, almost bald, with hair like white mist, and his eyes were pursed behind rimless glasses. Around the mouth, he was Will Rogers. He had square jowls and a square frame. He said he was glad to see me and gave me a solid handshake.

Walking heavily, Landon led me from the foyer through a vast living room containing six or seven groupings of splendid furniture and into the study. This room was less grand, just about the size of a four-wall handball court. At one end it had a fireplace and at the other the massive desk he had used as governor. According to a brass marker on it, the desk had been built by the Student Cabinet-Making Department of the Kansas School for the Deaf. It had been given to Landon by his "Democrat successor," Walter Huxman. Two walls of the study were lined with books and the floor space easily accommodated two couches and several easy chairs. Landon sat in his favorite chair under a reading lamp holding the *Christian Science Monitor* in his lap. He lit a cigarette and turned on the radio so that it would be warmed up, he explained, when the St. Louis Cardinals night game with the Houston Colts came on WREN. He was in good spirits. He asked me about my trip and about the weather back in New York. He said spring had been very late in Kansas this year. Farmers were complaining. Then he seemed amused by some inner joke, slapped himself on the knee with the newspaper, and said, "I'm enjoying the role in life that I play. After the campaign of 1936, Mrs. Landon and I came back here with the three children and we built this house because I wasn't going to run for office again. We would never have built a house this big if I had decided the other way—I could have been elected to the Senate in 1938 if I'd wanted it. We would have kept the old homestead in Independence, Kansas. It had just a yard and not thirty acres like we have here. It would have been small and crowded, but we would have lived there until we went to Washington. Fellers running for office shouldn't have big homes. Nixon made that mistake. First thing he did when he went back to California was to build himself a $200,000 house. Only Kennedys and Rockefellers can get away with something like that. Well . . . I've been playing my role in business and in politics. I think about the issues as they come up and I say something about them when I want to. Don't like to say too much, but I speak up when I've got something to say. I've had a rule for ten years now that I won't make a speech if it keeps me away from home at bedtime. I've made two or three exceptions that you know about, but mostly I don't even go drill an oil well if it keeps me away from this house overnight. A while ago, we brought one in and I stayed up thirty-six hours in the field south of here, but when I slept, I came back and slept in my own bed."

Mrs. Landon joined us. Back in 1936, she had tried to help her husband by emphasizing the differences between herself and the peripatetic Mrs. Roosevelt. She had promised the American people that she would not be seen outside of the White House. As it had turned out, of course, even this prospect had failed to cut any ice with the voters. She was a pretty, matronly woman now, with grey hair tinted blue and an expression of great firmness.

"Just look at Alfred's desk!" she said. It was piled high with newspapers, books, reports, letters and other clutter. "It's always a mess, but if you cleaned it up, he'd never find anything."

"Nobody wants to hear about that, Theo," he said.

Landon turned up the radio and listened for a moment. Mel Tormé was singing. "Game's not started yet," he said to himself, turning it down again. He saw that I had the Schlesinger book with me. He advised me to give the section on the 1936 campaign a careful reading. Schlesinger, he said, had spent a week with him in Topeka while gathering research for the section. He had lunched every day at Landon's and had studied his campaign correspondence on file at the local historical society. "What he's got in there is the most balanced thing that anybody's written on what happened in '36," Landon said. He was openly fond of Schlesinger and pleased that once in a while the younger man called him on the phone from the White House. "The President made a speech a while ago saying that Hoover *and Landon* had been against Roosevelt on social security," Landon said, "and Arthur Schlesinger told me he was going to inform the Kennedy camp that I had not been against social security." Landon laughed as he said this to show that it did not make any difference to *him* whether or not people still thought of him as a reactionary, but it was not really an easy laugh.

Landon was interrupted by a phone call from Dale Gates, manager of his oil leases—thirty-six active wells producing about 110 barrels of $3 oil per day. Landon was trained as a lawyer, but he had become wealthy in the Twenties on the profits from his oil interests, although not tycoon-wealthy. Now he was getting only enough output to meet his overhead and show a relatively small profit. He listened to Gates' nightly report, gave a few terse instructions and hung up. Then he tried the radio again. The Cardinals were at bat. As soon as the announcer reported the score, he seemed satisfied and turned down the volume once more. He said he'd had a very good reaction to his Common Market speech. The coverage in Eastern papers had been extensive and lots of Kansans had heard about what he had said in Washington. "That's because news travels east to west in the United States. You have something to say to the American people, you go east to say it and then nature takes its course. You say it here and they might not get wind of it in Wichita. But you say it in New York or Washington and everybody in the country hears it. By the time I got home from Washington last December, I was scheduled right away to make a speech before the Chamber of Commerce. I gave them the Common Market and they gave me a standing ovation."

Landon stared at me for a moment and said I looked like I could use a drink before going back to my hotel. He went to the kitchen, brought out ice and glasses, and suggested I pour the Scotch. "Now a little branch water," he said, filling our glasses at the tap.

Back in the study, he sipped his drink and sighed. He said he could not understand why everyone was so surprised to hear him support lower tariffs and freer trade. He recalled that his father had been a Bull Moose progressive in 1912 and that he himself had been a Bull Moose precinct worker in 1914. He talked as though it had been only yesterday and nothing had happened in between. "I didn't have to change. I've always been a progressive. Didn't I get up on the platform in 1924 and speak out against the Ku Klux Klan? And who was it in 1934, that agreed to introduce Norman Thomas *(Continued on page 166)*



"Edward could have gone a lot further in the service, except that he never quite mastered the knack of command"



Ladies and gentlemen ...
In this corner, Sonny Liston
In the far corner, Floyd Patterson.
Shake hands
and come out talking.

Text and photographs by
ROBERT RIGER

Famous Last Words

When I put my car on the red shale road on the hill it was raining so hard I couldn't see more than a hundred yards ahead. I ran down the path and into the door of what appeared to be the golf shop at the side of the putting green. There was no one around. I walked down the narrow hall to a number of small rooms with closed doors, but I saw by the name cards thumbtacked in the wood that I was in the right place. The first one said Joe Pollino, the second Willie Reddish, the third Sonny Liston.

I turned, hopped up the modern U-turn staircase and came into a long recreation hall with a fireplace at the far end and a long bar or lunch counter with bar stools on the opposite wall. There were four big men sitting at the bar, one small one behind it, and two medium-sized ones playing an improvised game of paddle tennis on the floor with a tennis ball and their open hands, adhesive tape on the floor making a net line. There was a wagon in the room too.

I saw all of these things with my peripheral vision instantly as I arrived at the top step and found the room I was looking only into the eyes of the first man at the bar and his eyes were looking right at me. I started to walk across the room to shake hands and introduce myself, but those eyes locked square at me and I felt my steps getting shorter. It was ominous—for a minute like a duel in a Western movie. I thought I heard myself mumbling "Hello, Sonny" or "Mr. Liston" or "Where can I find Mr. Liston?" "The man down there in the green shirt is him," Liston said, pointing to his big trainer, Willie Reddish. I walked along the bar, opening my wet raincoat, and said to the man in the green shirt, "Is Willie Reddish here?" He was wearing a hat and he smiled and was very gracious and he said, "I'm him." Liston had won the first round.

A few minutes later the trainer introduced me to Sonny who was now playing tennis in the center of the room. He looked at me by giving me the side of his cheek and we shook hands. It was like patting a mattress. I couldn't feel the edge of his hand anywhere. He didn't look at in the eye then or that introduction, or when I thanked him and left him hours later, or at any time when we talked about fighting. I got the feeling that when he had looked me in the eye as I walked across that room he had found out all he wanted to know.

Sonny Liston should weigh 208 or 210 pounds when he's down to fighting weight. He looks much heavier. He's built like a boxcar but instead of wheels he has legs and two arms. He is so thick with muscle that he appears shorter than he is and he walks across the room with his heavy shoes clumping. He has about as much grace and charm as a rabbit.

In 34 fights the challenger has lost only one—to Marty Marshall in Detroit, September 7, 1954, in the eighth round, his first year as a professional. Liston won both return bouts with this fellow, a sixth-round knockout in 1955 and a ten-round decision in 1956.

In the last three years Sonny has been getting stronger. His fights are getting shorter and shorter. Of his last six fights, five went three rounds or less. Only the Machen match went the distance. "Machen just run away," trainer Reddish says. "Of all his fights since I've been with him, the first Cleveland Williams fight in Miami, April 15, 1959, was the toughest. Williams came out in the first round like he intended to take Liston out of there quick. Sonny knocked him out with a left-right combination in the corner in the third round, but only after taking a pretty good series to the head in the first two rounds. Sonny fellows orders good. He does what he's supposed to do. He is very alert in there and he is very calm under pressure. He is very calm in the dressing room before a fight. He is not moody. Sometimes things annoy him like bad weather or newspapermen, but he's a regular guy. He jokes and plays ball and when it comes time to work, and Joe Pollino, his cut man, tapes his hands, he gets more serious.

'He moves fair for a heavyweight. He has to go get everybody. With the exception of Williams in the first round of their first fight I never seen anyone move in on him. He has the best jab of any heavyweight since Joe Louis. There is no question about that. His combinations are short and snappy. His elbows are in close. His powerful shoulders give him great short impact, not the deliberate roundhouse arms of Marciano.

"He is aware of the leap. He is very aware of Patterson's leap. But remember Johansson just stood straight up there in the second fight. His chin was just settin' right out there. You got to duck and slip and slide and bob and weave. You have to be a moving target. If you are just going to stand up there you're a dead duck. What you have to remember is that he is a two-handed fighter. He can knock out another heavyweight with either hand. There's not many men that can do that. He knocked out Roy Harris in the first round in Houston. One punch. A left hook to the head. Harris was pulling back, Sonny hit his once and the fight was over. It took Patterson twelve rounds to beat Harris. Then in his last fight in Philadelphia last December he knocked out Westphal in the first round with one punch. After a jab, one right hand to his left cheek. The hardest single punch Sonny ever threw. Westphal went down hard. I thought he was hurt real bad. He just lay there still, with blood coming out of his ear. 'Oh, God, I hope he's not hurt bad,' I said.

"Then we left the ring and went into a private room that Teleprompter had set up and we watched Patterson fight McNeeley, and Sonny liked what he saw. He liked that even more than the third Johansson fight. Patterson made a lot of mistakes."

I asked Liston if he liked fighting, if boxing suited him, if that was what he wanted to do more than anything else. Would he rather be part of a big industrial plant as a foreman or a clerk or does he really like to fight? He thought for a while, then said slowly, "Fighting's okay."

I asked him about his best punch. "Everyone says you have a sledgehammer jab. The best jab since Louis. I guess you're proud of this. Do you jab to set up your opponent, to save his head?"

"I jab to hurt. That's all."



Visual interpretations of the fighters: Left, Sonny Liston—enormous, aggressive, direct. 'He can kill you with a look.' On the third preceding page, Floyd Patterson—solemn, introspective, dedicated.

"If he fights in a crouch, will your jab be less effective?"

"I jab whenever his head is."

"Who were the fastest men you ever fought, moving in the ring?"

"Folley—Folley and King."

"Do you have a good uppercut?"

"Yeah."

"Do you use it defensively when you get in trouble or on the ropes or out in the center of the ring?"

"In the center of the ring. I don't believe in waiting until I get into trouble. I fight to keep out of trouble and I fight to get out of trouble. I fight my own fight. I always fight my own fight. Never mind what style he has. If he is big like Valdes or if he is fast and jumps around a lot it does not make any difference. It doesn't matter what the crowd is like, whether they're for me or not for me. I don't pay attention to the crowd. I just go in and fight my fight."

When he beat a man, I asked him, was it because of the mistakes his opponent made?

"It doesn't matter who I ever fought. I felt he made just one mistake. I felt his only mistake was getting in the ring with me."

I asked him what was most important in training for a fight, his physical or mental condition.

"Both. If you're not in mental shape you're going to lose the fight. It is going to cut your physical shape in half."

"I do not try for an early knockout. When I win in the first round it just happens that way. I always hit when the opportunity presents itself. If the opportunity don't come until the ninth round then it is the ninth round. If it comes in the first or third—that is it. I make my own fight. The fact that Patterson says he sees all men who are bigger than he is outside the ring, smaller inside, well, then that's the way he might look at it. I think my size, my reach will help me."

Halfway through our talk I became aware of the incessant thumping of his boot heel on the floor. The high heavy work shoes prizefighters wear for roadwork have stout bottoms, and when he brought his enormous leg down on the wooden floor it was like an impatient hunter pounding the butt of his rifle on the floor of the lodge, anxious to get on with the hunt.

I asked him about courage. He answered only as it applied to his opponents.

"The worst person in the world to fight is a smart person. It's hard to hit him. In the first place he's not going to give you a shot at him. The best kind of a man to fight is a man who wants to fight, who comes to fight. That way it won't be leggin' along. Either he'll knock me out or I'll knock him out. The guy that hits and runs is not so tough—you can time him. It's the guy who just runs. He is the toughest. Of the men I fought, Williams nose to nose, and Folley, he came to fight."

"If you fight with two hands, you can win against the man who wants to fight. You can win with one hand, but it's always easier for you if you got two. I got two."

"I saw Patterson fight Johansson the first fight on television. I was there for the second fight and I was there for the third fight. 'Cause I have seen Patterson fight a lot it doesn't seem it will be easier. It is always easier to fight a man you never seen, a man you knew nothing about. Then you don't have any plan. If you know too much about a man and you get a plan and your plan don't work, it may tie you up."

I asked him who his idol was.

"Joe Louis was my idol. I never saw him fight. I just saw reruns of his fights on television."

I told him that finally I would like to speak of the three classic qualities of a fighter—skill, strength and courage—and I asked him if he didn't think an advantage in one of these was a big advantage.

He thought for a considerable time, twisting about on the sofa, stretching his leg again and thumping the gun butt. He remained silent, looking straight ahead down the long room.

"Don't you think," I said, "that what they say about Joe Louis' opponents being scared to death—their legs like jelly, some having to be forced into the ring the night of the fight—was a great advantage to Louis?"

"He was the champ, wasn't he?" Liston asked.

I cut in. "Well, just because you're the champion doesn't mean they'll be scared of you."

Suddenly Liston laughed. It was so quick and so full a laugh that it came as a shock. He stretched his great arms out along the top of the sofa. He flung his head way back and I could see his white teeth flash and he thumped his boot heel to the floor for the final time. Still laughing he stood up with his legs spread and his arms reaching out so they seemed to touch both walls. Then he stopped laughing, brought his arms down, and said loudly: 'They were scared because they knew he was gonna kill them. Yes, indeed. That's why they were scared."

He grew solemn again, and he shook his head, and walked down the long room to where his pregnant wife was sitting at a round table that was covered with an immaculate white tablecloth. He sat down beside her for dinner.

As I looked at the huge shape of this man sitting at the table I suddenly remembered Floyd as being very small. I wondered if he would be scared again. Roy Harris was Patterson's and Liston's only common opponent. Patterson took twelve tedious rounds to win, Liston won with one punch in two minutes and thirty-five seconds.

"I would say the Harris fight was my worst fight to date," Floyd Patterson said. "It came after a long year's layoff and I got in there and I could see the opening and then start to think about throwing a punch and lose that half second, and then the opening would be gone."

I had once walked many miles through the woods alone with Floyd before the second fight with Ingemar Johansson. It was May 4, 1960. Floyd was at the edge of the cliff then if he lost that second fight I thought that not only D'Amato would have been through but Floyd might have been too. During the hours of that walk I became aware of an incredible dedication in this ex-champion and I knew that he would die in the ring before he lost that fight.

I related how I had studied the three rounds of his fight when he was floored seven times and lost his title, and that he had done everything he usually does except one thing. Because of Johansson's peculiar backing defense it seemed that this would be the one tool that would work.

"What's that?" he asked.

"The leap. Only by leaping at him could you get to his."

"You must have looked at those films pretty good," he said. "Well, I intend to try it this fight."

He did and became the first fighter in history to regain the heavyweight crown.

Floyd related the origin of the leap.

"The leap, well, I began it way back as an amateur. I guess I just thought you could get to a guy quicker by leaping at him than walking to him. I used to leap with the right hand, then throw a combination along with it, but after a while they knew to expect it and they were sort of waiting for it—so I began to use it less and less, just as a single leap and back off. I even laid off it completely for a while.

"All these reporters ask me if I'm going to change my style. If I'm going to crouch more to avoid the jab or stand up and bring my hands up on my face or hold them lower so I could get a punch off faster. Look, the hands have nothing to do with it—well, I mean that it is not so important. All the reporters ask me and they write this stuff about how I'm gonna change my style and what I'm gonna do in the next fight. How I'm gonna do this and that and whatnot." He shook his head. "I don't think about it that way. I know there are just times when a man can be hit and when the opportunity is there you take it and if I'm ready for this fight, when I see the chance I will take it.

"It's all in the mind," he said, tapping his middle finger to the little leather cap on his head. "I know myself better than anyone. No one knows me like I know myself, and with me my mental outlook for a fight is the most important thing of all. It is as impor- (Continued on page 183)

A PRIMER ON MAX FRISCH

The Imprisoned World of Max Frisch

An Introduction by CURT RIESS

REMARKABLY enough, the two most important playwrights in the German-speaking theatre since World War II are both Swiss: one is Friedrich Duerrenmatt, whose short novel *Suspicion* (later published as *The Quarry*) I introduced in Esquire for May, 1961; the other is Max Frisch. The success of these two writers not only indicates the failure of postwar Germany to produce an artistic expansion comparable to the economic explosion, but also contradicts the traditional view of Switzerland as a country oppressive and confining to a writer.

Frisch, born in Zurich in 1911, early thought of Switzerland as a sort of prison, even when it was a refugee island during the war, and this conception of the confining island-prison is central to his work. To travel out of the country he became a newspaper sportswriter, but dissatisfied with this work, he turned to architecture, making a very good living at it and returning to writing only gradually.

His first plays dealt, naturally, with the war and with totalitarianism. An early play was *Now They Are Singing Again*, about Allied pilots who meet the innocent victims of their raids in afterlife. *When War Ended* is about a Berlin woman caught between two men—her husband, a Nazi hiding in a cellar; and a Soviet officer who loves her. The first Frisch play to achieve fame outside Switzerland was *The Chinese Wall*, about the impossibility of isolating a dictatorial regime. In it discussion centers around the great wall, "the distance between Berlin and New York" built "as a rampart against barbaric peoples." The characters are historical figures: Twang Ti, under whose reign the wall was built; Brutus, Don Juan, Romeo and Juliet, Pontius Pilate, Columbus, Mary Stuart, Philip of Spain, and so forth; Hitler appears as a guest at the inauguration ball of the Chinese Wall (221 BC). Frisch's best-known play, *Biedermann and the Firebugs*, was a smash hit in Switzerland when it first appeared, in Germany (where in 1959 it played in sixteen theatres), and in London in the 1961-1962 season. It tells of a householder who allows two arsonists in his home, even though other houses in the town have been burned down by just such a pair. Biedermann's tolerance is unaccountable except as the play is read as an allegory about Europe before World War II, the appeasement phase.

His new play, *Andorra*, may not be as successful in Germany as Frisch's other plays have been because it is against Jew-baiters. The German conscience has not been strong enough to produce such a play; it had to come from Switzerland. Not a single Jew plays a part in the drama, only an alleged Jew, a boy called Andri. He, however, is hunted down to ruin—just because they think he is a Jew. Andri echoes Shylock's famous speech in *The Merchant of Venice* ("Hath not a Jew eyes?") when he maintains his community with humanity: "I am not different—I don't want to be different!" In vain. As the action progresses, he comes to realize we are not what we are but what others believe us to be.

This theme of the struggle to escape from the prison of the identity that the world imposes on an individual and the more general relation of an individual to his own "image" is the central theme of Frisch's work. It can be most distinctly seen in his novels, which I have not mentioned before. Like Duerrenmatt, again, Frisch is nearly as well known as a novelist as he is as a playwright. His first novel, *The Difficult One*, appeared in 1943. His most recent novel is *Homo Faber*. But his best-known piece of fiction is *I'm Not Stiller*, a complex story of mixed identity. Stiller resolves one day not to call himself Stiller anymore, and to start a new life. In vain, again. The world—personified by policemen, judges, his loving wife, his old friends—overtakes him, does not let go of him. Or it may be the story of Sam White, holder of a U.S. passport issued by the American consul in Mexico City, arrested by officials at the Swiss border under the mistaken assumption that he is a man named Stiller who deserted his wife and left unpaid debts—Sam eventually having to assume or resume the life (as well as the wife) of Stiller. The image of Switzerland as a prison figures prominently in the novel (as it does in the play about the tiny country Andorra), but of course the prison image continues to have that added level of meaning: the individual held captive in the prison of his identity. And the prison is as well the common guilt of humanity that even the most innocent of individuals carries with him. Frisch's heroes are captured in the preconceived idea others have of them.

In short: the world's conception of a person deprives him of his innocence, pursues and suppresses him, throttles him in the end. Man, prisoner of his image, is finally sentenced to represent what others pronounce him to be, is locked in his own ego from which the world will never allow him to escape.

Frisch wants *Philip Hotz's Fury* to be considered not as a full-grown play but as a sketch. He wrote it several years ago as a sort of finger exercise for *Andorra*. But even as a farce it reveals his central preoccupations, typical of all his heroes is Philip Hotz's fury as he attempts to break out of the prison of his life and join the Foreign Legion. #

Phillip Hotz's Fury

A Play by MAX FRISCH

CHARACTERS

PHILLIP HOTZ, Ph.D.
DORLI, his wife
WILFRID, a friend
CLARISSA, his wife
THE OLD REMOVAL MAN
THE YOUNG REMOVAL MAN
A SPINSTER
Also a Hawker,
a Customs Officer and
four Foreign Legionnaires

THE SET

A room in a modern flat. Within the set. The room is empty. HOTZ enters in an open mackintosh, pale with rage, and packs a tiny suitcase.

HOTZ: Just to let you know—I'm now packing. Shirt, toothbrush, pajamas. Everything else, I assume, will be provided by the Foreign Legion. *(A woman's sobbing is heard.)* I'm being as quick as I can. Calm yourself! As soon as I've finished I shall let you out of the wardrobe. *(He shuts the suitcase.)* You see, my suitcase is already packed. Now I've only got to smash up the flat. *(He looks around, wondering where to begin, tears down a curtain and crumples it up, then, as though awakened by the sight of the crumpled curtain, he moves Front Stage and addresses the audience.)* I know, ladies and gentlemen, that you too are all entirely on my wife's side. You too, I know, believe that marriage works. *(He takes a cigarette.)* I have no intention of becoming excited. *(Smokes thoughtfully.)* I don't know, ladies and gentlemen, what Dorli has told you. *(The telephone rings.)* Excuse me! *(He picks up the receiver and speaks into it.)* Just a moment please. *(He puts down the receiver and comes Front Stage again.)* If you too, ladies and gentlemen, like our divorce-court judge and everyone else who hasn't been married to Dorli, take the view that we should try again—two such worthy people as we are—or, as our divorce-court judge put it, sleep on it once more . . . *(He remembers the telephone.)* Just a moment please. *(He speaks into the receiver.)* Hotz, yes, Dr. Hotz. I'm not my wife. No, I'm sorry. Yes, I'll give her your message. *(He replaces the receiver and addresses the wardrobe.)* You're to ring your lawyer as soon as you get home. *(He comes Front Stage again.)* I said I'd rather smash up our whole flat (which Dorli doesn't believe I'll do) and I'll rather join the Foreign Legion. *(The doorbell rings.)* There are my removal men! *(HOTZ moves back into the set and goes out through the door. Sobs are heard from the wardrobe. Enter a timid old SPINSTER, who stands alone in the room, while HOTZ steps forward to Front Stage from the wings.)* I said I'd rather smash up our whole flat—but no one takes me seriously, Dorli smiles, she walks home arm-in-arm with me, no one believes me capable of it, just because I'm an educated man . . . *(He takes a fresh cigarette and discovers that he already has a cigarette in his mouth, he stamps out the lighted cigarette on the floor.)* They'll find out what I'm really like. *(Steps back into the room—within the set.)* Please take a seat.

SPINSTER: I hope I'm not disturbing the Herr Doktor?

HOTZ: Please take a seat. *(He indicates a chair and she sits down.)* What did my wife tell you?

SPINSTER: She told me to come back when the Herr Doktor was at home.

HOTZ: Let us speak frankly! *(He lights the new cigarette.)* I don't deny that Dorli is the more worthwhile person. And I don't need any divorce-court judge or any Aunt Bertha in order to know that I don't deserve a person like my wife . . .

SPINSTER: Herr Doktor—

HOTZ: Let me finish! *(He sits down as though for a discussion with a judge in chambers.)* What do you understand, madam, by marriage? *(The SPINSTER fumbles in her handbag.)* Madam, I have taken the trouble to work out the average number of cases of adultery among my own circle of friends, who are certainly no worse than most people, only counting, of course, such cases as appear indubitable to at least three impartial observers. Taking men up to the age of fifty, I arrived at a local average of 5·1607 percent. What do you say to that? Excluding adultery that has been carefully planned and only prevented by circumstances from taking place, and relationships that may go a very long way and even exceed actual adultery in emotional intensity, 5·1607 percent. And don't forget, madam, that all these people—I shall name no names—are people who believe that marriage works.

SPINSTER: Herr Doktor—

HOTZ: That is to say—

SPINSTER: Herr Doktor!

HOTZ: Don't keep interrupting me all the time. *(He has jumped to his feet.)* Since Christmas, madam, since Christmas we have been speaking nothing but the truth to one another, and tomorrow is Whitsun, and what have we achieved? Apart from legal costs and bills from two lawyers.

SPINSTER: Herr Doktor!

HOTZ: Aunt Bertha! *(He keeps his feelings firmly under control.)* I did everything I could to arrange a divorce in peace and friendship. It was all agreed in the usual manner, Frau Simona Dorothea Hotz, née Hauschild,

Translated from the German by Michael Bullock.

petitions for divorce on the ground of her husband's adultery; the suit is undefended. My counter-petition was based—to spare Dorli—on incompatibility of temperament, which is no exaggeration. I have never understood my wife as she herself says, least of all this morning at eleven o'clock when Dorli the hussy, suddenly withdrew her petition for divorce, just like that! *(The* SPINSTER *has risen to her feet.)* Sit down! *(The* SPINSTER *sits down.)* My dear Aunt Bertha—

SPINSTER. You're mistaken, Herr Doktor, you're mistaken!

HOTZ. I'm not mistaken, Aunt Bertha, not in the least, unfortunately. What caused our marriage to come to grief was not the few acts of adultery—that hurt, I admit, and as a fashion it's revolting—but the fact, madam, the simple and overwhelming fact that I am a man, even though an intellectual, and my wife, if you will excuse my saying so, a woman. *(The doorbell rings.)* And in this respect, my dear Aunt Bertha, nothing will be altered if we sleep on it once more, as the judge wishes. *(The doorbell rings.)* On the contrary. *(The doorbell rings.)* Excuse me please! *(*HOTZ *goes to the door.)*

SPINSTER. Frau Doktor? Frau Doktor? *(She looks to see where the sobbing is coming from.)*

HOTZ *(addressing audience as he immediately steps back out of the wings, a handsaw in his hand).* Oh, no, ladies, I'm not jealous. Please don't think I'm jealous because Dorli got involved—it was ages ago, anyhow—with that louse, the manager of an engineering works, I think he was, to be frank, something to do with the export trade. Oh, no, ladies, oh no! *(Two* REMOVAL MEN *with straps enter the room.)* I'm just coming. *(He remains Front Stage.)* I'm not an Eskimo ladies, who looks upon his wife as his property. As far as I'm concerned there is no ownership in love. I am incapable of feeling jealous, ladies, absolutely incapable. *(The saw he is holding in his hand trembles more and more.)* But if a woman simply withdraws the divorce petition you've agreed on between you, the moment you're sitting before the court—well ladies, what's left of common understanding? Fidelity under all circumstances? Mutual trust? Comradeship between man and woman? I ask you, what the hell does marriage mean then? *(He starts to step back into set, but turns round once more.)* She's simply banking on my fury not lasting long enough to go through with it. *(He steps back into the set—within the set.)* You won't need any straps, gentlemen.

OLD MAN. Why not?

HOTZ. I'm—going into liquidation. *(The* SPINSTER *hands him a catalogue.)* What's this for?

SPINSTER. In connection with the demonstration, Herr Doktor.

HOTZ. Then you're not Aunt Bertha at all? *(He turns to the* REMOVAL MEN.*)* Have you a crowbar? And a pair of pincers? I expressly ordered a crowbar, a pair of pincers and a good handsaw.

YOUNG MAN. We've got them.

HOTZ. What about the saw?

YOUNG MAN. You've got that. *(*HOTZ *sees that he is holding the saw.)*

HOTZ. All right! *(He gives the catalogue back to the* SPINSTER.*)* Madam, I don't need a vacuum cleaner. *(He accompanies her to the door.)* We haven't much time, gentlemen; get to work at once. The pictures for example. Take a kitchen knife or whatever you can find and cut them from the top left-hand corner to the bottom right-hand corner—like this. *(He demonstrates his meaning by slashing a picture.)* Got it? *(The* REMOVAL MEN *look at one another.)* What's worrying you?

OLD MAN. Smash everything up?

HOTZ. Except the fixtures and fittings—electric-light switches, the kitchen stove and so on, radiators, bath, power points, things like that . . . Young man, here is an ashtray!

YOUNG MAN. What shall I do with it?

HOTZ. For the ashes.

YOUNG MAN. Oh, I see.

HOTZ. The carpet is my wife's property. *(He goes over to the writing desk.)* Dorli—where did we put the list of your property? *(The two* REMOVAL MEN *take the old grandfather clock.)* I'll deal with the grandfather clock myself, it's a family heirloom. *(The* REMOVAL MEN *put the grandfather clock down in the middle of the room.)* All the lady's things lying around everywhere, dresses and underclothes and so on, lipstick, magazines, stockings and everything that's pink, brassieres, little bottles, combs and so on, letters from the Argentine, slippers and so on, notes and belts and gloves and so on, necklaces of wood and shell and so on and so on, everything that gets on your nerves—don't touch any of that. My wife is very sensitive. And if you do any sawing, gentlemen, please go outside into the hall. *(The* REMOVAL MEN *put their straps round the wardrobe.)* Stop! For heaven's sake! The wardrobe stays here—for heaven's sake! *(The* REMOVAL MEN *put the wardrobe down again.)* I'm sorry. *(He wipes the sweat off his forehead.)* Here's the list of my wife's property. *(The* REMOVAL MEN *take an armchair and a table and go out.)* I said, I'm sorry! *(Knocks on wardrobe.)* Dorli? *(He puts his ear to the wardrobe.)* Why are you holding your breath? *(The sound of sawing comes from the hall outside.)* You hear that, Dorli? I've got two removal men on the job. Don't worry, it won't take long! *(A piece of wood falls, the sawing stops.)* First leg. *(Sawing begins again.)* I mustn't lose my fury now! *(A piece of wood falls, the sawing stops.)* The second leg. *(He holds his hand over his face until another piece of wood falls.)* The third leg. *(Goes up to the grandfather clock and kicks it over.)* I mustn't lose my fury. *(He looks for something, while the sawing continues.)* Dorli, where is our screwdriver? *(He looks at the wardrobe.)* Are you crazy? Dorli! *(A wisp of smoke curls up from the wardrobe.)* I disclaim all responsibility. Do you hear? I shut you up in the wardrobe, Dorli, but you're over twenty-one and you know perfectly well how dangerous it is, Dorli, to smoke in a wardrobe. Do you hear? *(A wisp of smoke curls up from the wardrobe. He addresses audience, moving Front Stage.)* Now, ladies and gentlemen, you can see for yourselves she is simply relying on my bad conscience. *(He steps back into the set—within the set—and picks up the tiny suitcase.)* Just to let you know what you can't see: I'm now standing with my suitcase in my hand, and whether you believe it or not—

OLD REMOVAL MAN *(as he enters).* How do you want the curtains, Herr Doktor?

HOTZ. Curtains?

OLD MAN. Cut up or burnt?

HOTZ. Better cut them up.

OLD MAN. In strips or—

HOTZ. Yes, strips will do fine.

OLD MAN. How wide do you want the strips?

HOTZ. As wide as my hand.

OLD MAN. Four inches?

HOTZ. About that. *(The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *takes his ruler out of his trouser pocket.)* About that—but you can cut them into triangles if you like. Whichever you enjoy most, my friend, whichever you enjoy most! *(The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *takes the curtains and goes.)* Dorli, I'm going now. It isn't right that I should always be the one who starts making up. Hey, I'm going now . . . *(A wisp of smoke curls up from the wardrobe. Addressing the audience,* HOTZ *puts down suitcase and steps Front Stage.)* My wife is driving me into the Foreign Legion, because she just doesn't believe I shall go. *(He puts out a railway timetable.)* I know what it's like in the Foreign Legion, oh, yes, and Dorli knows too. . . . *(He puts the timetable away again.)* Five twenty-three p.m. to catch connection at ten seven p.m. *(He steps back into the set and picks up his suitcase again.)* For the last time, Dorli, *(Continued on page 174)*

Indian Summer Girl "And long I used to stand and look / At things I could not buy," sighed Housman typically, and mooning over pictures of girls in magazines is equally a waste of time, discouraged by The New Sophistication, along with pitching horseshoes in back lots for beers and the whole concept of Romantic Love. Like nostalgia itself, such mooning is painful—like the yearning ache for an idealized, distant love, the Cabin by-the-Sea, the Desert Island syndrome. It is a cheap emotion, too—especially as ministered to these days—requiring only the inert restlessness of the adolescent. It creates the same foolish dissatisfaction with one's lot evoked by melancholy words like might have been or Indian Summer or by a well remembered song of the Forties heard on late night radio. Painful, cheap, and foolish the feeling is. So take one more long, longing look—and go on and read the rest of the magazine.



ALVIN MALEY

The *Perfect* Whiskey Sour



No, no, not egg whites to bolster the foam. No kidding around with garnishes, please, and remember—your lemons have got to be warm

THE WHISKEY SOUR is one of those drinks that always seems to taste better in a bar or restaurant than at home. Mixed drinks as a rule are made so much better professionally that most home bartending is limited to bourbons-on-the-rocks or Scotches-and-soda (unless there's no soda again). Bartenders maintain that there is a certain *ambiance* to drinking in a bar that is missing at home, and that the drinks taste better because the customer is more "in the mood." This explanation is insulting enough about one's home, but it's perhaps equally insulting to the bartender to deny it.

Every once in a while, however, an urge to have a whiskey sour may come over you at home, and then two courses seem to be open. Course One: You can continue to sit there, thinking about how good a whiskey sour would taste and running over in your mind what you'd need—trying to remember if there are enough lemons in the refrigerator, if you've got anything you could shake the drink in, whether the juice squeezer is in that mess of a kitchen drawer or on the top shelf of the cupboard, whether you've got a recipe. You realize ultimately, by thinking about it, that it's a lot of work and, what with all the necessary improvising on ingredients and equipment, the drink isn't likely to come out tasting very good anyway. Or Course Two: You can actually get up and do all of the above. You're likely to be better-tempered at dinner if you follow Course One, supplemented with a neat whiskey.

But let's assume that this urge for whiskey sours is recurrent, that you really would like to make them at home and that you are willing to make a rather disproportionate effort to have them turn out right. The secret, as in anything else, is to plan ahead.

Start early in the day. Have lunch at your favorite bar and watch the bartender make the whiskey sours. Look at his equipment. Chances are he'll have a stainless-steel shaking container like the one milk shakes are made in, a mixing glass of similar shape made of extra-strength glass to withstand the shaking, and a stainless-steel strainer (a sort of horseshoe-shaped spring with a handle) that holds back the ice and perhaps strains out some of the lemon pulp when the drink is poured. Ask the bartender where all the equipment comes from and he'll say he doesn't know, but will mention a small bar-supply place he's noticed around the corner. If he hasn't noticed such a place, look in the classified pages under "Bar Supplies."

When you purchase the equipment, give some special consideration to the question of glasses, for the consensus on what sort of glass a whiskey sour should ideally be served in has changed down through the years. Tradition for many years was to serve them in a four-and-a-half-ounce whiskey glass, the so-called Delmonico glass. This glass disappeared from use some ten years ago, but is still remembered fondly. Today, the glass one encounters whiskey sours in most frequently is of distinctive shape, a stemmed glass, but short-stemmed, with narrow bell shape, not unlike the old parfait glass one used to get, the so-called tulip shape. It is the classic shape for whiskey sours and we advise you to purchase it as it will have little use for anything else and will be a constant encouragement or reproach on your shelves. Try to get a five-ounce size, but if your bar-supply store only has the four-ounce, it'll do.

The key thing to remember about the glasses (and this is an important part of planning ahead) is that they must be prechilled: a whiskey sour should be cold, and one of the central problems about it is how to serve it very cold without diluting it by melted ice. Bartenders keep glasses in the ice, or ice in the glasses, ready for use—but at home the thing to do is put the glasses in the refrigerator or (better) the freezing part of the refrigerator. Once you have the equipment in hand, the variables involved in making the perfect whiskey sour are reduced to seven: (1) the sort of whiskey to use, (2) the sort of lemons to use, (3) the sort of sugar to use, (4) the matter of how to shake the mixture, (5) the question of using egg white, (6) the sort of ice to use, and (7) the question of garnishing the glass with a half slice of orange and a maraschino cherry. There is an eighth matter we'll take up at the end.

Let's take up Number 5 first.

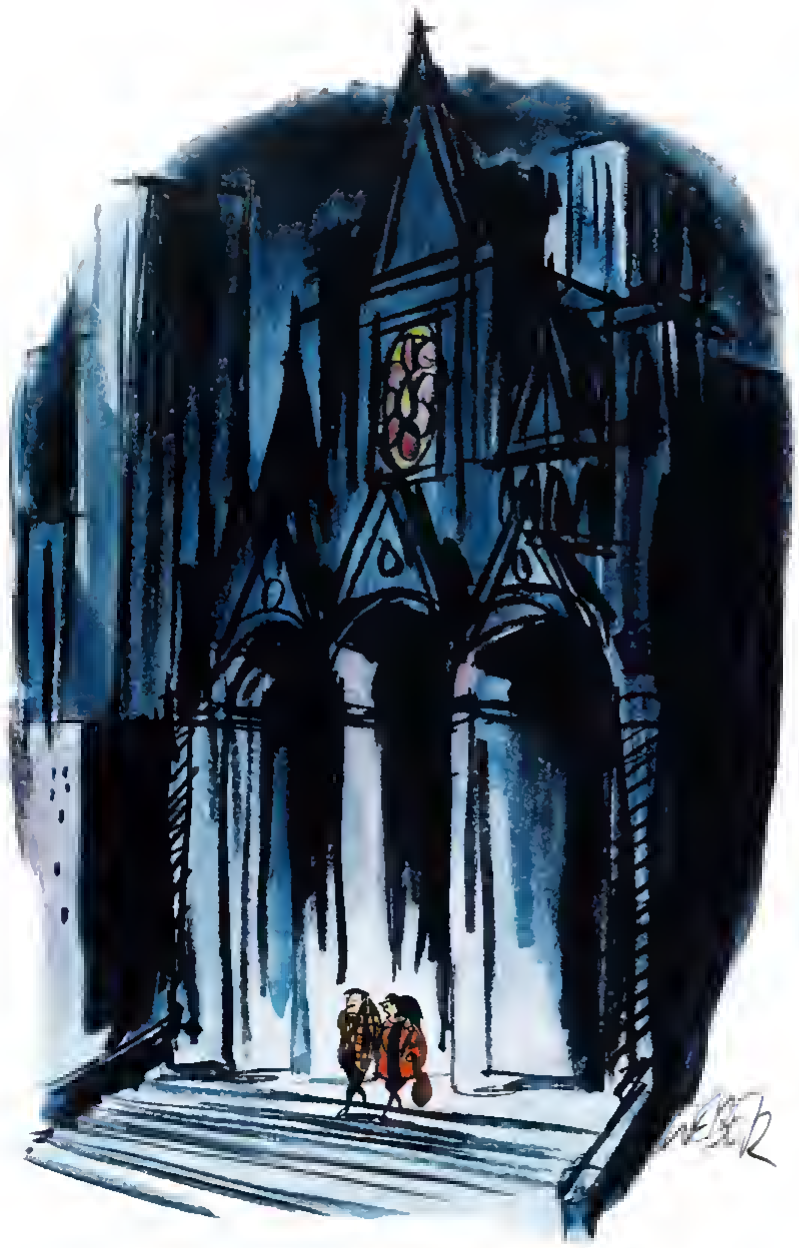
VARIABLE 5: When a whiskey sour is well-shaken and poured directly into a glass, it will have a slight head—froth or foam that has accumulated in the shaking—that makes the drink look attractively fresh. Bartenders find that when they are making drinks for waiters to deliver to customers at tables, the head will naturally dissolve, losing the freshly poured look. And of course, it dissolves quickly in any event, so that even if the customer sitting at the bar, watched the drink poured, the foam would have disappeared by the time he had taken one or two sips. A number of years ago a product called Frothee was developed, which, when added to mixed drinks, made a sort of permanent head and stuck to the sides of the glass so that the drink looked freshly poured right down to the last drop. Bartenders achieve a similar effect by mixing egg white with the lemon juice—the egg white whipping up a lasting sort of foam. Their method is to add one egg white to one quart of lemon juice, and put the mixture through a blender or shake it up in the bottle.

Yea, but. All the better bartenders agree that this business of egg whites in the drink is just something they do to make it more attractive. The perfect whiskey sour wouldn't have egg whites at all. If you make drinks at home, the thing to do is just make the necessary adjustment of mind to take into account that even though your glass at the end may look flat in that it won't have any foam on it, it will still be fresh (you'll know because you just poured it).

Always make each whiskey sour, or each batch of whiskey sours separately—just enough for one drink or one round. A "dividend" or extra in this case just means flat-tasting, watery seconds added to your drink.

VARIABLE 3—THE SUGAR: Nothing better demonstrates the discrepancy between the apparent simplicity and actual complexity of making the perfect whiskey sour than the question of sugar. Sugar, it would seem, is sugar. But there are at least three variables within this variable: (1) the amount of sugar, (2) the fineness of the sugar, which determines the rate at which it dissolves and is assimilated to sweeten the drink, and (3) the degree to which the drink is shaken, which determines *the extent* to which the sugar sweetens. The kind of sugar to get is the very finest grind of granulated sugar (to be explicit: Domino Deluxe Instant Superfine or Jack Frost Verifine). If a too-coarse granulated sugar is used, it won't dissolve sufficiently, won't sweeten properly, and will form a deposit of unpleasant oversweetness on the bottom of the glass. If a too-fine sugar is used—confectioners' sugar, for instance—it won't dissolve either: it tends to float on the top instead of mixing into the drink, and if it does it permeates the drink ("gets between the teeth") with a sort of synthetic oversweetness. If you get the right sort of sugar and plan to shake the drink thoroughly, you're still faced with the prob-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHERMAN



"Just between you and me, I understand this better than Zen"

lem of how much to use. A good bar like Vorsin tells one to use one level teaspoon; Ray at the Bull and Bear (Men's Bar) of the Waldorf says 2-3 level teaspoon. The element of one's "taste" doesn't enter into the conception of the perfect whiskey sour, so we'll tell you positively: use 3-4 teaspoon.

VARIABLE 1—THE WHISKEY. Strictly speaking (and we *are* speaking strictly, if meanderingly), the whiskey sour should be differentiated from the bourbon sour. But bartenders find that, even in the East, the influence of Southerners and Midwesterners committed to bourbon is being felt and many bartenders routinely make whiskey sours with some sort of bourbon. The drink can be prepared with almost any sort of American whiskey from the very light Canadian whiskies to the heavy bourbons with a real jolt. Suffice to say that if you use a good brand of blended American whiskey—light or heavy, according to your taste—you should do all right. Most brand bourbons are 86 proof and 100 proof, and if you're using bourbon use the 86 proof as the 100-proof bourbon is unnecessarily strong. To use a superior (expensive) brand of bourbon is generally thought to be "a waste of good whiskey," and even if you are out to make the perfect whiskey sour you shouldn't use anything too good. (The reasoning behind this decision is admittedly a little specious, but here it is: a perfect whiskey sour wouldn't have any imperfection—including the imperfection of "wasting" the best whiskey.) You should use at least an ounce-and-a-half of whiskey, and probably two, because—and we've mentioned this before in another connection—the key problem in the perfect whiskey sour is how to get it cold without diluting it; and a generous amount of whiskey in the drink helps solve this problem.

VARIABLE 2—THE LEMON JUICE. There is no possible substitute for fresh pure lemon juice in the perfect whiskey sour and we won't even talk about the suggested possible substitutions. Bars—even good bars—sometimes supplement pure lemon juice with some prepared (canned or bottled) lemon juice but the bartenders are always ashamed of the fact. Instead, then, of emphasizing the word *pure* (which we hereafter take for granted) let's emphasize the *fresh*. The lemons can be squeezed a bit ahead of time, perhaps, but not much more than twenty minutes before mixing the drink, for then the juice has already begun to lose something. If you have made a small pitcher of the juice, be sure to stir it as it takes only a few moments for the pulp to rise to the top. Always squeeze the lemons in a press sort of squeezer rather than in an electric rotating sort of gorer which tends to get too much pulp in the juice. And, if you keep lemons in the refrigerator, be sure to take them out several hours before you want to squeeze them, so that they can get warm. (Plan ahead!) This may seem foolish, if you are about to put them into a mixture which you then ice, but it has something to do with the way the juice flows out: more juice and a better sort of juice is obtained if the lemons are warm. Try to find a grocer who has thin-skinned lemons—these are much better tasting and give much more juice.

VARIABLE 7—GARNISHING THE GLASS. It is extraordinary how rapidly the fashion of garnishing a whiskey sour with a half slice of orange and a maraschino cherry is going out of fashion. Ordering the drink in a good restaurant a few years ago, a gentleman would usually have to snarl, "And without the garbage!" Now, women are getting as sophisticated about drinks as men, and most of them also refuse the garnishing. It was this decorative aspect of the whiskey sour that made it seem like "a ladies' drink" to so many men. The perfect whiskey sour, we can say categorically, wouldn't have any garnishing.

VARIABLE 6—THE ICE. The quality of the ice used is one of the things that makes the most difference between drinks served at home and drinks served in a bar. Bar ice (or the ice one orders at home for a party) is clear and solid, bartenders feel this doesn't make much difference, really. The thing is to use plenty of ice in cubes and to shake well. There is no need to use crushed or cracked ice, which dilutes the drink.

VARIABLE 4—THE SHAKING. Unlike some drinks (the Martini and the Manhattan and some varieties of rum drinks) which may be stirred, the whiskey sour must be shaken. You can use the old silver cocktail shaker inherited from Uncle Almet, but it is much better to get the equipment described pages back. It gives more room for the drink to shake back and forth in, as it is really two containers, pressed together, and the drink has as much or more room to shake in than it occupies. Bartenders, of course, shake drinks professionally and over the years develop not only an expertise but a style that it would be envious as well as foolish for the rest of us to attempt (not to speak of dropping the whole mess on the floor). What bartenders do, however, in a basic sort of way, is put the lemon and sugar and whiskey in the mixing glass, then put the ice in the stainless-steel shaking container, holding it in the right hand. Then they flip the ice into the mixing glass, and it is a measure of their skill that they do this in such a way that the ice flopping hard in the lemon and whiskey doesn't splash any of the drink out. The cover gets on in time. The cover should be put on at a slight angle, not squarely or concentrically on top of the mixing glass. For some totally non-understandable reason, that makes a tighter fit. Then put the left hand on the bottom of the steel shaker (now on top) and grab the bottom of the mixing glass with the right hand and flip the two smartly over so that the ingredients are in the metal container on the bottom. Now adjust the right hand on the bottom of the glass mixer (which is now on top) so that the thumb is across the bottom and the fingers extend down the sides and can grasp (precariously but tenaciously) the metal shaker and keep the two containers together. Hold the two out in front, fore and aft, not sideways. Bartenders are of two schools of shakers: on the one hand are the arm and shoulder shakers, and on the other hand are the wrist shakers. You can make a real spectacle of yourself trying to be an arm-and-shoulder shaker and we definitely advise you to become a wrist shaker, as it is more casual and gives a quicker stroke and is not nearly as hard to learn. The wrist shaker achieves a half-arc motion by sort of rotating and breaking the wrists, but using the forearms (from the elbows) too; all done very, very rapidly. Keep the drink in continual and intensive motion; whiskey sours should be shaken really thoroughly, very hard.

VARIABLE 8. All this done right should make a perfect whiskey sour. But maybe you won't like it. This is the eighth variable we hinted at earlier. It is *you*, and it probably has to be taken into consideration. The eighth variable is the question of the legitimacy of likes and dislikes, preferences and predilections, and involves the whole act of appreciation itself. Let's imagine, for a moment, that a whiskey sour is an art object—a painting, say. If you say "I don't like that painting," your criticism is a lot more likely to be taken seriously if you are a person of general taste and discrimination, and even more if you know something about history and techniques of art. Now one can imagine that some ladies not very used to drinking, and perhaps some guys might very well prefer a sticky-sweet whiskey sour with orange slice and cherry to the perfect whiskey sour described above. This is the area of one's taste or preference and it seems that these days it is easy enough for anyone to find what he wants. There are plenty of bars with sticky whiskey sours. You can even make them at home—egg white and all. But don't say that the whiskey sour just described isn't the perfect whiskey sour just because you don't like it. The eighth variable is just as inflexible as all the others. ##

CHADWICK HALL



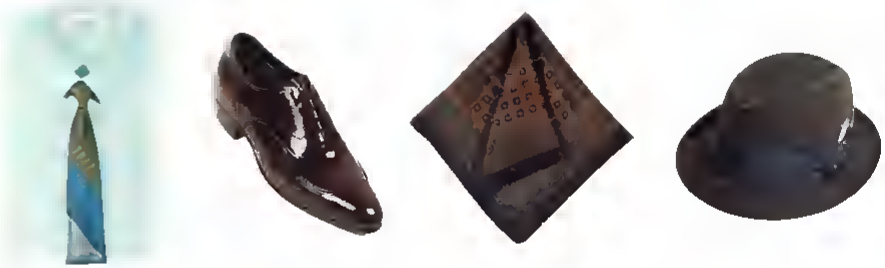
Flip back the page, please, and scrutinize the gentlemen in brown—a brown of a different color. The traditional plain brown went out five years ago, leaving olive the prevailing favorite on that end of the spectrum. It had a subtlety of tone that pure brown lacked, and people liked it. But now that the predilection for olive has run its course, brown is back, but with a difference. It bears the influence of the olive mystique. The browns these men are wearing, for instance, incorporate varying shades of grey and black, creating the tonal subtlety that was popular in olive. Thus the brown is more subdued than before, and it provides a better background for different combinations of shirts and ties. In fact, that's part of the new idea. (See accessory guide at right.) The new brown is not meant to be a loner; it's designed to be worn in combinations, both for urban and suburban wear. And from the looks of things, brown is stronger than ever. At left, Jerry Orbach, an actor who plays in Carnival on Broadway, wears a three-button worsted suit with flap pockets, center vent and notched lapel. Trousers are single-pleated, and the color is a combination of carbon brown and black in a faint shadow stripe. (About $70. Botany 500 by Daroff at Weber and Heilbroner in New York.) At right, New York photographer Walter Osborne wears a hard-finish two-button model in jet brown with a very fine shadow plaid. The trousers are tailored with a self-supporting elasticized waistband. And because of the hard finish, they'll keep a crease like nobody's business. (About $135 at Broadstreet's in New York by Kuppenheimer.) Tony Madigan, center, an Australian prizefighter, has put on a French coat of carbon brown antelope suede, styled along classic lines. (By Cortefiel, da España at Phil Kronfeld in New York, $200.) The sport jacket is a cashmere in a diamond check combination of camel and dark brown. It has patch pockets, center vent and three buttons. (By Delton at I. Magnin in San Francisco, $135.)

Brown with

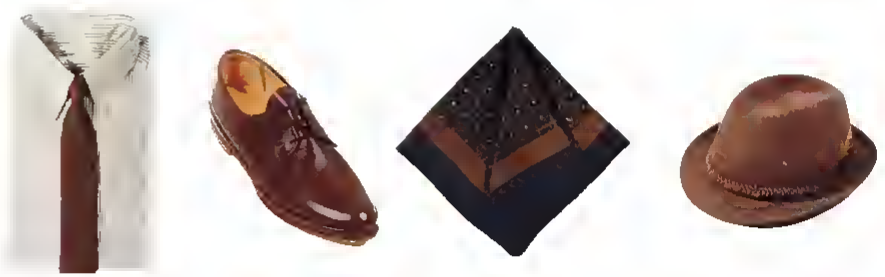
Red: The best thing about the new subdued browns is that they sit well with a wide variety of colors. The old brown with a reddish hue did not. Herewith, a selection of four basic accessory colors (red, blue, gold and green), all admirably suited to the new brown background. At right, a red motif. The shirt is a white-striped broadcloth ($6.50 by Excello) with short, moderate-spread points that are held in place with a snap fastener, much like the snap tab collar. The tie is a solid color silk twill with a golden crest design ($3.50 by Wembley). The slip-on shoes are a rich cordovan brown moccasin design, black leather soles ($20 by Weyenberg). The silk pocket square, to be worn in a puff manner, has a background that matches the tie (Handcraft, $3). A tapered crown Knox hat with snap brim ($20) tops it off.



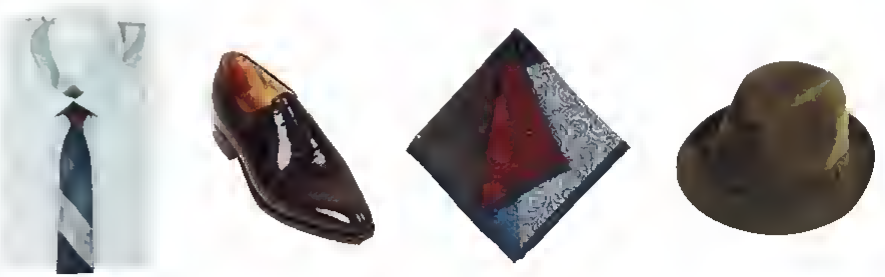
Blue: The scope of possible color tones widens when you're matching blue accessories with the new browns. This shirt is a horizontally corded cotton in pale blue with a trim design collar and tapered body lines. It has convertible cuffs (they can be buttoned or cuff-linked), $5 by Manhattan. The tie is a twill weave incorporating blue, gold and grey broad stripings ($8.50 by Bronzini). The trim wing-tip shoe is a deep, rich brown shade of calfskin, a six-eyelet model with black leather soles and heels ($24 by Florsheim). The silk square has blue printed figures against a golden background for coordination with the tie, shirt and suit ($3 by Handcraft). Bluish tones show up also in the narrow snap-brim hat ($16, Dobbs), not only in the felt body but in the band as well.



Gold: For suburban wear with flannels or tweeds, the combed broadcloth shirt ($7 by Sero of New Haven) has moderately bold stripings in four different shades. The button-down collar has a soft roll and the shirt has barrel cuffs. The tie is a straight-cut knit, and its texture is highlighted with a golden cast (Rooster Craft, $2.50). Our suggestion for the shoe is a soft, flexible-glove type leather, three-eyelet shoe with leather sole ($16, Mansfield). The golden tones in the silk pocket square (Handcraft, $3) correspond with the shirt and tie. As for hats, there's greater latitude in styles for country wear, and this Stetson ($12) is one of the most popular. It is a soft textured felt sports type with a 1⅝ inch brim. The loosely woven wool band underscores the texture of the hat.



Green: The buoyant tone of green accessories puts them in the same category as gold, primarily for suburban wear. This shirt is a green pinstripe broadcloth with a high-set spread collar and stitched edge ($5 by Jayson). The striped twill tie combines a multitude of colors including tan, wine, brown, black, grey and green, all of which go well with the new brown ($8.50 by Bronzini). The shoe is a bit of a novelty; it has a new type of moccasin design with a squarish tip. The tone is a subtle mixture of brown and olive ($27 by Nunn Bush). Also new, the silk pocket square with a pattern of eight colored segments ($3.50 by Ashear). The Borsalino hat ($30) has a finish halfway between suede and velour. Both the body of the hat and the band are made of the same material; its texture is something like peach fuzz.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

"I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real."— From Walden by Henry D. Thoreau

the anatomy of solitude

by JOHN SIBLEY

This is the scene that scientists are dreading. The setting is Cape Canaveral. NASA ground crews are assembled and ready at their instrument panels. They await radio contact with an astronaut who has been in space for a month—alone. No one to talk to, nothing but blackness to look at, and hardly any room to move around in. A little blip is crossing the radar screen, and all eyes are on it. Another inch means the spaceship will be within radio range, the first time in three weeks. Contact is made.

"This is Mercury Control," a man's voice says. "Do you read me, Astronaut Aamith?"

First a click, then static, and then comes the long-awaited answer from space. "Oh, come in, pretty lady. Who are you? I am twinkle twinkle little me. But I'm not sure. I could be half as much — or twice." Or words to that effect.

So far none of the astronauts has been aloft long enough to feel the pressure of total solitude. And their conversations with earth during flight have remained gratifyingly sane. But the time is not far off when flights will be much longer and the space man will have less to keep them occupied. In this sort of limbo it is not at all inconceivable that a man might confuse his pitch with his yaw and send rather garbled messages back to earth.

The aloneness of utter solitude is a subject, in fact, that science is just beginning to understand. Weightlessness and radiation seem to be surmountable obstacles, but isolation is more mysterious. It can grotesquely distort a man's ability to reason; virtually transform him into a vegetable that in a frighteningly short time shrivels and dies. This is not the boredom-aloneness of a traveler in a hotel room far from home, not the pining-aloneness of a spurned lover or the grief-aloneness of the bereaved. This is the aloneness that comes with absolute isolation from familiar environment, known sights, sounds, tastes, smells and touch. It has become the major concern of space scientists, for, unless an astronaut can carry with him the makings of familiar sensation, he will grow bored, then restless and irritable, and soon succumb to fantasies and hallucinations that will block rational thought and action.

Research is underway at the Aeronautical Systems Division—popularly known as Aero Space Laboratories—at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to learn how man can fortify himself against nothingness, how he can remain *compos mentis* when there is nothing to relate to. The Navy is working on it too. At its medical center in Bethesda, Maryland, groups of sailors are being held in long confinement, from these tests scientists may learn how to keep minds from cracking during extended underwater cruises in nuclear submarines.

Except for these guinea pigs, few men have experienced such complete isolation from all things they are used to. A few explorers, mountaineers, shipwrecked sailors and prisoners have come close. But those who have known solitude most intimately have not lived to describe it.

During the polar winter of 1934, Admiral Richard E. Byrd spent nearly five months alone in a tiny shack sunk into the Ross Ice Barrier of Antarctica. Officially, his self-imposed assignment was to observe the aurora and weather phenomena, but he confided later that he had looked forward, too, to the idyllic contemplative existence of Thoreau.

"I wanted something more than just privacy in the geo-



graphical sense," he wrote four years later. "I wanted to sink roots into some replenishing philosophy. I should have time to catch up, to study and think and listen to the phonograph, and, for maybe seven months, remote from all but the simplest distractions, I should be able to live exactly as I chose, obedient to no necessities but those imposed by wind and night and cold, and to no man's law but my own."

Idyllic? "That I miscalculated," Byrd continued, "is proved by the fact that I nearly lost my life. What I had not counted on was discovering how closely a man could come to dying and still not die, or want to die."

Admiral Byrd had endured the physical rigors of sunless months when the mercury plunged to 50 below zero. In a cavern backed from the ice he had been poisoned by carbon monoxide from a gasoline motor that powered his radio generator. But it was psychological agony that nearly broke him.

"Habit has set up in the core of the being a system of automatic physiochemical actions and reactions which insist upon replenishment," he wrote. "That is where the conflict arises. I don't think that a man can do without sounds and smells and voices and touch any more than he can do without phosphorous and calcium."

Lonely Norwegian hunters on the arctic island of Spitsbergen have a special vocabulary for it. A man is *rar*, they say, when he is psychologically haunted in the polar night. *Ishavet Kaller* (The arctic calls), they tell each other when a comrade, for inexplicable reasons of his own, hurls himself into the sea. Christiane Ritter, an Austrian woman who spent a winter in a Spitsbergen hut, attributes the death of hundreds of solitary hunters there to a "terror of nothingness."

"It wasn't only scurvy," she writes. "Often enough they died though the larders were full and there was plenty of fresh meat. They had guns and cartridges, there were reindeer grazing in all the valleys. But they did not dare to venture out. The terror lay in wait for them just outside the door of the hut, it sprawled over the entire bleak land like a monster. It riveted the most courageous hunters and seafarers to their huts. It was the image of the immense deadness of the country, the fearful immobility of all being, that had been graven in their souls, crippling all their energies and emptying them of strength. Physical disintegration was bound to follow."

Alain Bombard, a French physician who sailed across the Atlantic in a life raft, found a similar kind of psychological disintegration in a study he made of shipwrecked seamen. Ninety percent of them died from "aloneness" within three days, while death from thirst or hunger would have taken longer.

"When his ship goes down," says Dr. Bombard, "a man's whole universe goes with it. Because he no longer has a deck under his feet, his courage and reason abandon him. Even if he reaches a lifeboat, he is not necessarily safe. He sits slumped, contemplating his misery, and can hardly be said to be alive. Helpless in the night, chilled by sea wind, terrified by the solitude, by the noise and by the silence, it takes less than three days for him to surrender his life."

Though this dark phenomenon has been known for a long time, it only recently has been systematically explored. Pioneers in the research into aloneness are Dr. Donald O. Hebb, professor of psychology at McGill University, and Dr. John C. Lilly, a psychotherapist and neurophysiologist trained at the University of Pennsylvania.

In Dr. Hebb's first experiments, university students were paid $20 a day to lie on a bed in an air-conditioned box. Their eyes were covered with translucent goggles. To prevent ennui-relieving finger movement, their arms and hands were restrained with cardboard sleeves; these were removed only for eating and going to the toilet. The only sound was the monotonous drone of air-conditioning machinery.

At first, the subjects found relaxation in their release from daily tensions. They slept a lot. Then, physically refreshed, they became bored and eager for stimulation. They sang, whistled, talked to themselves. To relieve the monotony, they tapped their cardboard cuffs together or explored their cubicles with them. With increasing restlessness, their movements became random and meaningless. Finally, they could no longer think systematically and productively.

Some found the isolation unbearable. Despite the pay, Dr. Hebb found it difficult to keep his subjects more than two or three days, and a number left before the testing could be completed. The subjects said that it had been increasingly difficult to concentrate long on any topic. Some had tried without success to review their studies or solve self-initiated intellectual problems.

Then came fantasies and hallucinations. One saw "wallpaper patterns." Others had more elaborate visions. "A row of little yellow men with black caps on and their mouths open." "Prehistoric animals walking about in a jungle." One reported hearing people speaking to him; another heard a music box. Others felt things. One described "a miniature rocket ship discharging pellets" that kept striking his arm. Another reported seeing a doorknob and feeling an electric shock when he reached out to touch it.

The degree of disorientation was startling. In several cases toward the end of the isolation period, subjects taken out to the toilet became lost in the bathroom they had used numerous times before and had to call the experimenter to guide them. However, although the reports do not discuss the possibility, other experiments indicate that this may have been a subterfuge to get human companionship, a universal craving among isolated men.

Dr. Lilly's experiments sought the same sort of information, and added the factor of weightlessness. In his tests the subject floats face down in a tank of water. He is naked, and nothing touches his body except a helmet similar to a skin-diver's. He can't see anything, and he hears only his own breathing and faint sounds from the piping that leads air to his mask. The water, kept at blood temperature, provides no sensation.

Dr. Lilly first tried this on himself. For about forty-five minutes he remained conscious of his surroundings and of recent events. He even enjoyed the sensation of being suspended in silent darkness with nothing to do. Then, gradually, he was overcome with a powerful "lust" for any kind of stimulous. In spite of his intention to keep perfectly still, he found himself making surreptitious swimming motions or stroking one finger with another. This gave deep satisfaction, and he found that if he denied himself such pleasures the tension grew unbearable and he had to get out of the tank for relief.

When the peak of this tension passes, Dr. Lilly says, "One notices that one's thoughts have shifted to reveries and fantasies of a highly personal and emotionally charged nature. These are too personal to relate publicly, and would probably vary greatly from subject to subject."

After the phases of tension and fantasy, which lasted about two-and-a-half hours, Dr. Lilly entered a stage he calls "projection of visual imagery." Out of the darkness came "small, strangely shaped objects with self-luminous borders. A tunnel whose inside space seemed to be emitting a blue light then appeared straight ahead." At this point, his mask developed a leak and he had to scramble out of the tank without reaching the end of the tunnel.

In similar tests conducted at the Oklahoma City Veterans Hospital by Dr. Jay T. Shurley, the subjects transmitted streams-of-consciousness through microphones in their masks. The psychological patterns were the same as Dr. Lilly's: a steady buildup of tension, then fantasy. One person saw "a sawdust ice-cream cone," then heard *(Continued on page 152)*



"You're the one who found it—you show it to him!"

Happy Marriages Are All Alike



MR AND MRS ANDREI PORUMBEANU

MR AND MRS MICKEY HARGITAY



MR AND MRS MARTIN GABLE

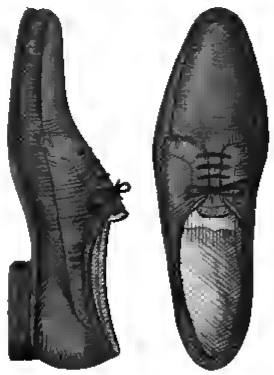


MR AND MRS XAVIER CUGAT

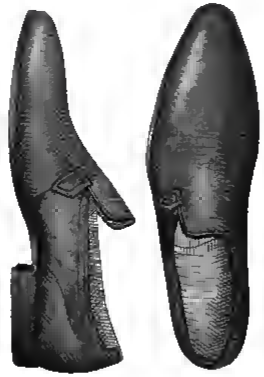
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOBERT BENTON



MR. AND MRS. MONTE KAY



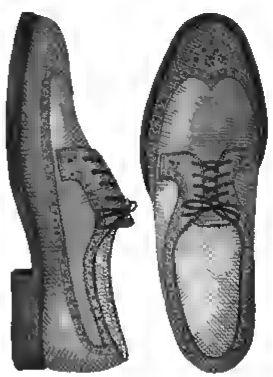
An established code governs the wear and care of every color and style of shoe. The rules are simple but strict: get a good fit, polish when new, use shoe trees, and wear a style to suit the occasion. This conservative black moccasin toe, for instance, is perfect with a grey, blue or black business suit —best for daytime.



Ordinarily, it's best to change shoes at least once a day. But if you haven't the time, you need a pair of shoes that can double for business and evening wear, e.g., a plain toe black slip on. It goes with grey, blue and black business suits, and, because of its slightly dressy design, it's fine after six.



A lightweight wing tip eyelet shoe with minimum design is very dressy, the kind of shoe worn most often in the evening with a dark suit. It's a little too elegant for the business office (especially with the pointed toe) but just right for sub black tie occasions that require some degree of formality.



Brown wing tip eyelet tie shoes in sturdy scotch grain are tweedy in texture and should be worn accordingly. If they have a storm welt between the sole and upper, they may be used with brown business clothes for foul weather shoes. Give them a saddle soaping now and then; shoes that get wet need it.

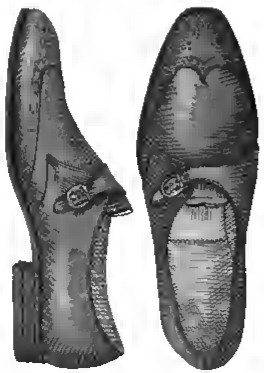
A GENTLEMAN'S ADVISER ON WARDROBE: FOOTNOTES

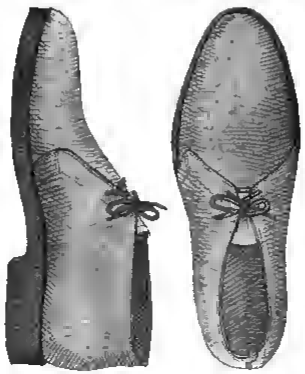
For business clothes in olive, brown and some shades of grey, one might wear a brown polished calf slip on with wing tip (or plain toe) and front strap. The conservative eyelet tie model is equally correct, but you get more mileage out of the slip on because it can be worn with a wide variety of sport clothes.

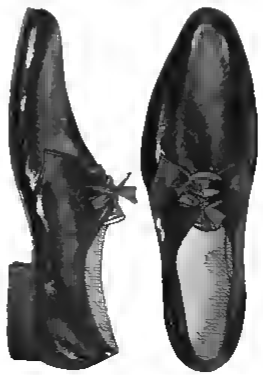
The perfect country shoe, especially for long walks, is the high riser, or demi-boot. This one is in brown reverse calf leather (which must be buffed with a suede brush) and has a rubber sole. In town, it's acceptable in wet weather as long as the clothing worn with it is a brown or olive tone and fairly informal.

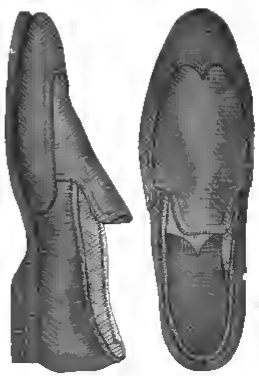
There are two basic evening shoes: correct with either black or white tie, a plain toe 3 eyelet silk laced black patent leather shoe or patent leather pumps with grosgrain bow. (Polish with Vaseline to keep leather from cracking.) Calf leather versions of these shoes are proper only with black tie.

Although lounging shoes are indisputably proper with informal attire, one should not attempt to wear them with anything very dressy. There is no hard and fast rule as to fabric or color; these are soft black brushed leather. Velvet, felt, canvas or leather would do just as well. Fine with anything from sweater to smoking jacket.









TED BERNSTEIN

Carrion Spring

Hope springs vernal, even in a Saskatchewan rancher's winter worn heart A Short Story by WALLACE STEGNER

The moment she came to the door she could smell it, not really rotten and not coming from any particular direction, but sweetish, faintly sickening, sourceless, filling the whole air the way a river's water can taste of weeds—the carrion smell of a whole country breathing out in the first warmth across hundreds of square miles

Three days of chinook had uncovered everything that had been under snow since November The yard lay discolored and ugly, grey ash pile, rusted cans, spilled lignite, bones The clinkers that had given them winter footing to the privy and stable lay in raised grey wavers across the mud; the strung lariats they had used for lifelines in blizzardy weather had dried out and sagged to the ground Muck was knee-deep down in the corrals by the sod-roofed stable, the whitewashed logs were yellowed at the corners from dogs lifting their legs against them Sunken drifts around the hay yard were a reminder of how many times the boys had had to shovel out there to keep the calves from walking into the stacks across the top of the snow Across the wan and disheveled yard the willows were bare and beyond them the floodplain hill was brown The sky was roiled with grey cloud

Melted filthy, lifeless, littered, the place of her winter imprisonment was exposed, ugly enough to put gooseflesh up her backbone, and with the carrion smell over all of it It was like a bad and disgusting wound, infected wire cut, or proud flesh, or the gangrene of frostbite, with the bandage off With her packed trunk and her telescope bag and two loaded grain sacks behind her, she stood in the door waiting for Ray to come with the buckboard and she was sick to be gone.

Yet when he did come, with the boys all slopping through the mud behind him, and they threw her trunk and telescope and bags into the buckboard and tied the tarp down and there was nothing left to do but go, she faced them with a sudden desolating desire to cry She laughed, and caught her lower lip under her teeth and bit down hard on its trembling and went around to shake one hoofhke hand after the other, staring into each face in turn and seeing in each something that made it all the harder to say something easy Good-by Red-bearded, black-bearded, grey-bristled, clean-shaven (for her?), two of them with puckered sunken scars on the cheekbones, all of them seedy, mat-haired, weathered and cracked as old lumber left out for years, they looked sheepish or sober, or cheerful, and said things like, 'Well, Molly, have you a nice trip, now," or 'See you in Malta maybe " They had been her family She had looked after them fed them, patched their clothes, unraveled old socks to knit them new ones, cut their hair, lanced their boils tended their wounds. Now it was like the gathered-in family parting at the graveside after someone's funeral

She had begun to cry quite openly She pulled her cheeks down, opened her mouth, dabbed at her eyes with her knuckles, laughed "Now you all take care," she said. "And come see us, you hear? Jesse? Rusty? Slip? Ed? Buck, when you come I'll sure fix you a better patch on your pants than that one. Good-by Panguingue, you were the best man I had on the coal scuttle Don't you forget me Little Horn, I'm *sorry* we ran out of pie fixings When you come to Malta I'll make you a peach pie a yard across."

She could not have helped speaking their names, as if to name them were to insure their permanence But she knew that though she might see them, or most of them, when Ray brought the drive in to Malta in July, these were friends lost for good. They had already got the word sweep the range and sell everything—steers, bulls, calves, cows—for whatever it would bring Put a For Sale sign on the ranch, or simply abandon it The country had rubbed its lesson in. Like half the outfits between the Milk and the CPR, the T-Down was quitting As for her, she was quitting first.

She saw Ray slumping, glooming down from the buckboard seat with the reins wrapped around one gloved hand. Dude and Dinger were hipshot in the harness As Rusty and Little Horn gave Molly a hand up to climb the wheel, Dude raised his tail and dropped a bundle of dung on the singletree, but she did not even bother to make a face or say something provoked and joking She was watching Ray, looking right into his grey eyes and his somber dark face and seeing all at once what the winter of disaster had done to him His cheek, like Ed's and Rusty's, was puckered with frost scars, frost had nibbled at the lobes of his ears, she could see the strain of bone-cracking labor, the bitterness of failure, in the lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth. Making room for her, he did not smile With her back momentarily to the others, speaking only for him, she said through her tight teeth, "Let's git!"

Promptly—he was always prompt and ready—he pinched whip from whipsocket The tip snapped on Dinger's haunch, the lurch of the buggy threw her so that she could cling and not have to turn to reveal her face "Good-by!" she cried, more into the collar of her mackinaw than to them, throwing the words over her shoulder like a flower or a coin, and tossed her left hand in the air and shook it The single burst of their voices chopped off into silence She heard only the grate of the tires in gravel, beside her the wheel poured yellow drip She concentrated on it, fighting her lips that wanted to blubber

"This could be bad for a minute," Ray said. She looked up Obediently she clamped thumb and finger over her nose. To their right—filling half of Frying Pan Flat, was the boneyard, two acres of carcasses scattered where the boys had dragged them after skinning them out when they found them dead in the brush It did not seem that off there they could smell, for the chinook was blowing out in light airs from the west But when she let go her nose she smelled it rich and rotten, as if it rolled upwind the way water runs upstream in an eddy

Beside her, Ray was silent. The horses were trotting now

Hats: Top Priority For Fall

Funny how it takes only one man to launch a hat style Edward VII popularized the homburg, Al Smith did the same for the brown derby Maurice Chevalier the boater, the Duke of Windsor the snap brim and Abraham Lincoln (though few people realize it) the top hat More recently, Rex Harrison bolstered the cloth hat by wearing one in "My Fair Lady " Here are some variations (from lower left) a black and white Viyella check with triangular shape ($9 by Dobbs Hats), a light colored pinch front to go with camel's hair coats and jackets ($8 by Capcrafters), a blue-and-grey plaid wool-and nylon hat with oval crown strengthened with Pellon on the inside ($5 by Stetson), and a bronzy cotton suede with a distinctively European sloping crown ($6 by Flip It) Wear one Or follow another fashion setter, the Mad Hatter, and wear all four





"Myrtle has a cramp!"

in the soft sand of the patrol trail. On both sides the willows were gnawed down to stubs, broken and mouthed and gummed off by starving cattle. There was floodwater in the low spots, and the sound of running water under the drifts of every side coulee.

Once Ray said, "Harry Willis says a railroad survey's coming right up the Whitemud Valley this summer. S'pose that'll mean homesteaders in here, maybe a town."

"I s'pose."

"Make it a little easier when you run out of prunes, if there was a store at Eastend."

"Well," she said, "we won't be here to run out," and then immediately, as she caught a whiff that gagged her, "Pee-you! Hurry up!"

Ray did not touch up the team. "What for?" he said. "To get to the next one quicker?"

She appraised the surliness of his voice, and judged that some of it was general disgust and some of it was aimed at her. But what did he want? Every time she made a suggestion of some outfit around Malta or Chinook where he might get a job he humped his back and looked as impenetrable as a rock. What *did* he want? To come back here and take another licking? When there wasn't even a cattle outfit left, except maybe the little ones like the Z-X and the Lazy-S? And where one winter could kill you, as it had just killed the T-Down? She felt like yelling at him, "It isn't *me*! I could stand it. Maybe I wouldn't like it, but I could stand it. But it just makes me sick to see you work yourself to death for nothing. Look at your face. Look at your hands—you can't open them even halfway, for calluses. For what? Maybe three thousand cattle left out of ten thousand, and them skin and bone. Why wouldn't I be glad to get out? Who *cares* if there's a store in Eastend? You're just like an old bulldog with his teeth clinched in somebody's behind, and it'll take a pry bar to make you unclinch." But she said nothing, she made herself breathe the tainted air evenly.

Floodwater forced them out of the bottoms and up onto the second floodplain. Below them Molly saw the water astonishingly wide, pushing across willow bars and pressing deep into the cutbank bends. She could hear it, when the wheels went quietly—a hushed roar like wind. Cattle were balloonily afloat in the bush where they had died. She saw a brindle longhorn waltz around the deep water of a bend with his legs in the air, and farther on a whiteface that stranded momentarily among flooded rose bushes, and rotated free, and stranded again.

Their bench was cut by a side coulee and they tipped and rocked down, the rumps of the horses back against the dashboard, Ray's hand on the brake, the shoe screeching mud from the tires. There was brush in the bottom, and stained drifts still unmelted. Their wheels sank in slush, she hung to the seat rail, they righted, the lines cracked across the muscling rumps as the team dug in and lifted them out of the cold, snowbank breath of the draw. Then abruptly, in a hollow on the right, dead eyeballs stared at her from between spraddled legs, horns and tails and legs were tangled in a starved mass of bone and hide not yet, in that cold bottom, puffing with the gases of decay. They must have been three deep—piled on one another, she supposed, while drifting before some one of the winter's blizzards.

A little later, accosted by a stench so overpowering that she breathed it in deeply as if to sample the worst, she looked to the left and saw a longhorn, its belly blown up ready to pop, hanging by neck and horns from a tight clump of alder and black birch where the snow had left him. She saw the wind make cat's-paws in the heavy winter hair.

"Jesus," Ray said, "when you find 'em in *trees*!"

His boots, worn and whitened by many wettings, were braced against the dash. From the corner of her eye Molly could see his glove, its wrist lace open. His wrist looked as wide as a doubletree, the sleeve of his Levi jacket was tight with forearm. The very sight of his strength made her hate the tone of defeat and outrage in his voice. Yet she appraised the tone cunningly, for she did not want him somehow butting his bullheaded way back into it. There were better things they could do than break their backs and hearts in a hopeless country a hundred miles from anywhere.

With narrowed eyes, caught in an instant vision, she saw the lilac bushes by the front porch of her father's house, heard the screen door bang behind her brother Charley (screen doors?), saw people passing, women in dresses, maybe all going to a picnic or a ball game down in the park by the river. She passed the front of McCabe's General store and through the window saw the counters and shelves: dried apples, dried peaches, prunes, tapioca, Karo Syrup, everything they had done without for six weeks, and new white-stitched overalls, yellow horsehide gloves, varnished ax handles, barrels of flour and bags of sugar, shiny boots and work shoes, counters full of calico and flowered voile and crepe de chine and curtain net, whole stacks of flypaper stuck sheet to sheet, jars of peppermints and striped candy and horehound. She giggled.

"What?" Ray's neck and shoulders were so stiff with muscle that he all but creaked when he turned his head.

"I was just thinking. Remember the night I used our last sugar to make that batch of divinity, and dragged the boys in after bedtime to eat it?"

"Kind of saved the day," Ray said. "Took the edge off ever'body."

"Kind of left us starving for sugar, though. But I can see them picking up those little bitty dabs of fluff with their fingers like tongs, and stuffing them in among their whiskers and making faces, yum, yum, and wondering what on earth had got into me."

"Nothing got into you. You was just fed up. We all was."

"Remember when Slip picked up that pincushion I was tatting a cover for, and I got sort of hysterical and asked him if he knew what it was? Remember what he said? 'It's a doll piller, ain't it, Molly?' I thought I'd die."

She shook her head angrily and a tear splashed on the dash. Ray was looking sideways at her in alarm. She turned her face away and stared down across the water that spread nearly a half mile wide in the bottoms. Dirty foam and brush circled in the eddies. She saw a slab cave from an almost drowned cutbank and sink, bubbling. From where they drove, between the water and the outer slope that rolled up to the high prairie, the Cypress Hills made a snow-patched, tree-darkened dome across the west. The wind came off them mild as milk. *Poisoned!* she told herself, and dragged it deep into her lungs.

She was aware again of Ray's grey eye. "Hard on you," he said. For some reason he made her mad, as if he was accusing her of belly-aching. She felt how all the time they bumped and rolled along the shoulder of the river valley they had this antagonism between them like a snarl of barbed wire. You couldn't reach out anywhere without running into it. Did he blame her for going home, or what? What did he expect her to do, come along with a whole bunch of men on that roundup, spend six or eight weeks in pants out among the carcasses? And then what?

A high, sharp whicker came downwind. The team chuckled and surged into their collars. Looking ahead, she saw a horse—picketed, probably, or hobbled—and a man who leaned on something—rifle?—watching them. "Young Schulz," Ray said, and then there came the dogs, four big, bony hounds. The team began to dance. Ray held them in tight and whistled the buggy whip in the air when the hounds got too close.

Young Schulz, Molly saw as they got closer, was leaning on a shovel, not a rifle. He had dug *(Continued on page 160)*

HONEST WAYS TO BEAT CUSTOMS: PART I

by RICHARD JOSEPH

legal
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0 or
l) as you please,

e gifts are in separate pack-
that only one package goes to
addressee on the same day The
are from all over the world,
they have one thing in common·
their under-$10 price You don't have to worry about the wrapping and shipping; shopkeepers everywhere have set themselves up to handle this. (Tobacco, alcoholic beverages and perfume are out.)

There are a few other legal loopholes·

Families traveling together can pool their customs allowances; thus your six-month-old son is entitled, as you are, to a gallon of liquor—even though he prefers a different kind of bottle

Also, your $100 duty-free allowance is based on *wholesale* value Depending on what you buy, this can lift your limit to as much as $130 per person

Don't shy away from a good buy just because you re over your allowance Duties probably will be low enough to make it worth your while to bring it home (Check nearest U S Consulate on the duty for your prospective purchase)

Each of these conversation piece gifts can be sent to friends duty free The Sekonic light meter from Japan joins a carved drumstick atop a talking drum from Nigeria (about $8), in front of which is an alpaca beanie cap woven by Peruvian Indians, $5 95 Don't let the cap distract you from the antique copper-on-brass English hunting horn ($7 70) The barbecue mick is from Germany and sells for $5 50 The handsome Danish stainless-steel tray can get you off a wedding present hook for only $4.25 or—if it's a smaller bride—you might try the wooden ashtray made by the hands of the Indians in southern Colombia To the Dept. of Zoology new for the hand-painted Mexican ceramic bull ($7 50) and north of the border for the carved Eskimo soapstone seal The boomerang ($5 50) from Australia naturally and so is the aborigine shell necklet ($3.50) An ivoryless elephant in East Africa contributed an ear for the cigarette case which sits atop the Mexican demijohn, but the connection is only layout wise The knife with the handsome stone studded sheath is from Nepal the Mingus letter set ($1 25) is from Japan, the Royall Lyme Toilet Lotion ($2 95) is made from Bahamian limes on Harbour Island and the handmade Mexican branding iron is a good bet for an unusual candle holder at $7 50—if you have any unusual candles.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELBERT SUBIN

HONEST WAYS TO BEAT CUSTOMS: PART I

Spread out before you are a dozen finds from abroad, of which only two are dutiable. A returning traveler, you could have brought in all the rest without a nickel's worth of duty because they are either antiques or original works of art, and as such are admitted duty-free. The two dutiable items are the yarn winder and the cooking pot, and if you had already reached your $100 allowance on other purchases, you could have brought these in for a total customs duty of about eighty-three cents. If it's a game with you to avail yourself of all legal means not to pay customs duty, you might have eliminated this less-than-a dollar charge by having the two items shipped under the $10 gift allowance.

The customs people are specific about antiques and original works of art. Most articles are classified as antiques if they were made before 1830. The regulation dates from about 1930, customs figured that anything more than a century old at that time could qualify as a legitimate antique.

Old violins and other musical instruments, though, must have been made before 1801 to be admitted duty-free, and rugs have to be a century older than that. However, what the regulations call "ethnographical objects"—folk art, I guess it would be—need be only fifty years old to make the duty-free classification.

Last year's reduction in the duty-free market has helped to make more selective shoppers out of traveling Americans. Despite the fact that duties are very low on many articles acquired abroad, the natural reluctance of most Americans to contribute a dollar to governmental recipients has caused them to concentrate their shopping on really worthwhile purchases they may import duty-free.

They've begun to focus their attention, too, on the pleasures of collecting—the joy of finding, buying and living with beautiful objects as their value appreciates in the seller's market that has developed over the past few years.

In *The Connoisseur's Europe* on these pages last month, we noted a few of the bargain centers in England and on the Continent. Comparably rich veins are waiting to be mined in galleries and antique shops in the Orient and Latin America. See Richard Joseph's Travel Notes elsewhere in this issue for other bargains from everywhere.



Money is an important attribute of the traveling shopper, of course, but even more vital for the international bargain hunter these days is taste, discernment, and an artistic background to serve as a frame of reference.

A few months ago, a friend of ours, an artist, took a leisurely swing around the world, acquiring memorable things as he went.

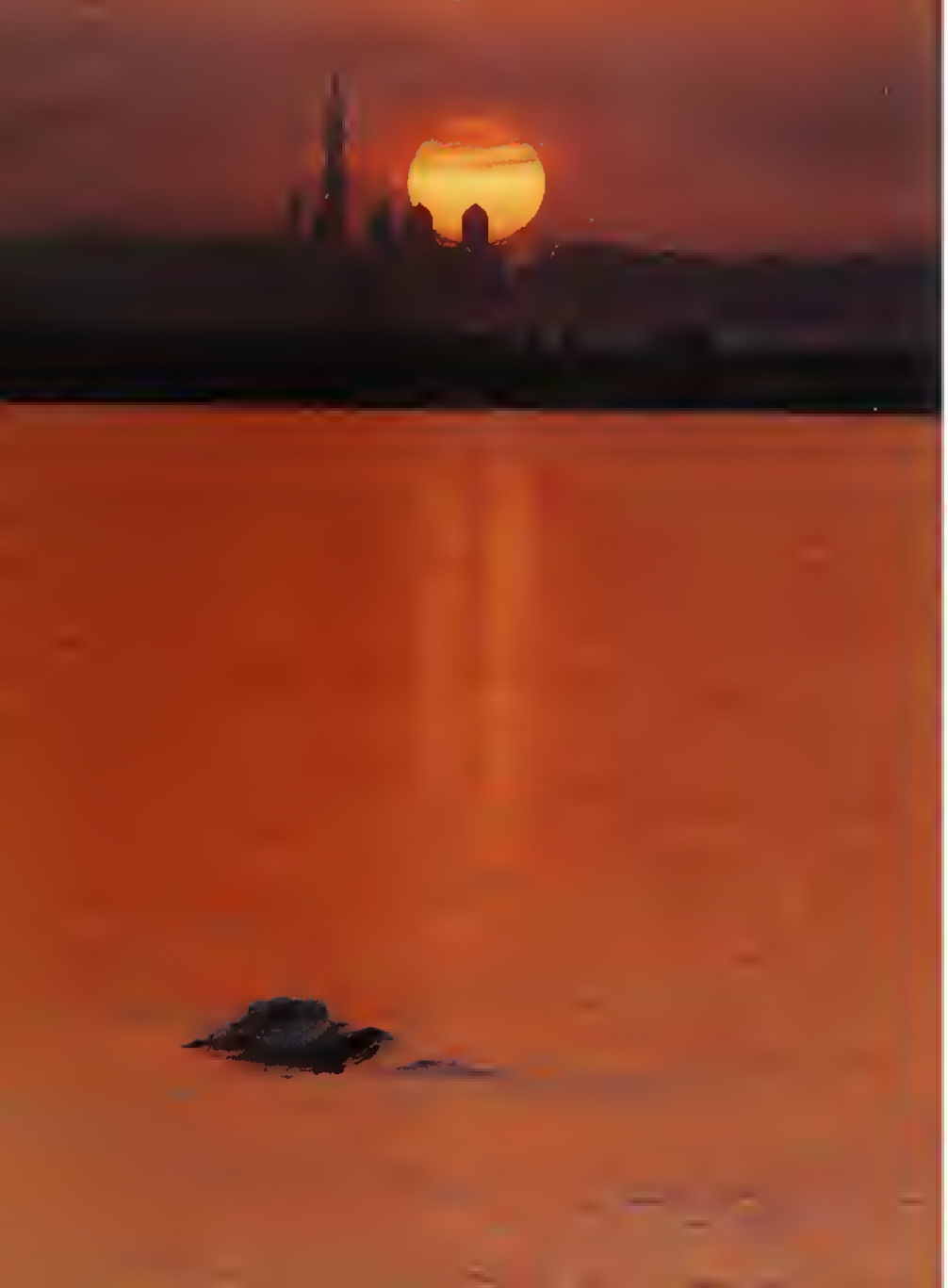
Some of them he brought with him; others he had shipped home; but all were beautiful...all were bargains—and all were admitted duty free.

All qualified as antiques except for the Italian yarn winder which he picked up in a Rome department store for eighty cents and the French cooking pot below it...which cost him $4. Regard some of his other acquisitions. He bought the antique mirror, with its gold painted glass frame, in a Mexican market. The beads are English rock crystal strung on a silver chain; its pendant overhangs a painted wood carving from a Sicilian donkey cart. Below it is an antique cufflink and button box that now serves admirably as a jewelry case.

The status, a seventeenth-century wood carving, represents a Spanish nun. The brass coffeepot is a souvenir of Paris' Marche aux Puces, the famed Flea Market. Flea Market merchandise is generally well picked over, but sometimes you'll unearth a find such as this. The three hands, antique souvenirs of a long-defunct Sicilian marionette show, are polychrome wood.

Typical of the bargains still available in English silver is the spoon suspended over the seventeenth-century Italian religious painting, displayed on a carved gesso stand of many colors.

Your choices may be as divergent as his, but in other areas. For beauty, as you don't need an artist to tell you, is in the eye of the beholder. So here's to your own discoveries, the finds of other heads.



A PASSAGE TO EGYPT

A sophisticated traveler's adventures and observations in a most curious country, a middle ground in the Pax Frigida

by GORE VIDAL

"Are you German, sir?" A small, dark youth stepped from behind a palm tree into the full light of the setting sun which turned his white shirt scarlet and his black eyes albino red. He had been watching me watch the sun set across the Nile, now blood-red and still except for sailboats tacking in the hot, slow breeze. I told him that I was American, but now used to being mistaken for a German. In this year of the midcentury, Germans are everywhere, and to the Arab eyes we all look alike. He showed only a moment's disappointment.

"I have many German friends," he said. "Two German friends. *West* German friends. Perhaps you know them?" He pulled a notebook out of his pocket and read off two names. Then, not waiting for an answer, all in a rush, he told me that he was a teacher of Arabic grammar, that he was going to Germany, *West* Germany (he emphasized the *West* significantly), to write a book. What sort of book? A book about West Germany. The theme? He responded with some irritation: "A Book About West Germany." That was what the book would be about. He was a poet. His name was Ahmed. "Welcome," he said, "welcome." His crooked face broke into a smile. "Welcome to Luxor!" He invited me to his house for mint tea.

As we turned from the bank of the Nile, a long, haunting cry sounded across

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER



the water I had heard this same exotic cry for several evenings, and I was certain that it must be of ancient origin, a hymn perhaps to Ikhnaton's falling sun I asked Ahmed what this lovely aria meant He listened a moment Then "It's this man on the other side who say will the ferryboat please pick him up?" So much for magic

Ahmed led the way through narrow streets to the primary school where he taught It was a handsome modern building, much like its counterparts in Scarsdale or Forest Hills He took me inside "You must see what the children make themselves Their beautiful arts" On the entrance-hall table their beautiful arts were exhibited: clay figures, carved wood, needlework, all surrounding a foot-long enlargement in clay of the bilharzia, a parasite which, carried by snails in the irrigation ditches, invades the human bloodstream, attacks lungs and liver and wastes away its victims, some ninety percent of the fellahin "Beautiful?" he asked "Beautiful," I said

On the wall hung the exhibit's masterpiece, a larger than life-size portrait of Nasser, printed in colors whose lividness recalled Lazarus after the fourth day in the tomb. A somewhat more talented drawing next to it showed students marching with banners in a street I asked Ahmed to translate the words on the banners "Our heads for Nassar," he said with satisfaction I asked him if Nasser was popular with the young He looked at me as though I had questioned the next day's sunrise. Of course Nasser was loved Had I ever been in Egypt before? Yes during the Winter of 1948, in the time of the bad fat King Had things improved? I told him honestly that they had indeed Cairo had changed from a nineteenth-century French provincial capital surrounded by a casbah to a glittering modern city, only partially surrounded by a casbah He asked me what I was doing in Egypt and I told him I was a tourist, not mentioning that I had an appointment to interview Nasser the following week for *Look* Magazine

Ahmed's house is a large one, four stories high, here he lives with some twenty members of his family The parlor is a square room with a high ceiling from which hangs a single unshaded light bulb Two broken beds serve as sofas Here I sat while Ahmed, somewhat nervously, ordered mint tea from a sister who never emerged from the dark hall Then I learned that his father was also a teacher, and that one of his uncles worked in Nasser's office They were a prosperous family by Luxor standards I was offered the ceremonial cigarette He was sorry his father was not there to meet me But then again, puffing his cigarette he was glad, for it is disrespectful to smoke in front of one's father Only recently the father had come unexpectedly into the parlor "I was smoking a cigarette and when he came in, oh! I bit it hard like this, and have to swallow it down! Oh, I was sick!" We chuckled at the thought

When the mint tea arrived (passed to us on a tray from the dark hall, only bare arms visible), Ahmed suggested we sit outside where it was cool Moonlight blazed through a wooden trellis covered with blossoming wisteria We sat on stiff wooden chairs He switched on a light momentarily to show me a photograph of the girl he was to marry. She was pretty and plump and could easily have been the editor of the Yearbook in any American high school He turned off the light "We modern now No more arranged marriages Love is everything Love is why we marry Love is all" He repeated this several times, with a sharp intake of breath after each statement It was very contagious, and I soon found myself doing it Then he said, "Welcome," and I said, "Thank you"

Ahmed apologized for the unseasonable heat This was the hottest spring in years, as I had discovered that day in the Valley of the Kings where the temperature had been in the hundreds and the blaze of sun on white limestone blinding "After June, Luxor is *impossible*" he said proudly "We all go who can go If I stay too long, I turn dark as a black in the sun" Interestingly enough, there is racial discrimination in Egypt "The blacks" are second-class citizens; laborers, servants, minor government functionaries. They are the lowest level of Egyptian society in every way except one; there are no Negro beggars That is an Arab monopoly Alms-givers are blessed by the Koran, if not by Nasser, who has tried to discourage the vast, well-organized hordes of beggars

"To begin with, I had naturally a very light complexion," said Ahmed, making a careful point, "like the rest of my family, but one day when I was small the nurse upset boiling milk on me and ever since that day I have been somewhat dark" I commiserated briefly Then I tried a new tack I asked him about his military service Had he been called up yet? There's a new decree on universal military service in Egypt and I thought this might be a subject to get us onto politics He said that he had not been called up because of a *very interesting story* My heart sank, but I leaned forward with an air of sympathetic interest Suddenly, I realized I was impersonating someone But who? Then when he began to talk and I to respond with small nods and intakes of breath, I realized it was E M Forster, I was the Forster of *A Passage to India* and this was Dr Aziz Now that I had the range, my fingers imperceptibly lengthened into Forster's longer claws; my eyes developed an uncharacteristic twinkle, before the end of our chat, I had grown a ragged grey mustache, while all else turned to tweed

"When the British attacked us at Suez, I and these boys from our school, we took guns and together we marched from Alexandria to Suez to help our country We march for many days and nights in the desert. We have no food, no water Then we find we are lost and we don't know where we are Several die Finally, half dead, we go back to Alexandria and we march in the street to the place where Nassar is We ask to see him, to cheer him, half dead all of us But they don't let us see him Finally, my uncle hears I am there and he and Nasser come out and, ah, Nasser congratulates us, we are heroes Then I collapse and am unconscious one month That is why I have *not* to do military service." I was impressed and said so, especially at their getting lost in the desert which contributed to my developing theory that the Arabs are disaster-prone they *would* get lost, or else arrive days late for the wrong battle

Ahmed told me another story of military service, involving friends "Each year in the army they have these these ." We searched jointly—hopelessly—for the right word until E M Forster came up with "maneuvers," which was correct My eyes twinkled in the moonlight I could feel the grey mustache working its way down my upper lip

"So these friends of mine are in this maneuvers with guns in the desert and they have orders *shoot to kill* Now one of them was Ibrahim, my friend Ibrahim goes to this outpost in the dark They make him stop and ask him for the password and he ." Sharp intake of breath "He has *forgotten* the password So they say, 'He must be the enemy.' " I asked if this took place in wartime "No, no, *maneuvers*. My friend Ibrahim say, 'Look, I forget. I *did* know but now I forget the password but you know me, anyway you know it's Ibrahim' And he's right they do know it was Ibrahim They recognize his voice but since he cannot say the password they shot him"

I let E M Forster slip to the floor "Shot him? Dead?"

"Dead," said my host with melancholy satisfaction "Oh, they were very sorry because they knew it was Ibrahim, but, you see, *he did not know the password*, and while he was dying in the tent they took him to, he said it was all right They were right to kill him"

I found this story hard to interpret. Did Ahmed approve or disapprove what was done? He was inscrutable There was silence Then he said, "Welcome" and I said, "Thank you" and we sat drinking mint tea in the moonlight I tried again to get the subject around to politics But beyond high praise



Kahlúa and friends. Kahlúa, the ingratiating coffee liqueur with a long tradition, tastes like hearty coffee — in fact, is coffee, made in Old Mexico from a secret recipe centuries old. Remarkably compatible, Kahlúa is esteemed throughout the world as an after-dinner liqueur, as a superb ingredient for mixed drinks and for making food more exciting. Kahlúa's new companion is K & C (Kahlúa, artfully combined in perfect blendship with the finest imported Cognac). And, like Kahlúa, K & C does coffee-flavored favors for drinks and desserts.

Kahlúa's new recipe book features recipes from famous restaurants, details the making of such dessert delights as Crepes Bresilienne, Coupe Kahlúa and Kahlúa Mousse, such cocktail sensations as the Black Russian, Kahlúa Sour and Mexican Grasshopper. And it's yours, as it should be with friends, for the asking.

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for everything Nasser has done, he would volunteer nothing. He did point to certain tangible results of the new regime. For one thing, Luxor was now a center of education. There were many new schools. All the children were being educated. In fact he had something interesting to show me. He turned on the lamp and opened a large scrapbook conveniently at hand. It contained photographs of boys and girls, each with his scholastic history. Money had to be raised to educate them further. It *could* be done. Each teacher was obliged to solicit funds. "Look what my West German friends have given," he said, indicating amounts and names. Thus I was had, in a good cause. I paid and walked back to the hotel.

On the way back, I thought to take a shortcut. I turned down a residential street. I had walked no more than a few feet when an old man came rushing after me. "Bad street!" he kept repeating. I agreed politely, but continued on my way. After all, the street was well lit. There were few people abroad. A shout from an upstairs window indicated me to halt. I looked up. The man in the window indicated I was to wait until he came downstairs. I did. He was suspicious. He was from the police. *Why* was I in that street? I said that I was taking a walk. This made no sense to him. He pointed toward my hotel which was in a slightly different direction. That was where I was supposed to go. I said yes, but I wanted to continue in *this* street. I liked to walk. He frowned. Since arrest was imminent, I turned back. At the hotel I asked the concierge why what appeared to be a main street should be forbidden to foreigners. "Oh 'they' might be rude," he said vaguely. "You know ——" I did not know.

In the diner on the train south to Aswan I had breakfast with a young government official from the Sudan. He was on his way home to Khartoum. He had a fine smile, black skin, on each cheek he had three deep scars, the ritual mark of his tribe—which I recognized, for I had seen his face only the day before on the wall of a temple at Luxor. Amenhotep III had captured one of his ancestors in Nubia; the features were similar; the ritual scars the same as they have been for more than five thousand years. In matters of religion Africans are profound conservatives. But otherwise he was a man of our time and world. He was dressed in the latest French fashion. He had been for two years on an economic mission to France. He spoke English, learned at the British school in Khartoum.

We breakfasted on the musty-tasting dwarfish eggs of Egypt as dust filtered slowly in through closed windows covering table, plates, eggs, us with a film of grit. A fan stirred the dusty air. Parched, I drank three Coca-Colas—the national drink—and sweated. The heat outside was 110 degrees, and rising. For a while we watched the depressing countryside, and spoke very little. At some points the irrigated land was less than a mile wide on our side of the river: a thin ribbon of dusty green ending abruptly in a blaze of desert where nothing at all grew, a world of grey sand as far as the eye could see. Villages of dried-mud houses were built at the desert's edge so as not to use up precious land. The fellahin in their ragged clothes moved slowly about their tasks, quite unaware of the extent of their slow but continual decline. In the fifth century B.C., Herodotus was able to write: "As things are at present these people get their harvest with less labor than anyone else in the world; they have no need to work with plow or hoe, or to use any other of the ordinary methods of cultivating their land; they merely wait for the river of its own accord to flood the fields." But all that has changed. Nearly thirty million people now live in a country whose agriculture cannot support half that number.

"I used to think," said the Sudanese at last, "that Egypt was a fine place, much better than the Sudan. A big country. Rich. But now I know how lucky we are. There is no one at home poor like this." He pointed to several ragged men in a field. Two lay listlessly in the sun. The others worked slowly in the field, narcotized by the heat. The diet of the fellahin is bread and stewed tea and not much of that. I asked him what he thought of Nasser's attacks on his government (there had been a disagreement a few years ago over Nile water rights and Nasser had attacked the Sudanese President with characteristic fury). "Oh, we just laugh at him," he repeated as though to convince himself. I asked him why Nasser was so continuously on the offensive not only against the West but against the rest of the Arab world. He shrugged. "To impress his own people, I suppose. We don't like it, of course. But perhaps it makes him feel big. Makes them——" He pointed to a group of villagers drawing water from a canal. "Makes them forget."

Aswan is the busiest and most optimistic of Egypt's cities. On its outskirts a brand-new chemical factory employs several thousand people. There is a sense of urgency in the city's life, for it is here that all of Egypt's hopes are concentrated: the High Dam is being built. When the dam—the world's largest—is completed in 1970, not only will vast tracts of desert be made arable, but electrical power will be supplied cheaply for the whole country which, as things are now going, will experience an acute power shortage in 1964. It should be recalled that the United States had originally agreed to finance a part of the Dam, but in 1956 John Foster Dulles withdrew our support and the Soviet obligingly filled the vacuum. Not only are the Russians now financing the Dam, but their engineers are building it.

The government had arranged that I be shown around by one of the Egyptian engineers, a cautious, amiable man who spoke not only English but Russian. "I like the Russians very much" he announced firmly as we got into his car. He would show me everything, he said. Nothing to hide.

It was sundown as we approached the barren hills where a huge channel is being cut contiguous to the Nile. Ten thousand men work three eight-hour shifts. Most of the heavy work is done in the cool of the night. Off to the left of the road I noticed a fenced in compound containing a number of small, modern apartment houses. 'The Russians," said my guide. It was a pleasant scene: women chatted in front of the buildings; through uncurtained windows one could see dinners being prepared. The buildings were a good deal handsomer than most of Moscow's newest apartment houses. A large sign forbade the taking of photographs.

"How many Russians are there in Aswan?" I asked. He looked at me bewildered. "What you say?" He took refuge in pidgin English. I repeated the question very slowly and distinctly. He looked puzzled. He lost all his English until I made it impossible for him not to understand me.

"You mean how many Russians altogether? Or how many Russian *engineers*?' he countered playing for time. "After all, there are wives and children and sometimes visitors and ——" I told him carefully and slowly that I would like to know, first, how many Russians altogether, then I would like to know how many of those were engineers. He nodded thoughtfully. Of course he had thought that what I wanted to know was the actual number of technicians and in what categories. After all, there were civil engineers, electrical engineers, and so on, but none of *that* was secret. "We have no secrets! Everything open! Anything you want to know we tell you!" He beamed expansively and parked the car in front of a small circular building. Not until I got out did I realize he had not answered the question.

We now stood on a low hill with a long view of the digging. It was a startling sight. Beneath us was the vast channel already cut from the rock. The sun was gone by now and the channel—more like a crater—was lit by hundreds of electric lights strung on poles. A perpetual haze of dust obscured the view. Russian diesel trucks roared up and down the sides of the crater, adding to the strident chatter of drills in stone. Behind us a whole town of new buildings had been some: what casually assembled machine shops, technical schools, a hospital. In the desert beyond these buildings, a thousand low black tents were pitched, each with its own campfire. Here the workers lived, in stern, nomadic contrast to the modern world they were making.

We entered the circular building which contained a large detailed model of the completed dam. On the walls, diagrams, maps, photographs demonstrated the work's progress, and dramatized the fertile Egypt-to-be. I met more Egyptian engineers.

We studied the models and I tried unsuccessfully to sound knowledgeable about turbines. I asked how the workers were recruited. Were they local? How quickly could people who had never used machinery be trained? I was

RICHARD WIDMARK

by RICHARD WIDMARK



A SELF-PORTRAIT

Line of work: Acting, with an occasional foray into cattle ranching. In the latter, I have not yet succeeded in plowing a straight furrow.

But what would you really rather do? The second time around I'd choose to be a writer. After years of working in an interpretative craft, I feel that there would be more satisfaction in being the original creator.

Mainspring: We were always one jump ahead of the sheriff when I was growing up. We moved a lot, always late at night. I've striven since to keep a comfortable distance between myself and the sheriffs and to move as little as possible by day.

Most paradoxical quality: I once hired a press agent and told him not to do anything.

Clunks in the armor. I'm fond of children and dogs.

Boiling point: Inefficiency, goldbricking and/or goofing off. The man who is in on a pass doesn't know his job, fouls up generally. He can tell you actors are difficult to work with—a bad tempered lot.

Personal panacea: Isolation. I relax best when I'm far away from everybody and everything. My favorite spot is a long wide stretch of deserted beach.

Persisting superstitions: I've never been superstitious, unless you consider a superstition the certainty that every plane I fly in is doomed. To me it's simple terror.

The terrible temptation: To play comedy. Comics make it look so easy.

Unfounded fears: That my career is ended. When I've finished a picture and I'm looking around for another one to do, I feel that way. I'm not sure that's unfounded.

Secret satisfaction: A few scenes, a moment here and there where I've achieved something I was trying for. These are necessarily secret. They usually go unnoticed by others, but they've given me a personal satisfaction—what we're all seeking.



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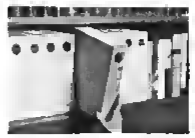
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told that the fellahin were surprisingly adaptable. They were trained in schools on the spot. Workers on the dam are the best in Egypt. Most are recruited locally. "But the main thing" said my guide "is that they know how important all this is. And they do."

I had been told that the dam was some forty weeks behind in its current schedule. But not being an expert in these matters I could not tell from looking at what I was shown if things were going well or badly, behind or on schedule. The most I could gather was that the engineers were genuinely enthusiastic about their work. Morale is high. And I am ready to testify that they have dug a fine big one.

We drove to the center of the channel, a good mile from the exhibition hall and at least a hundred yards below the surface of the desert. The air in the crater is almost unbreathable: part dust, part exhaust. A constant haze dims the lights on their poles. The noise is continual and deafening. Hundreds of drills in long, chattering rows break the sandstone floor of the crater, while Russian steam shovels tear at the cliff. I noticed that all the Russian machines looked oddly unfinished. No two steam shovels were alike, they looked improvised.

We made our way to the entrance of a tunnel cut into a sandstone hill. This was a shortcut to the place where the first turbines were to be set up. At the entrance of the tunnel we were stopped by the only Russian I was to see: a grey, middle-aged man with a tired face. After a long discussion he gave permission for me to enter the tunnel. "With every Egyptian engineer," said my guide "there is also a Russian engineer." It was obvious who was in charge.

The tunnel was brightly lit, the noise of drilling was stunningly amplified by stone walls. I was surprised to see occasional puddles of water on the tunnel floor. I daydreamed. The diggers had struck underground springs. That meant there was water in the desert, deep down, and if there was water deep down all of Egypt's problems were solved. Obviously no one else had figured out the true meaning of the puddles. I turned to my guide. We shouted at one another and I learned that the puddles were caused not by springs, but by seepage from the nearby Nile. The nightmare of the dam builders is that the Nile's water might begin to seep at too great a rate through the sandy walls of the crater, wrecking not only the project but possibly diverting the river's course as well.

Finally, lungs protesting, I said that I had seen enough and this time two engineers drove me back to the hotel where we drank a ceremonial beer together and I complimented them not only on their enthusiasm but on their courage. At the earliest, the dam will be completed in 1970, which means that these men are dedicating their professional lives to a single project. "But we do this as Nasser says for the good of our people," said my original guide solemnly. "No," said the other engineer with equal solemnity, "for the good of all humanity." Taking advantage of this suddenly warm mood, I asked again how many Russians were working on the dam. I got two blank looks this time. "What you say?" We repeated our vaudeville routine and I was no wiser when they left.

The next day in Aswan I was able to obtain an unofficial view of what is really going on. There is a good deal of friction between Egyptians and Russians. Much of it is due to the language barrier. The Russians speak only Russian,

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the Egyptians speak English or French sometimes both but few have learned Russian The professional interpreters are hopeless because, though they can cope with ordinary conversation they do not know the technical terms of either language We use sign language mostly," said one technician glumly "Everything is too slow."

Another problem is machinery. It is well known that the Soviet has always held a somewhat mystical attitude toward that *sine qua non* of the machine age the interchangeable part. It seems to go against the Slavic grain to standardize to that degree Therefore, when a machine breaks down (usually in six months time) it must be replaced entirely Efforts to "cannibalize," as mechanics put it are futile a part from one drill will not fit another drill Consequently Swedish drills are now being imported at considerable cost

Humorously, the Russians are praised for their ability to survive without complaint the terrible heat. "But" said one Egyptian "heat is bad for their babies They turn all red and get sick so they have to send them home." The Russians keep almost entirely to themselves One of the liveliest engineers was the most critical "They don't go out they don't dance they don't do nothing Just eat and drink!" He shook his head disapprovingly for the Egyptian with any money is a happy fellow who wants to have a good time in whatever is the going way Alcohol has lately caught on despite the Prophet's injunction while the smoking of hashish and keef has gone into decline, the result of new and more stringent laws against their sale and use Also the emancipation of women is progressing nicely and women are to be seen in public places Dancing is popular In fact the twist was the rage of Cairo's nightclubs until Nasser banned it

Sooner or later every Egyptian connected with the High Dam denounces John Foster Dulles He is the principal demon in the Egyptian hell largely because the engineers still wish the Americans would come in on the dam—speaking only as technicians they add quickly Reminding one that they are Western-trained and used to Western machinery and procedures Also they find Western life sympathetic But what's done is done and we would look sadly at one another such is Allah's will The Soviet is committed to the dam to the end I suspect they wish they were out of it spending four hundred million dollars to build the largest dam in the world in the midst of a desert is a venture more apt than not to leave all participants exhausted and disenchanted with one another I couldn't help thinking there but for the grace of John Foster Dulles go we.

At my hotel in Cairo I found a message from the President's office. My appointment was canceled but His Excellency would see me in the next few days I telephoned the Appointments Secretary When? They would let me know I was to stand by Meanwhile there were many people in and out of the Cabinet I could see Name anyone I picked Mohammed Hassanein Heikal He is editor of Cairo's chief newspaper, *Al Ahram* He is supposed to have written *The Philosophy of the Revolution*, Nasser's *Mein Kampf* (a rather touching work reminiscent more of Pirandello than of Hitler) Heikal is the President's alter ego An appointment was made for late that afternoon

I had a drink in a nearby hotel bar with an English journalist who had been some years in Egypt He is

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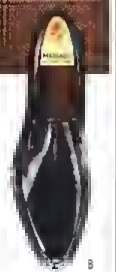
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a short red-faced man; he speaks Arabic; he demonstrates the usual love-hate for Nasser which one soon gets used to. "He's a dictator, but then they all are. They have to be. He's personally honest, which few of them are. But the main thing is he's the first man ever to try to do anything for the people here. *The first.* Ever! And it's not just demagoguery. He means it. But the problems! He's inherited the old bureaucracy, the most corrupt in the world! On top of that there aren't enough trained people to run the country much less all the new businesses he confiscated last year. The foreigners who used to manage things are gone. Alexandria's a ghost town. Even so, in spite of everything, he's made these people proud to be Egyptians." I said that I thought nationalistic pride, *à la* de Gaulle's *la gloire* sort, too luxurious an emotion in a dangerous world palpably shrieking.

"That's not the point. This isn't manifest-destiny stuff. It's that these people really believed they were inferior to everybody else. They thought they really were scum—wogs. For centuries. Well, Nasser's changed all that. He's shown them they're like anybody else. We said Egyptians could never run the Suez Canal. Remember? Well they run it a lot better than we ever did." I asked him about Arab imperialism. Nasser has proposed himself as leader of the Arab world, a new Saladin, through his radio and through the thousands of Cairo-trained school teachers sent out to the various Arab countries. Nasser has tried to incite the people to overthrow their "reactionary" governments and to unite with him in some vague but potent hegemony.

The Englishman laughed. "The joke of course is the Egyptians aren't Arab at all. The Arabs conquered Egypt and stayed. But so have a lot of other races. Nasser himself is only part Arab. The Copts have no Arab blood, while everyone else is a mixture. The Egyptians used to be contemptuous of the Arabs. In fact their word for Arab means a nomad, a wild man, a—"

"Hick?" I supplied, and he nodded. "Now everyone's trying to claim pure Arab descent."

We spoke of the more ruthless side of Nasser's reign. Egypt is a police state. Arrests are often indiscriminate. Currently a journalist is in jail for having provided an American newspaper with the information—accurate—that Nasser is diabetic. There is nothing resembling representative government. The middle class is in a state of panic.

I asked him about Nasser personally. What sort of a man was he? I get the familiar estimate: great personal charm, most reasonable in conversation, entirely lacking in personal vanity and ostentation. He still lives in the house he had as a colonel in the suburbs of Heliopolis. He tends to be nervous with foreigners, especially with the British and the French. They put him on the defensive. He is a devoted family man, a Puritan who was profoundly shocked when Indonesia's jolly President Sukarno, after their first Cairo meeting, asked, "Now, where are the girls?" He worries about gaining weight. He admires Tito because he "showed me how to get help from both sides, without joining either." Nasser in his passion for Egypt has also declared, "I will treat with the devil himself if I have to for my country." But he is wary of foreign commitments. He has said, "An alliance between a big and a small power is an alliance between the wolf and the sheep." His relations with the Soviets are correct but not warm. He has imprisoned every Egyptian Communist he can find. He took advantage of a Soviet offer to give technical training to Egyptian students, but when he discovered that their first six months in Moscow were devoted to learning Marxist theory, he withdrew the students and routed them to the West. He is thought to be genuinely religious. He is obsessed as well he might be by the thought of sudden death.

"He's at the Barrage right now. I think his place down river. You may as well know you're going to have a hard time seeing him." He looked about to make sure that the ubiquitous barman—a government informer—was out of earshot. Then he whispered, "Nasser was shot at yesterday." I contained my surprise and the Englishman played his scene with admirable off-handedness. "Complete censorship, of course. It won't hit any papers. He wasn't hurt, but his bodyguard was killed. So he's holed up at the Barrage for the rest of this week." Who shot at him? The Englishman shrugged. Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Syria, Iraq, Israel—any number of governments would like Nasser dead.

I sat in the anteroom of the editor of *Al Ahram*. His secretary went on with her work. I glanced at her desk (I can read upside down if the type is sufficiently large) and noted a copy of the American magazine *Daedalus*. She gave it to me. It featured an article on birth control. Heikal himself had made many marginal notes. "A problem, isn't it?" I said. She nodded. "A problem."

I was shown into the editor's office. Heikal is a short, lean man, handsome in the way that certain actors of the Thirties who played suave villains with pencil mustaches were handsome. He smokes cigars. He gives an impression of great energy. He shook my hand, then he darted back to his desk where he was correcting proofs of an editorial



Would I mind? He always liked to go over them at the last minute. He made marginal notes. He puffed cigar smoke. He is an actor. I decided giving a performance. Malraux without genius. He has the half-challenging, half-placating manner of those man who are close to a prince.

I waited patiently for quite a few minutes. Finally, he slapped his pencil down with a flourish. He was mine. I asked him how many printer's errors he had found. "Eight," he said precisely, "but mostly I like to change at the last minute." I mentioned *Daedalus* and birth control. "A problem," he said. They were doing their best of course but it would take twenty years to educate the people. It was a formidable task.

I then made the error of referring to *The Philosophy of the Revolution* as his book. "My book? *My* book! It is Nasser's book." I said that I had thought it was at least a joint effort. "You've been reading Robert St. John's *The Boss*," which indeed I had. It is one of the better books about Nassar. "Well that is not the only mistake in that book," he said drily. I remarked that it was neither shameful nor unusual for politicians to be helped in their literary work. Even President Kennedy had once been accused—falsely, as it turned out—of having used a ghost to write a book. "Yes," said Heikal knowledgeably, "but Sorensen works for Kennedy. I don't work for Nasser. He is my friend. My leader. But I don't work for him." He discussed American politics for a moment. He was the only Egyptian politician or editor I met who knew much about American affairs. I mentioned the recent letter Kennedy had written to Nasser, a personal letter whose contents were more or less known to everyone. Its tone had been friendly and hopeful of a solution to the Arab-Israel problem. Nasser had been sufficiently moved to answer Kennedy personally, not going through the usual Foreign Office machinery. This exchange had been much discussed in Cairo. It was believed that a new era had begun, that the two young Presidents would understand one another. But the crux to the renewed dialogue was unchanged. What about Israel? Was there a solution to the Arab-Israel conflict?

"None," said Heikal firmly, ending all debate. "How can there be?" Before I could stop him, he was off in full tirade. I was reminded of 1948, of the 700,000 Arabs driven from their Palestinian homes, of the predatorliness of Israeli foreign policy, and how it is written on the wall of the Knesset that there would one day be a Jewish empire from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. He spoke of Jewish ingratitude. "The Arabs are the only people never to persecute Jews," he said with some accuracy. "English, French, Germans, Spanish, at one time or another every country in Europe persecuted them, but never we. During the last war, we were friends to them. Then they do this! They dispossess Arabs from their homes. They move into a land which isn't theirs. The Jews," he said, with a note of triumph, "are not a race, they're a religion." There is nothing quite like hearing a familiar phrase in a new context. I relished it. "They are Europeans," he said grimly, coming to the point, "setling themselves up in *our* world. No, there is no solution!" But then he became reasonable. "The real fault, of course is our weakness, and their strength. Our policy now is to build up Egypt. Perhaps when we are stronger economically there will be less to fear from the Israelis." This seems to be current Egyp-



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tian policy, and I thought it reasonable, even encouraging.

We discussed Nasser's "Arab socialism." Heikal was emphatic: it was not doctrinaire socialism. It was improvisational. Point-to-point-navigation, as it were. I said that despite some of the methods used to expropriate businesses, there was no doubt that some kind of socialism was inevitable for Egypt and that Nasser had merely done the inevitable. But Heikal would not accept this small compliment. "Methods? Methods? You make us sound like Stalin with your 'methods.'" I said I had not meant to compare them to Stalin. He cut me off. "What we do is legal. Open. It is for the people. How can you accuse us of 'methods'—" This time I cut *him* off. With some irritation I told him that I had no intention of repeating to him the various horror stories told me by those who had been ruined by his government, then businesses seized, their livelihoods ended. Even allowing for the natural exaggeration of victims, such methods were not apt to please those who were ruined by them. Nor was it just the large corporations which had been nationalized. Innumerable small businesses had also been taken over. An owner would come to work one morning to find an army officer sitting at his desk, directing what had been his business the day before.

Heikal was scornful. "So we take their money. So they are not happy. So what? At least they are still alive! That's something!" He felt this showed great restraint on the part of the government and perhaps he was right. I was reminded of Joseph Stalin's answer to Lady Astor when she asked him, "When are you going to stop killing people?" "The undesirable classes," said the tyrant, turning upon her his coldest eye, "never liquidate themselves."

Wanting to needle Heikal—an irresistible impulse—I said I didn't think that the endlessly vituperative style of Egypt's newspapers was very apt to win them any friends. Israel is the principal victim of these attacks, but any government which does not momentarily please Nasser will get the full treatment from the Arab press and radio.

Heikal took my question personally, as well he might. His voice slipped automatically into the singsong of rhetoric and denunciation. "We write this way because we feel this way. How can we help it? How can we be asked not to say what we feel when we feel so strongly? Take the British. *I hate the British.* I can't help it. I saw them. I know them. Their contempt for us. Their treachery. And over Suez they were not [illegible] kind." This was an unexpected word. "You came into Suez with force [illegible]." "They," I murmured. "You tried to destroy us [illegible]." "They," I said somewhat more loudly. "All right," he said irritably, the tide of his rhetoric briefly stemmed. "*They* wanted to destroy us. So how can we feel anything but hate for them? Look what they did to the Arab world after 1918. They brought back the kings, shaikhs, to keep us medieval. As if we were to occupy England and restore the Lords, break the country up into Saxon kingdoms. So how can we express ourselves in any way except the way we do?" Like most rhetorical questions, no answer was desired. Actually the fulminating style is inherent in the language (*vide* the Old Testament). Arabic is curiously suited to the emotional tirade, even when the speaker is not himself an emotional man. By nature Nasser is an unemotional speaker. As a rule he will bore his audi-



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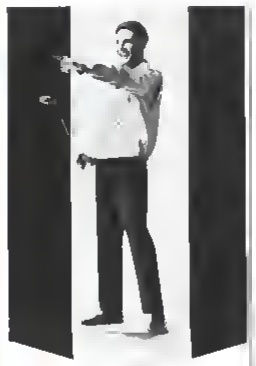


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ences for an hour or two droning on sensibly about the state of the nation. Then when he is in danger of losing them entirely he allows the language to do its natural work, he proposes that all Egypt's enemies "choke in their rage" as well as other gaudy sentiments calculated to keep his torpid audience awake. To give Nasser his due he is verbally the most continent of Arab leaders.

Heikal reverted to Israel. Did I realize that thirty-eight percent of their budget went for the military as opposed to thirteen percent of Egypt's budget? Having spent several days poring over the Egyptian budget, I was surprised that anyone could have come up with any figure for any department. The only ascertainable fact is that Egypt is flat broke. But I accepted his figures. I did remark that it must be distressing for Israel—for any country—to be reminded daily that its neighbors, once they awaken from their "deep slumber," will drive them into the sea. After all, no one wants to be drowned. Heikal shook his head sadly: didn't I realize that this military expenditure was for offense, not defense? I asked him point blank: "Do you think Israel is planning an offensive war against Egypt?" He shrugged. I then mentioned his own guess a continual reminder of Israel's financial dependence on the United States. Then being true, did he really think that the United States would permit Ismol to embark on a military adventure? We had effectively stopped Israel, France and England at the time of Suez. Did he honestly believe that we would now allow Israel, by itself, to launch an attack on Egypt? He edged away. No he did not think the United States would allow a unilateral action. "But," he added quickly, "you can't blame us for being on guard." Then again he reverted to what is the government's present line: we must strengthen Egypt, concentrate on home problems, create "Arab socialism," become a model for the rest of the Arab world.

As I left, I told him that if I saw Nasser at the end of the week I was perfectly willing to present Egypt's case against Israel just as Egypt would like it presented. Partly out of a sense of mischief (we hear too much of the other side) and partly out of a sense of justice, I thought that the Arab case *should* be given attention in the American press. As of now it has been disregarded. In fact, a few years ago the Egyptians, despairing of ever seeing their cause presented impartially in the usual news columns, tried to buy an advertisement in The New York *Times*. They were turned down. As a result the Egyptians are somewhat cynical about our "free press." They are also quite aware that when Israel was being founded in 1948 and the Arabs protested to Harry Truman, he told them with characteristic bluntness: "I do not have hundreds of thousands of Arabs among my constituents." Heikal laughed when I told him that the Arab point of view might one day be given in the American national press. "Your press would never let you," he said with finality as one journalist to another. "Don't even try."

Another week passed. More appointments were made with Nasser. Each was broken at the last minute. I was advised to be patient. He would see me soon. But then the Syrian comedy began, disrupting Nasser's schedule. The President of Syria was removed by the army colonels in Damascus. A few days later the young captains in Aleppo tried to overthrow the older officers in Damascus who had overthrown the President. The young men in Aleppo declared that they were for Nasser; they wanted union again with Egypt. Was Nasser behind this plot? Some think yes. Some think no. I suspect no. As one of his closest advisers said with what seemed candor: "We don't even know these boys in Aleppo. They're much younger than our group." It is protocol in the Middle East that only colonels may start revolutions. Generals are too old; captains are too young. In any case the colonels in Damascus triumphed over the captains in Aleppo and then in a marvelous gesture of frustration the colonels restored the President they had overthrown in the first place. There was no one else apparently available for the job. But by the time this comedy had run its course I had fled Egypt though just as I was getting on the plane to Beirut there was yet another telephone message from



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the President's office. "His Excellency will definitely see you tomorrow." But I was ready to go, shamefully demonstrating the difference between the amateur and the professional journalist. The professional would have remained as Hans von Kaltenborn once remained six weeks to obtain an interview with Nasser. The amateur moves on.

"The Arabs are their own worst enemies!" said a foreign diplomat in Beirut. "They can't present anything to anyone without undermining themselves. They are self-destructive. In fact many of them actually believe that since this world is a mess why bother to alter it when what really matters is the Paradise to come." I was reminded of the Koran where it is written that "The life of the world is only play and idle talk, and pageantry."

The Arabs' religion contributes greatly to the difficulties they are experiencing in the modern world. Americans tend to believe, in a vague sonpy way, that all religion is A Good Thing. Richard Nixon was much applauded when he said that a man's religion should never be a matter of concern in politics, *unless of course he had an religion.* Nixon shook his head gravely on that one. Yet some religions are more useful than others, and some religions are downright dangerous to the human spirit and to the building of a good society. To understand the Arab world one must understand the Koran, a work Goethe described as "A holy book which however often you approach it, always disgusts us anew, but then attracts and astonishes and finally compels us to respect it." It is a remarkable work which I shall not go into here except to note that its Five Pillars are 1. the creed, 2. the prayer, 3. the fast, 4. the pilgrimage to Mecca, 5. almsgiving. It is not a religion for this world. One example: the holiness which accrues to almsgiving has resulted in a demoralizing tradition of beggars. Also in requesting aid of other countries the Arab nations are profoundly self-righteous and demanding, on the high moral ground that they are doing the giver a favor by taking his money and making him more holy. The result has been that until very recently American aid to Egypt was almost never acknowledged in the press, or in any other way noted except to complain that the giver if he weren't so selfish ought to come through with more cash, making himself that much worthier in Allah's eyes. In any event for the *quid* no *quo* is Arab policy—as both the Soviet and ourselves have discovered.

I found myself continually asking diplomats, journalists and old Arab hands: Why should we give *any* aid to Egypt? What do we gain by it? What should we get from it? Answers to this blunt Goldwaterly question were never very precise. Naturally, there was "the Soviet threat." If we don't help Egypt, the Russians will, and the Middle East will come into "the Soviet sphere." For a number of reasons this is not likely to happen. Soviet policy in the Arab world has been even more unsuccessful than our own. In 1976 after finding the local Communists while accepting Soviet aid for the High Dam, Nasser said quite explicitly: The Communists have lost faith in religion which, in their opinion, is a myth. Our final conclusion is that we have a pattern of life which we shall never repudiate in exchange for the Communist doctrine. The Moslem world and the Marxist world are an eternally apart. Also of some importance is the Egyptian's shame in response to the Russians: they find them austere, dogmatic and rather chilling. Paradise here and now on earth, as the result of hard work and self-sacrifice, is not a congenial doctrine to the Arab.

One is also reminded that whether Nasser chooses to be incorporated in the Soviet bloc is not in a time of chaos the Soviet *might* move in and take the country by force. This drastic shift in the world balance of power is not easy to visualize. The Soviet already overextended financially is not apt to take on (any more than we are) the burden of governing a starving Egypt. Yet if they did, it is unlikely that they would then shut down the Suez Canal (England sold slightly more oil since, after cutting the canal is the main source of Egypt's revenue). I would suggest that the strategic value of Egypt to the West is very small and it merely taunts Nasser's head and feeds his sense of unreality for us to pretend that Egypt is of great consequence. Yet it is of some consequence, especially now.

The principal source of irritation between Nasser and the United States is Israel, a nation in which we have a large economic and emotional interest. But I got the impression from members of the Egyptian government that the continual tirades against Israel are largely for home consumption. Nations traditionally must have The Enemy to prod them into action. President Kennedy finds it difficult to get any large appropriation bill through our Congress unless he can first prove that it will contribute to the holy war against communism. Once he has established that he is indeed striking a blow at The Enemy, he can get any money he needs whether it is to explore the moon or to give assistance to the public schools. In the same way Nasser needs the idea of Israel to goad his own people into the twentieth century.

Nasser once said to Miles Copeland: "If you want the cooperation of an Middle Eastern leader you must first understand his limitations—those limitations placed on him by the emotions and suspicions of the people he leads—and be reconciled to the fact that you can never ask him to go beyond those limitations. If you feel you must have him go beyond them, you must be prepared to help him lessen the limitations." A most rational statement of any politician's dilemma, and one which Dulles in his blithely righteous way ignored causing Nassar to observe with some bitterness in 1956: Dulles asked me to commit suicide." National leaders are always followers of public opinion. No matter how well-intentioned they might be privately they are limited by those they govern. Paradoxically this is truest of dictators.

Our present policy toward Nasser is sympathetic. It is hard to say to what extent he can or will respond, but it is evident he is trying. His value to us is much greater now that he has temporarily given up hope of leading the Arab world of becoming the new Saladin. He must make Egypt work first. He is perfectly—sadly—aware that Algeria and Morocco, two Arab nations potentially richer and politically more sophisticated than Egypt may well provide new leadership for the Moslem world. His only remaining hope is to make "Arab socialism" a success. If it is, then the kings and the sheiks will eventually fall of their own corruption and incompetence, and Nasser's way will be the Arab's way.

What is an idle? Since 1952 our assistance to Egypt has totaled $705,000,000. Over half this amount was given or loaned in the last three years. So far the Egyptian government has been most scrupulous in its interest payments, etc. However, since July, 1961 when Nasser seized most of the nation's industries and businesses he has opposed all private investment. The only assistance he will accept (the weak must be firm!) is government to government with no political strings. Again why should we help him?

"Because," said an American economist, "any aid lies him to us, whether he likes it or not, whether he acknowledges it or not. If we help him build the new power plant in Cairo (with Westinghouse assistance) he will have to come to us in the future for parts, technicians. That's good business for us. That keeps our own economy expanding. This, of course, is the standard rationale for America's foreign aid program and up to a point it is valid. Today's empires are held not with the sword but the dollar. It is the nature of the national organism to expand and proliferate. We truly believe that we never wanted a world empire simply because we don't suffer (in this century, at least) from a desire to see Old Glory waving over the parliaments of enslaved nations. But we do want to make a buck. We do want to maintain our standard of living. For good or ill, we have no other true national purpose. There is no passion in America for military glory, at least outside of Texas and Arizona. Our materialistic ethos is made quite plain in the phrase "the American way of life." I submit that our lack of commitment to any great mystique of national destiny is the healthiest thing about us and the reason for our current success. We are plain materialists, not bent on selling fire to the earth as a matter of holy principle, unlike the True Believers with their fierce Either-Ors—their Red or Dead absolute when the truth is the world need be neither—just comfortably junk and lively. Even add to such a disagreeable and unreliable nation as Nasser's Egypt increases our sphere of influence, expands our markets, maintains our worldly empire. And we are an empire. Americans who would not have it so had best recall Pericles' admonition to those Athenians who wished to shirk imperial responsibilities. We may have been wrong to acquire an empire, Pericles said, but now that we possess one, it is not safe for us to let it go. Now is it safe for the United States to opt out now. Luckily, our passion for trade and money-making and our relatively unromantic view of ourselves has made us surprisingly attractive to the rest of the world, especially to those countries whose rulers suffer from *folie de grandeur.*

Historians often look to the Roman Empire to find analogies with the United States. They flatter us. We live not under the Pax Americana, but the Pax Frigida. I should not look to Rome for comparison but rather to the Most Serene Venetian Republic, a pedestrian state devoted to wealth, comfort, trade and keeping the peace, especially after inheriting the wreck of the Byzantine Empire, as we have inherited the wreck of the British Empire. Venice was not inspiring, but it worked. Ultimately our danger comes not from the idea of communism which (as an Archbishop of Canterbury remarked) is a "Christian heresy" whose unrevolutionary aims for the good life on earth vary little from our own (rather it will come from the increasing wealth and skill of other Serene Republics who, taking advantage of our increasing moral and intellectual flabbiness will try to seize our markets in the world. If we are to end, it will not be with a Bomb but a Buck. Fortunately, under that sanctimoniousness so characteristic of the American selling something our governors know that we are fighting not for "the free world" but to hold onto an economic empire not safe or pleasant to let go. The Arab world [illegible] or as salesmen would say, "territory" — is almost ours and we must persevere in landing that account. It will be a big one some day. #



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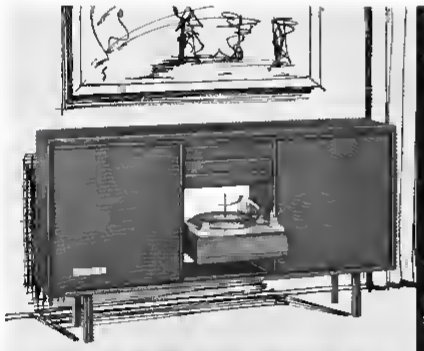




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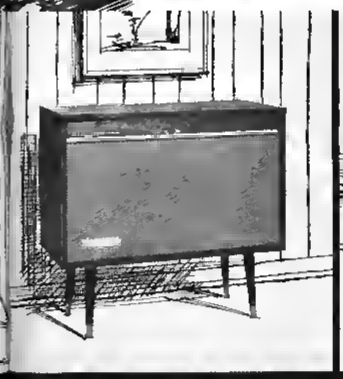
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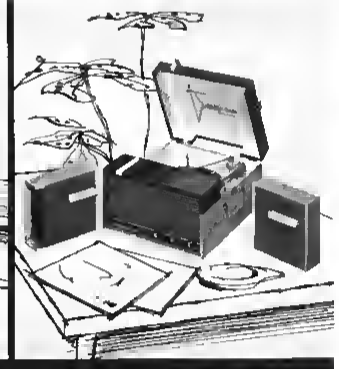
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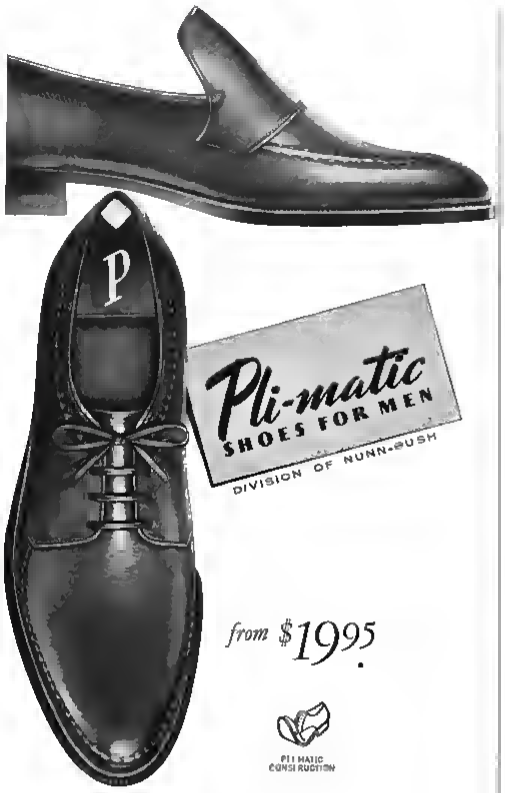
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a trench two or three feet deep and ten or twelve long. He dragged a bare forearm across his forehead under a muskrat cap a sullen-faced boy with eyes like dirty ice. She supposed he had been living all alone since his father had disappeared late in the winter. Somehow he made her want to turn her lips inside out. A wild man worse than an Indian. She had not liked his father and she did not like him.

The hounds below her were sniffing at the wheels and testing the air up in her direction wagging slow tails.

'What've you got, wolves?" Ray asked.

"Coyotes.'

"Old ones down there?"

"One anyway. Chased her in."

"Find any escape holes?"

"One. Plugged it.'

"You get 'em the hard way." Ray said. "How've you been doing on wolves?'

The boy said a hard four letter word, slanted his eyes sideward at Molly in something less than apology—acknowledgment, maybe. "The dogs ain't worth a damn without Pums to kill for 'em. Since he got killed they just catch up with a wolf and run alongside him. I dug out a couple dens.'

With his thumb and finger he worked at a pimple under his jaw. The soft wind blew over them the taint of carrion only a suggestion, perhaps imaginary. The early sky had begun to break up in patches of blue. Molly felt the solid bump of Ray's shoulder as he twisted to cast a weather eye upward. "Going to be a real spring day,' he said. To young Schulz he said, 'How far in that burrow you got to go, I suppose?"

'Wouldn't ordinarily go more'n twenty feet or so—"

"Need any help diggin'?"

The Schulz boy spat.

'Ray . . . ' Molly said. But she stopped when she saw his face.

"Been a long time since I helped dig out a coyote,' he said. He watched her as if waiting for a reaction. 'Been a long time since I did anything for *fun*."

"Oh, go ahead!" she said. "Long as we don't miss that train.'

"I guess we can make Maple Creek by noon tomorrow. And you ain't in such a hurry you have to be there sooner are you?"

She had never heard so much edge in his voice. He looked at her as if he hated her. She turned so as to keep the Schulz boy from seeing her face, and for just a second she and Ray were all alone up there eye to eye. She had a hand on his knee. "I don't know what it is," she said. 'Honestly I don't. But you better work it off."

Young Schulz went back to his digging while Ray unhitched and looped the tugs and tied the horses to the wheels. Then Ray took the shovel and began to fill the air with clods. He moved more dirt than the Fresno scrapers she had seen grading the railroad back home, he worked as if exercising his muscles after a long layoff, as if spring had fired him up and set him to running. The soil was sandy and came out in clean brown shovelfuls. The hounds lay back out of range and watched. Ray did not look toward Molly or say anything to Schulz. He just moved dirt as if dirt was his worst enemy. After a few minutes Molly pulled the buffalo robe out of the buckboard and spread it on the drying prairie. By that time it was getting close to noon. The sun was full out, warm on her face and hands.

The coyote hole ran along about three feet underground. From where she sat she could look right up the trench and see the black opening at the bottom when the shovel broke into it. She could imagine the coyotes crammed back at the end of their burrow, hearing the noises and seeing the growing light as their death dug toward them and no way out, nothing to do but wait.

Young Schulz took the shovel and Ray stood out of the trench blowing. The violent work seemed to have made him more cheerful. He said to Schulz when the boy stooped and reached a gloved hand up the hole, ' She comes out of there in a hurry she'll run right up your sleeve."

Schulz grunted and resumed his digging. The untroubled sun went over, hanging almost overhead, and an untroubled wind stirred the old grass. Where the terrace of the floodplain rolled up to the prairie the first gopher of the season sat up and looked them over. A dog moved, and he disappeared with a flirt of his tail. Ray was rolling up his sleeves, whistling loosely between his teeth. His forearms were white, his hands blackened and creased as the charred end of sticks. His eyes touched her—speculatively, she thought. She smiled, making a forgiving, kissing motion of her mouth, but all he did in reply was work his eyebrows and she could not tell what he was thinking.

Young Schulz was poking up the hole with the shovel handle. Crouching in the trench in his muskrat cap he looked like some digging animal, she half expected him to put his nose into the hole and sniff and then start throwing dirt out between his hind legs.

Then in a single convulsion of movement Schulz rolled sideward. A naked-gummed thing of teeth and grey fur shot into sight, scrambled at the edge and disappeared in a pinwheel of dogs. Molly leaped to the heads of the horses, rearing and wall-eyed and yanking the light buckboard sideways, and with a hand in each bridle steadied them down. Schulz she saw was circling the dogs with the shotgun but it was clear that the dogs had already done it for him. The roaring and snapping tailed off. Schulz kicked the dogs away and with one quick flash and circle and rip tore the scalp and ears off the coyote. It lay there wet, mauled bloody, with its pink skull bare—a little dog brutally murdered. One of the dogs came up sniffed with its neck stretched out, sank its teeth in the coyote's shoulder, dragged it a foot or two.

'Ray . . . " Molly said.

He did not hear her; he was blocking the burrow with the shovel blade while Schulz went over to his horse. The boy came back with a red willow stick seven or eight feet long, forked like a small slingshot at the end. Ray pulled away the shovel and Schulz probed in the hole with the forked end of the stick. A hard grunt came out of him, and he backed up pulling the stick from the hole. At the last moment he yanked hard, and a squirm of grey broke free and rolled and was pounced on by the hounds.

This time Ray kicked them aside. He picked up the pup by the tail, and it hung down, blood on its fur, and kicked its hind legs a little. Schulz was down again, probing the burrow, twisting, probing again, twisting hard.

Again he backed up, working the entangled pup out carefully, until it was in the open, and then landing it over his head like a sucker from the river. The pup landed within three feet of the buckboard wheel, and floundered stunned. In an instant Molly dropped down and smothered it in clothes, hands, arms. There was snarling in her very ear, she was bumped hard, she heard Ray yelling, and then he had her on her feet. From his face she thought he was going to hit her. Against her middle, held by the scruff and grappled with the other arm, the pup snapped and slavered with needle teeth. She felt the sting of bites on her hands and wrists. The dogs ringed her, kept off by Ray's kicking boot.

"God A'mighty," Ray said.' you want to get yourself killed?"

"I didn't want the dogs to get him."

"No. So maybe they get you. What are you going to do with him now, anyway? We'll just have to knock him in the head."

"I'm going to keep him."

"In Malta?"

"Why not?'

He let go his clutch on her arm. "He'll be a cute pup for a month and then he'll be a chicken thief and then somebody'll shoot him.'

"At least he'll have a little bit of a life. Get *away*, you dirty, murdering . . . " She cradled the thudding little body along one arm under her mackinaw, keeping her hold in the scruff with her right hand, and turned herself away from the crowding hounds. "I'm going to tame him,' she said. "I don't care what you say."

"Scalp's worth three dollars." Schulz said from the edge of the ditch.

Ray kicked the dogs back. His eyes, ordinarily so cool and grey, looked hot. The digging and the excitement did not seem to have taken the edge off whatever was eating him. He said "Look, maybe you have to go back home to your folks, but you don't have to take a menagerie along. What are you going to do with him on the train?"

Now it was out. He did blame her. "You think I'm running out on you" she said.

"I just said you can't take a menagerie back to town."

"You said *maybe* I had to go home. Where else would I go? You're going to be on roundup till July. The ranch is going to be sold. Where on earth *would* I go but home?'

"You don't have to stay. You don't have to make me go back to



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ridin' for some outfit for twenty a month and found."

His dark, battered, scarred face told her to be quiet. Dipping far down in the tight pocket of his Levis he brought up his snap purse and took from it three silver dollars. Young Schulz who had been probing the den to see if anything else was there, climbed out of the ditch and took the money in his dirty, chapped hand. He gave Molly one infuriatingly cool and knowing look with his dirty-ice eyes, scalped the dead pup, picked up shotgun and twisting stick and shovel, tied them behind the saddle, mounted, whistled at the dogs and with barely a nod rode off toward the northeastern flank of the hills. The hounds fanned out ahead of him running loose and easy. In the silence their departure left behind a clod broke and rolled into the ditch. A gopher piped somewhere. The wind moved quiet as breathing in the grass.

Molly drew a breath that caught a little—a sigh for their quarreling, for whatever bothered him so deeply that he gloomed and grumped and asked something impossible of her—but when she spoke she spoke around it. "No thanks for your digging."

"He don't know much about living with people."

"He's like everything else in this country: wild and dirty and thankless."

In a minute she would really start feeling sorry for herself. But why not? Did it ever occur to him that since November she had seen exactly one woman, for one day and a night? Did he have any idea how she had felt, a bride of ten days, when he went out with the boys and was gone two weeks through three different blizzards, while she stayed home and didn't know whether he was dead or alive?

"If you mean me," Ray said, "I may be wild and I'm probably dirty, but I ain't thankless, honey."

Shamed, she opened her mouth to reply but he was already turning away to rummage up a strap and a piece of whang leather to make a collar and leash for her pup.

"Are you hungry?" she said to his shoulders.

"Any time."

"I put up some sandwiches."

"Okay."

"Oh, Ray," she said, "let's not crab at each other. Suits I'm glad we're getting out. Is that so awful? I hate to see you killing yourself bucking this *hopeless* country. But does that mean we have to fight? I thought maybe we could have a picnic like we had coming in, back on that slough where the ducks kept landing on the ice and skidding end over end. I don't know, it doesn't hardly seem we've laughed since."

"Well," he said, "it ain't been much of a laughing winter, for a fact."

He had cut down a cheek strap and tied a rawhide thong to it. Carefully she brought out the pup and he buckled the collar around its neck but when she set it on the ground it backed up to the end of the thong, clinging and showing its naked gums, so that she picked it up again and let it dig along her arm, hunting darkness under her mackinaw.

"Shall we eat here?" Ray said. "Kind of a lot of chewed up coyote around."

"Let's go up on the bench."

"Want to tie the pup in the backboard?"

"I'll take him. I want to get him used to me."

"Okay," he said. "You go on. I'll tie a nose bag on these nags and bring the robe and the lunch box."

She walked slowly, not to scare the pup, until she was up the little bench and onto the prairie. From up there she could see not only the Cypress Hills across the west but the valley of the Whitemud breaking out of them and a big slough spread by floodwater and water courses going both ways out of it, marked by thin willows. Just where the Whitemud emerged from the hills were three white dots—the Mounties' post probably or the Lazy-S or both. The sun was surprisingly warm until she counted up and found that it was May 8. It *ought* to be warm.

Ray brought the buffalo robe and spread it, and she sat down. One-handed because she had the thong of the leash wrapped around her palm she doled out sandwiches and boiled eggs. Ray popped a whole egg in his mouth and chewing, pointed. "There goes the South Fork of the Swift Current out of the slough. The one this side that little scraggle of willows you can see empties into the Whitemud. That slough sits right on the divide and runs both ways. You don't see that very often."

She appraised his tone. He was feeling better. For that matter so was she. It had turned out a beautiful day, with big fair-weather clouds coasting over. She saw the flooded river bottoms below them on the left darken to winter and then sweep bright back to spring again while she could have counted no more than ten. As she moved, the coyote pup clawed and scrambled against her side, and she said wrinkling her nose in her freckle-faced smile, "If he started eating me I wonder if I could keep from yelling? Did you ever read that story about the boy that hid the fox under his clothes and the fox started eating a hole in him and the boy never batted an eye, just let himself be chewed?"

"No. I never heard that one." Ray said. "Don't seem very likely, does it?" He lay back and turned his face, shut-eyed, into the sun. Now and then his hand rose to feed bites of sandwich into his mouth.

"The pup's quieter," Molly said. "I wonder if he'd eat a piece of sandwich?"

"Leave him be for a while. I would."

"I guess."

His hand reached over blindly and she put another sandwich into its pincer claws. Chewing, he came up on one elbow, his eyes opened. He stared a long time down into the flooded bottoms and then across toward the slough and the hills. "Soon as the sun comes out she don't look like the same country, does she?"

Molly said nothing. She watched his nostrils fan in and out as he sniffed.

"No smell up here, do you think?" he said.

But she heard the direction he was groping in, the regret that could lead, if they did not watch out, to some renewed and futile hope, and she said tartly, "I can smell it all right."

He sighed. He lay back and closed his eyes. After about three minutes he said, "Boy, what a day, though. I won't get through on the patrol trail going back. The ice'll be breaking up before tonight, at this rate. Did you hear it cracking and poppin' a minute ago?"

"I didn't hear it."

"Listen."

They were still. She heard the soft wind move in the prairie wool and beyond it, filling the background, the hushed and hollow noise of the floodwater: sigh of drowned willows, suck of whirlpools, splash and gurgle as cutbanks caved, and the steady push and swash and ripple of moving water. Into the soft rush of sound came a muffled report like a tree cracking or a shot a long way off. "Is that it?" she said. "Is that the ice letting loose?"

"Stick around till tomorrow and you'll see that whole channel full of cakes."

Another shadow from one of the big flat-bottomed clouds chilled across them and passed. Ray said into the air, "Harry Willis said this railroad survey will go right through to Medicine Hat. Open up this whole country." Now in fear she sat very still, stroking the soft bulge of the pup through the cloth. "Probably mean a town of Eastend."

"You told me."

"With a store that close we couldn't get quite so snowed in as we did this winter."

Molly said nothing because she dared not. They were a couple that—like the slough spread out northwest of them—flowed two ways, he to this wild range, she back to town and friends and family. And yet in the thaw of one bright day their lost together up here north of the line she felt the potential weakening of her resolution. She herself teetered on a divide. She feared the softening that could start her drifting toward his side of their never fully articulated argument.

"Molly," Ray said and made her look at him. She saw him as



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the country and the winter had left him weathered and scarred His eyes were grey and steady, marksman's eyes.

She made a wordless sound that in her own ears seemed almost a groan 'You want awful bad to stay somehow,' she said

His fingers plucked a strand of grass he bit it between his teeth, his head went slowly up and down

'But how?' she said. 'Do you want to strike the Z-X for a job, or the Lazy-S, or somebody? Do you want to open a store in East end for when the railroad comes through, or what?"

'Haven't you figured that out yet?' he said "I thought you'd see it in a minute I want to buy the T-Down-'

"You *what*?'

"I want us to buy the T-Down and make her go"

She felt that she went all to pieces She laughed She threw her hands around so that the pup scrambled and clawed at her side 'Ray Henry,' she said "you're crazy as a bedbug Where'd we get the money?"

"Borrow it"

'Go in debt to stay up *here*?"

"Molly," he said, and she heard the slow gathering of determination in his voice, 'when else could we pick up cattle for twenty dollars a head with sucking calves thrown in? When else could we get a whole ranch layout for a few hundred bucks? That Goodnight herd we were running was the best herd in Canada This spring roundup we could take our pick of what's left including bulls, and burn our brand on 'em and turn 'em into summer range and drive everything else to Malta We wouldn't want more than three four hundred head. We can swing that much and we can cut enough hay to bring that many through even a winter like this last one"

She watched him, her eyes groped and slipped

He said, "We're never going to have another chance like this as long as we live This country's going to change There'll be homesteaders in here soon as the railroad comes Towne stores, what you've been missing Women-folks We can sit out here on the Whitemud with good hay land and good range and just make this God-darned country holler uncle"

"How long" she said How long have you been thinking this way?"

"Since we got John's letter"

"You never said anything"

"I kept waiting for you to get the idea yourself But you were hell bent to get out'

She escaped his eyes looked down shifted carefully to accommodate the wild thing snuggled in darkness at her waist and as she moved her foot scuffed up the scalloped felt edge of the buffalo robe By her toe was a half-crushed crocus, palely lavender, a thing so tender and unbelievable in the waste of brown grass under the great pour of sky that she cried out, "Why good land look at that!"—taking advantage of it both as discovery and as diversion

"Crocus?" Ray said bending "Don't take long, once the snow goes"

It lay in her palm, a thing lucky as a four leaf clover, and as if it had had some effect in clearing her sight Molly looked down the south-facing slope and saw it tinged with faintest green She put the crocus to her nose but smelled only a mild freshness an odor no more showy than that of grass But maybe enough to cover the scent of carrion

Her eyes came up and found Ray's watching her steadily "You think we could do it?' she asked

"I know we could"

"It's a funny time to start talking that way, when I'm on my way out"

"You don't have to stay out.'

Sniffing the crocus she put her right hand under the mackinaw until her fingers touched fur The pup stiffened but did not turn or snap She moved her fingers softly along his back willing him tame For some reason she felt as if she might burst out crying.

"Haven't you got any ambition to be the first white woman in five hundred miles?" Ray said

Past and below him three or four miles off she saw the great slough darken under a driving cloud shadow and then brighten to a blue that flickered with little wind whipped waves She wondered what happened to the rain in a slough like that whether it went on down the little flooded creeks to add to the jams in the Whitemud and Swift Current or whether it just rose to the surface and gradually melted there She didn't suppose it would be spectacular like the breakup in the river

"Mamma and Dad would think we'd lost our minds," she said 'How much would we have to borrow?"

"Maybe six or eight thousand"

'Oh Lord!' She contemplated the sum a burden of debt heavy enough to pin them down for life She remembered the winter, six months of unremitting slavery and imprisonment She lifted the crocus and laid it against Ray's dark scarred cheek

"You should never wear lavender," she said, and giggled at the very idea, and let her eyes come up to his and stared at him, sick and scared 'All right,' she heard herself say: 'If it's what you want.' #

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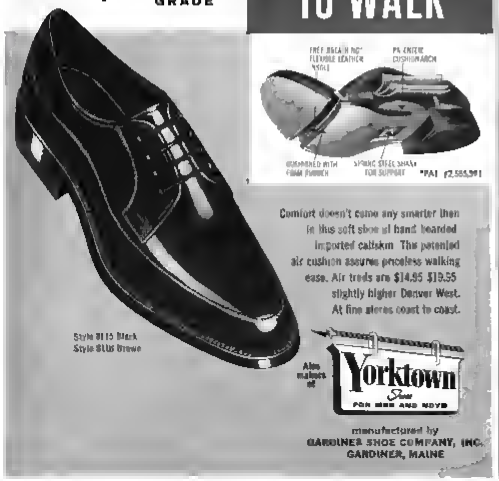
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THE LATE SPRING OF ALF LANDON

(Continued from page 102)

when he was making a speech here? Nobody else would do it, so I did it. I quoted Voltaire—about dying for his right to speak though I disagreed with what he was speakin' about.' Landon piled up further proofs of his changelessness. In 1928, when one lone Kansan in Congress voted against the infamous Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, Landon as Republican state chairman sent him a wire of congratulations. In 1944 he was chairman of the Republican platform subcommittee on tariff reform and got through a plank that somehow satisfied GOP protectionists and still gave the Presidential candidate, Thomas E. Dewey, something he could interpret the other way. 'Well, sure, I know I took a weasel-worded position on reciprocal trade in 1936,' Landon said, 'but I was a candidate. If you're a candidate, you've got to stand on the record of your party. Mr. Stevenson learned that, didn't he? Funny thing about him, Stevenson—I never could understand what he was saying."

After we had finished our nightcap Landon said he would drive me to the Jayhawk Hotel. He backed the Cadillac out of the garage, turned around in the drive, and we headed for town. On the car radio he picked out a news station which was just then summing up developments in the fight between President Kennedy and U.S. Steel. "There's one group in this country that don't know anything about politics," Landon said, disgustedly, "and that's the businessmen. They know nothing at all about it. Oh, you find a few country bankers who have a feel for it, but they're few and far between. Businessmen—that's what's wrong with the Republican Party. They ought to quit fightin' labor and start fightin' Democrats."

Landon drove in silence for a while. Then, as we approached the hotel he apparently decided that not only the Republican Party but also the U.S. economy was in a peck of trouble because of poor judgment among business leaders. He said there was a conflict of interest going on right now in every big corporation that gave stock options to its management. 'Ever since the war these business fellers have been payin' dividends instead of putting money into new plants and equipment. And now they're crying to the government for tax relief so they can get enough money to modernize their plants. They're so far behind!' I ask you—why did management in steel, oil, and railroads choose dividends and stock splits over modernization? I'll tell you—it was because those fellers have more interest in their own pocketbooks than they have in running a prudent operation. Stock options are supposed to be an incentive, but they've brought us to the point where now big business has to have more profits and more tax breaks and more depreciation allowances just to compete with old Europe. It's funny, isn't it?"

Next morning about ten, I returned to Landon's house. As usual, Alf Landon had awakened with the sun. Before breakfast, he had thoroughly read the Topeka and Kansas City morning newspapers, some research materials pertaining to the Common Market, and *Newsweek*, a magazine that he preferred to *Time* because 'those *Time* fellers are too willing to sacrifice accuracy for a wisecrack." He had dressed in breeches, boots and a lumberjack shirt with a gaping hole in each elbow. About nine a.m. he had eaten a light breakfast, going easy, as he would say, on the hydrocarbates. Soon after I had arrived he saddled up two of his horses (he had three, including a twenty-eight-year-old mare). We rode across the turnpike that sets the real limit of his property, through the backyards of several neighbors, and up to the cliff edge looking over the Kaw River. Landon quietly sized up the river's depth and current and said spring sure was late this year. Back at the house, he changed into his city clothes: a white shirt badly frayed around the collar, a bright-blue tie, a shiny grey-green suit, brown shoes with the well-worn heels, and a brown fedora so old that it was turning black. Then, as he waited outside for Mrs. Landon to drive him into Topeka, he was approached by an elderly Negro driving a polished, well-kept 1937 Ford coupe. The man wanted a job as caretaker, and Landon told him he would think it over. 'You should have seen his Ford car, Theo," Landon said to his wife moments later. "It was twenty-five years old if it was a day, and it looked like new. Any man who's that conservative about property might be a good man for us to hire."

Mrs. Landon dropped us on Kansas Street at The Chocolate Shop, a modest café one flight below street level. It was patronized by politicians, officeholders, and office seekers, and Alf had been eating lunch there for years. He was of course different than the other customers: *they* wore white-on-white shirts and, once in his life, *he* had played for all the marbles. The difference was pointed up during the meal as fellers paused at Landon's table to whisper in his ear or talk aloud in an abstruse lingo that only a State House denizen could really understand. Ultimately, the difference was that Landon alone wanted nothing for himself from anybody.

"Did the candidate call you, Alf?" a certain judge asked.

"What candidate?" asked Landon.

"You know who."

"Oh *him*."

'Did he call?'

"When?"

"You know what I mean, Alf."

"Well, Judge, he did and he didn't."

"Primary's coming—you'll have to make a statement for the voters."

"I don't have to."

"You've got to."

"No—I don't have to go out on the limb anymore."

"But *he* may be the candidate, Alf."

"Well, maybe I'll have to say something."

"You ought to, Alf."

"I might—and then again, Judge, I might not."

"That's good enough for me, Alf. Funny weather we're having, ain't it?"

"Spring is really late this year."

"Sure is. I never saw the like to beat it."

'Me neither."

By two p.m., The Chocolate Shop was all but deserted. The politicians had gone back to work. A busboy was mopping the floor, Landon, however, dawdled over his coffee. He said he was just now, this late in life, having the best time he had ever had in politics. "I was the first Republican to come out and support President Kennedy's trade program. Then the newspaper boys asked me if I was speaking as a Republican or a Democrat. I said I was speaking as neither but as an American. But then I thought I'd just jar 'em a little so I said, near as I can remember, I said I might become a Democrat depending on what happened to this Common Market legislation. But I went on to say that I thought both parties would be split over it. . . . Anyway, I won't make that statement anymore. No. I won't say I'll become a Democrat." Landon finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. As he sat there at that very moment, many of the leaders of his party were in Abilene, Kansas, not more than two hours' drive from Topeka. They had assembled there for the dedication of former President Eisenhower's library. Landon said he had not gone because I had come to visit him. When I replied that we could have driven over to Abilene together, he said, 'Well, I'm just being pragmatic. Not that I know what it means. . . . Everyone is using the word pragmatic these days. I looked it up several times, but I don't see how they can use it the way they do if it means what the dictionary says it means. People use that word almost as much as 'image.' I'll tell you, you won't find many speeches except mine that don't have *image*, *dedication*, or *challenge* in them. I hate those words." And we were off the subject of Eisenhower.

By phone, Landon ordered a car from station WREN. Then we went up to the street to wait for it. The sun was bright and Alf's eyes seemed tight shut behind his glasses. "Yes sir" he said, "once I called publicly for Dulles' resignation—of course, before anyone knew he had cancer. He made the liberation' speech and got all those people on the other side all steamed up. We've got to take our share of the blame for the Hungarian Revolution on account of that. And for what happened in East Germany, too. You see, the difference between Eisenhower and me is this: his policies were to the left of what mine would have been, but his appointments were way to the right. Now, that's all I'm going to say about it. I'm still in the Republican Party. I was head of the Kansas delegation to the Republican convention in 1940. We went for Willkie on the fifth ballot and then I returned to my hotel pale and white fearing for my party and my country for the way we voted. In 1944, I was head of the delegation again. We were for Dewey on the first ballot and that's when he got it. I like Tom Dewey, but I wasn't for him in 1948. I'd already seen what kind of a campaign he would run, so I was for Taft. You know, Bob Taft might have got it. You remember the Ohio primary of 1948, he had some difficulties with Harold Stassen? Being the way he was, Taft did nothing to repair the damage and asked me to see what I could do. I called up Fred Seaton and Fred Seaton talked to Stassen and Stassen flew in to Topeka—let's see, it was May 30, 1948—to see me. I told Stassen he didn't have a chance to get the nomination himself but if he acted quickly, he could nominate Bob Taft or Dewey and have a hand in working out the ticket. Now it seemed as though Stassen would agree to that. Meanwhile Taft called and said he'd been thinking of Alf Landon for Secretary of Defense. I replied that I found it difficult to make people believe that neither Mrs. Landon nor I was interested in living in Washington. As it turned out, Stassen seemed to think that Taft did not want him and besides he began thinking he really did have a chance for the nomination. So the upshot was Stassen finally wound up trying to deadlock the convention and Taft didn't get the nomination. . . . That reminds me. I was telling you last night what was the trouble with the Republican Party. Well, there was a good example in 1948. We were all at the convention in Philadelphia and there was a party given by the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Wouldn't you know that the leading candidates *went to it*! Sure enough next morning in the papers, here's this railroad president weighing 220 pounds with his arms around you know who—*Dewey and Taft*. That is what's wrong with the Republican Party!"

Landon suddenly realized that the driver of his bright-red radio car (with WREN painted on both sides and the trunk) had been waiting at the curb for some minutes. Alf said he had some ap-



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pointments to keep and would go riding with me in the morning Then he climbed in beside the driver and, lacking only the blare of trumpets, drove off in the brilliant afternoon light

The following morning I overslept. I skipped breakfast and read the Topeka paper in the taxi going out to Landon's house I read all about the dedication of Eisenhower's library and looked over the special picture page Of all the pictures, the one that was most arresting showed a little girl down on all fours watching the ceremonies between the boots of a soldier standing at parade rest. By the time I arrived at Landon's house he was waiting for me on the porch and, with Mrs Landon at the wheel, we headed right back to town Mrs Landon drove carefully and never took her eyes from the road—not even when Alf chatted with her at a stoplight

"Well, I had a call from M——," he said, "and he asked me if I'd been to Abilene for the dedication I told him no because I had this feller from New York here to see me."

"You wouldn't have gone anyway, Alfred ' Mrs Landon said.

"Well I didn't want to say anything like that It was like a day and he'd earned it "

"If you'd have gone, you probably would have had your picture taken "

"Theo, I've had my picture took."

"You'd have been in the papar like that little girl they showed watching the parade on all fours."

"They'd probably've given me a seat like hers," Alf said happily

This seemed on opportune moment to remind Landon that he had not said anything to me about the Republican conventions of 1952 1956 and 1960 "I didn't go to any of those conventions," he said, "I was for Taft in 1952 and knew he wasn't going to be nominated, so what was the use of me going? The convention in 1956 was way out in San Francisco and there wasn't any reason for me to go to that either. The 1960 convention was up in Chicago, but I still didn't see any reason to go About 1964 it's futile to ask Who've we got? Nixon, Rockefeller, Romney maybe and Goldwater Besides them I think Fred Seaton is a possibility if he gets himself elected governor of Nebraska He was a good Secretary of the Interior Nixon's already said he thought Kennedy would win in 1964. Rockefeller's divorce makes him a dubious prospect Romney's not tested yet. Now I must say I've been amazed at the reception Goldwater's been getting There are more crusaders for Goldwater than any other candidate He drew 2 500 people to an auditorium in a little town in Wyoming when there weren't but 2 000 people in the town. I don't know that he's got much to say, but you can't rule him out. He campaigned against labor in Arizona —he was *for* right-to-work laws as much as I was *against* them—and the Republicans can't carry the big cities by kicking labor in the pants Yet, I think the 1964 convention might nominate Goldwater Never can tell'

It turned out that our destination was the WRBN studio and offices on Fillmore Street The station had been founded in 1926 and acquired by the Landon family in 1952 Of the four AM stations in Topeka, it was the only one with a union and an employee profit-sharing program Moreover it had given the employees something to share since Landon had managed to double the station's annual net profit in less than a decade. Architecturally, the station was unique it combined an old Midwestern gothic house with a modern glass front extension—but otherwise it was just another station devoted to music, news and sports At the door, Landon was met by his station manager

"How s things?' Landon asked

"Okay," the manager said, smiling

"Anything new?"

"Nothing "

"Any new business?"

'Nope.'

'So, what are you smiling about?"

"Well, sir, we didn't lose any "

Landon's offices were in the gothic section of the building Over the mantel in what had once been someone's parlor, he had hung a large painting of sunflowers. On the walls were old cartoons by Berrymen, Ding Darling and McCutcheon, photos of Teddy Roosevelt, Abe Lincoln Landon's father Tom Dewey, and the first stone hauled to build the Kansas State Capitol, but no pictures of Eisenhower or Nixon The furniture was old and most of it was uncomfortable Apparently, Landon did not feel the need to impress anyone with his business surroundings Instead he seemed to be running a tight, economical ship This morning, he read his mail, signed some checks, and talked on the phone Then two Negroes arrived for a conversation Landon talked with them for over an hour When they had left, he told me that they had proposed a partnership with him in a business deal that might be worth a lot of money He said he had pretty well made up his mind to go into it with them "I've never had the money that the newspapers have attributed to me," he said "I'm an oil man who never made his millon A lawyer who never had a case And a politician who only carried Maine and Vermont I never was worth a million dollars or even half that much But I like a good proposition as much as the next man and this seems to be one "

With his son, Jack an advertising man in Manhattan Kansas and his son's friend who was the accountant for Landon enterprises Alf had spent much of the following day in Greenwood County near Madison looking over his oil leases There was nothing romantic about the "Landon Pool," just small pumps scattered over the countryside sucking up small quantities of oil and pushing the stuff through pipes into small storage tanks After a late lunch at Dale Gates', Landon had said it was time to head back to Topeka In the front seat while he son drove Alf had been smoking quietly looking out at the placid bluestem grass country Now and then, he had commented on the terrain or on the price of Texas cattle sent north to Kansas for the rich grass

'Late spring," he had also said

'Sure is " said his son

"Latest I ever saw " said the accountant

An hour had gone by on the highway and there was another hour to go when the car shot past a farmer pounding metal fence posts into the ground Instead of a sledgehammer the farmer was using a more efficient device, a metal hood that he held in both hands and brought down over the posts with a short, hard, driving motion The scene set off a chain of spoken thoughts about work done with sledgehammers, post-driving and steel-driving and stake-pounding for circus tents. Then Alf touched his son's arm and said '

"Down in Oklahoma, there was Jake Hamon, an ambitious feller with big ideas who was a little short of cash He had the idea that what Oklahoma needed was another railroad so he sat down and tried to figure out where he could get the kind of money you need for that sort of thing He thought a while and then he remembered the days when he'd been a sledgehammer man driving stakes to put up the tents of the Ringling Brothers circus. It just came to him that Mr. Ringling might have some spare cash to spend on a railroad It didn't bother Jake that Ringling was in New York at the time. This being nearly fifty years ago, people thought no more about spending days getting where they wanted to go than we think about spending hours Jake just scraped together ticket money and rode the day coach all the way to New York When he got there, he unwrapped the package he was carrying with his clean shirt and socks spiffed up in the washroom and went over to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where, as everybody knew, Mr. Ringling came in for a cocktail every afternoon Jake got there a little ahead of time and, with his last five-dollar bill, he tipped the bartender to point out Mr Ringling when he came in

' So Ringling came in and the bartender pointed him out to Jake and Jake waited until Mr. Ringling had his cocktail in his hand and was just about to drink it Then Jake sidled up to him at the bar and bumped his arm, on purpose The drink spilled on Mr Ringling and made him a little peevish, but then Jake started talking about how he'd driven stakes for Ringling circus tents in Oklahoma. And one thing led to another until pretty soon they'd formed a partnership to build Jake's railroad—the Oklahoma, New Mexico & Pacific Railroad Co They bought up the necessary land and got the railroad about half-finished when, all of a sudden, they struck oil all along the right-of-way! Of course, Jake Hamon and the Ringlings cleaned up—made millions, in fact.

"Well, after that, Jake went on and became an important feller in Oklahoma politics and in 1920, he headed the Oklahoma delegation to the Republican nominating convention From the first, Jake decided he was going to vote for Warren G Harding and keep on voting for him until Harding won it Days later when Harding finally got the nomination Jake was right next to him and stuck with him, helping him get elected.

' Now, Harding was a grateful man and he decided to show his gratitude by making Jake Hamon Secretary of the Interior in his first Cabinet. He told Jake about it and Jake said he'd like it fine. But Harding said there was just one thing keeping him from making the announcement. Everybody knew that Jake had a girl friend back in Tulsa and Harding said he'd have to get quit of her before he came to Washington All right, Jake said, and got on a train and went back to Oklahoma to tell the girl friend, who, as it turned out, shot him dead.

"Well if Jake'd been Secretary of the Interior, it might have been him all mixed up in the Teapot Dome scandal, so perhaps it's just as well that Albert Fall got the job instead "

Alf's son Jack laughed. 'Is that a true story, Dad?" he asked

"True story? Well sure it's a true story! The only still being produced son. If it wasn't for that, in this day and age, how do you think the Ringling Brothers could keep their circus going? ##

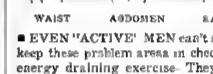




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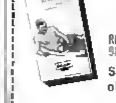
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BARRY GOLDWATER THE ADMONITIONS OF AN OLDER MAN

(Continued from page 96)

still He sat there a long time and then, after he had gotten his breath back, he sort of ruffled his feathers the best he could, being tired like he was, and said he had something to tell me Here is what it was as near as I remember He had flown clear across the ocean to Europe and there had gone first to France because he had always heard what a pretty place it was Well he said that it was no longer very pretty because of Hitler and the skunks who followed him around They had taken all the food from the country so that the little children were starving Now the bird felt bad about that because if France is to be pretty again and give all the wonderfully beautiful things it can give to the world the children have to grow strong because they are the ones who will do it He thought that was bad, but he said it wasn't nearly as bad as Italy for there the old Hitler people had ruined everything and thousands of children were starving and all the schools were ruined Oh, it was bad. And everyplace he went through countries that have given us pretty pictures and wonderful songs that you and I sing and amazing statues that you and I wonder at through countries that have made our cloth and our pretty chinaware and our silver spoons and dolls everyplace he found starvation and little girls and boys with not even a crumb of bread to eat. Well the bird got to thinking about that, he thought it was funny that a big old country like the United States with so much money that no children were denied anything or may be not quite anything and people went on eating every day with only a stamp or two to worry about, couldn't give a little tiny bit each day to help feed these starving children so that they could grow strong and repay the United States by once again making the beautiful things they have always made for us So the bird came back home and started to look around. Know what he saw? Well, he saw men and women wasting money on parties and things they don't need, and he saw some little girls and boys who received a certain allowance and who were supposed to spend most of it for War Stamps buying things like candy Now one little piece of candy may not be bad, but suppose that nickel went to some little girl or boy in Europe or China and that nickel could buy food That nickel could keep a boy or girl alive and the bird said that he would bet a cookie that the children's mother or nurse would be glad to make some fudge in place of the candy That made the bird sort of feel bad because after all a bird gives everything he has away his songs just to make people happy and if people can't quit being stingy then he figures what's the use and wouldn't the world be bad without the song of the bird. As bad as it would be though, it couldn't be as bad as the world is right now to those millions of children who can't eat So, darling, isn't it right that you and I and everyone else give just a tiny bit each day so that once again all over the world children's smiles will cover the earth like a golden carpet and their laughter go out on the air like the songs of our friends, the birds You think it over You will agree.

I love you,
DADDY

Nineteen years later, Goldwater found himself once again advising Joanne on a question of great relevance to his own political career Now a California housewife, she had sought information from him on what to make of the anti-Communist groups in her neighborhood

January 19, 1962

Dear Joanne:

Relative to the questions you asked, I would not join these organizations. I don't think any harm would come from visiting their meetings occasionally, but, frankly, I am a little suspect of some of these groups and if not the groups, certainly those who are making a pretty good living speaking before them I agree that the best way to fight communism is to begin by understanding it but you don't need to read tons of literature to do this If you are interested in my sending you a few rather simple books on the subject, I will do this and I am sure that you reading of them will give you sufficient ammunition to argue about communism with anybody It is really a simple philosophy, in fact the oldest form of communal life in the world is still practiced by our Hopis up on their Reservation I will be very glad to send you anything that you think will help you on, if you want me to pick them I will be glad to do that.

The Republican Party is the best instrument for you to work through so when you have time from your three children, your husband and your dog remember that one of the best ways we have of paying rent for the space we occupy is to try to keep our Constitutional Republic strong and virile.

Love
DAD

BARRY GOLDWATER'S relationship with his oldest son has not been as relaxed as with Joanne. Barry Jr lives in the shadow of his father He looks like his father he flies hikes and is a photographic enthusiast like his father. "You're a block off the old chip," says the Senator, "it can't be the other way." Barry Jr went to the same Company amidst admonitions from Barry Sr to command it no less well than he did.

Dear Barry:

When I returned to the apartment, I found a check from the government for you, and a check and a letter from the President of United Air Lines for your helpful participation at the time of the accident at the Canyon, also, a letter indicating your receipt of Command of Company C

Twenty-nine years ago I commanded Company C and if you run half as good a Company as we did you'll be doing all right

How's football coming? Do you like it, and how are your chances?

Love,
DADDY

"The only fatherly advice I ever really got" says Barry Jr "has been through letters He guided me through the letters and I often reread them"

October 16, 1957

Dear Barry:

The other night when I was talking to you and asked you why you didn't go out for swimming or athletics, you said you were out of shape you were smoking too much and drinking too much Now I don't intend to give you a lecture on what you should or shouldn't do because you ought to have at least a pint of sense in your head and you ought to know how to use it God didn't give you a body to abuse and too much smoking and too much liquor does exactly that. You haven't finished growing yet, you've got some development to come along and my advice to you is take all advantage of all the years you ran in developing a strong, healthy body because if you do this it will go with you a long long time and it can take a lot of abuse that you will have to give it in later life when you start to grow soft due to the inability to exercise.

Give this some thought I think you'll figure out for yourself that a beer now and then or even a shot of the hard stuff won't hurt and a cigarette once in a while isn't going to kill you, but if you do it to the point that you're out of shape then you are abusing yourself and you'll be kicking yourself in the tail the rest of your life

Love,
DAD

Smoking and drinking didn't trump young Barry's style too much During his university days he was All American intercollegiate diving champion three times although no great shakes as a scholar He took two years longer than usual to get through college He likes fast boats fast cars and fast planes His parents didn't want him to fly One flying member of the family was enough said his mother So young Barry took flying lessons *sub rosa* One day as he taxied to take off, he encountered his parents coming the other way on the same runway. "All hell broke loose" he said. "I secretly feel that Dad was glad I had done it."

Barry, Jr is the self-appointed historian for the family and feels very strongly the need to carry on the family tradition At no time does Barry, Sr. seem to entertain any doubt that Barry, Jr will follow him into the family department-store business In April, 1958

Dear Barry:

Enclosed is a check for $25 with which to buy a new pair of shoes I am tired of having my oldest son, who is going to be a merchant running around looking like Adlai Stevenson

Love,
DAD

Now and again, Barry, Jr. talks of searching for his own identity "I think I'll change my name" he has said a number of times, "and go to work for Neiman-Marcus [of Dallas] just to see if I can make it on my own If I'm ever going to find success I'll have to be on my own I can't be a success with his patronage."

November 29, 1957

Dear Barry:

Mommy told me that the doctor suggested that you might have ulcers and while I am not a doctor I think that they will find that it is something else but it is all probably based on nervousness If I know anything about you as your father The nervousness probably stems from the fact that you are worried that I am concerned with what you are doing and how you are doing it. Now, I wouldn't be a natural man or a father if I weren't constantly concerned with how my children are getting along

All I've ever expected of you is that you try that you do your best at that trying and that you maintain a sound belief in the fundamental good things of life I'm convinced that you've done this I'm not disappointed in your grades and I won't be disappointed in your grades at the University even if they don't show up well as others which I'm afraid you think might happen Grades are not everything in life The chief thing in college is to learn how to apply yourself and how to study If you do that then you're going to pass everything in school and more importantly, you'll pass everything in life

I want you to relax and not worry about what I think, I'll be behind you whatever you do All I ask is that you continue to be an honest man and a believer in the things that you've always shown a belief in

You do those things and you're not going to have to worry So just sit back and take a long one and breathe deeply, and get rid of that tension.

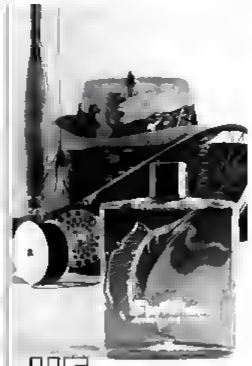
Love,
DAD

Young Barry's quest for his own identity isn't likely to be easy As recently as last September when he was twenty-three and a senior in college, Goldwater wrote to him about their house, Ba-Nun-I-Kin

Dear Barry:

When my years were less than yours Be-Nun-I-Kin started to take form As a boy my wanderings stretched my legs to our hill and I said then that sometime God willing I would build a home for my family on top of it

As you probably have learned, home is not just a house with its walls and outlets, etc—home is what the Mexicans call 'hogan" or a place to which only the entitled ever really come not that friends are not always welcome they are, but when we say "hogan" we mean the home that we know all too seldom of just us—me yelling at you, you at me, the freedom of it the love of it the talks all too infrequent, the understandings. So, when I speak of home it could well be



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Use Old Crow for your whiskey Sour!

Old Crow makes other marvelous mixed drinks, too And the simplicity of Old Crow with "branch" water is classic.

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OLD CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



CROW SOUR—2 tsps. sugar, 4 tsps. fresh lemon juice 2 oz. Old Crow Shake with ice until chilled. Strain into glass. Garnish with cherry.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLING CO. FRANKFORT KY. STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY 86 PROOF

ony one of the places you and I have stretched out in the sand of the desert or the needled floor of a forest or the cool sandstone of a canyon or with Mike in an abandoned hogahn (By the way, do you know that the word is derived from the Spanish "hogan" and that is why we named our street "Hogahn"?) A real home is where the heart and the love and affection of a family can be found . . .

The trees I ask you to water, you can someday show their golden splendor to your children and tell them how you helped God make them grow the keeping of your desert, which man is slowly destroying, can someday be a source of pride to you as you look at giant cacti which you planted as suckers from other plants, you keep the yard green and clean as a man being well groomed from head to toe, not just the suit—the house can be like the suit, but if the yard is uncut and unkept, the overall effect is sloppiness; and the inside—books not put up records not arranged empty beer cans and bottles . . . these are the things your friends will notice . . . and they will judge, not of you but of me, that I never impressed upon you the love of home I should have.

You see if you have shortcomings they are not attributed to you—they become a part of my shortcomings and I have enough without these further ones You are a sort of a block off the old chip It can't be the other way because you are too darned big so when you look in the mirror what you see is not just you but a part of me—a part I want to see go way past me a part I want only the best for but in part I want to see built on his own decisions and his own counsel aided where it is proper by the advice from the other part who has learned as you are learning that the things we want in life we fight and work for—that this fighting and working puts the muscle of confidence and faith where the fat flabbiness of depending on others for everything can grow if we aren't careful . . .

I write you this letter not with the thought that you need or seek my advice as you start your last year in college but only to draw your attention, if I can, to what that pile of red sandstone on the hill means to me and all of us . . .

It gives us shelter and coziness and warmth as we should always give to those less fortunate than us Its very location on a hill, where the winds and the storms can attack it is like our family The winds of time and purpose the storms of adversity have always attacked our family, but they have never destroyed us They have never even scratched us for we have had faith in our God our country and our own ability . . .

Take good care of the house, get along with Carmen don't burden her with chores you Leon and Peggy can do Water the trees and the yard, pick up messes wherever you see them fix the bullet trap (It needs another shim) and study enough this year so I can attend your graduation

Love,
DAD

MICHAEL, the third child youngest of the sons, bearing neither his father's name nor more than a passing resemblance to him is less enveloped in the long shadow of Barry Goldwater Sometimes he seems even a little detached

"Have you ever heard of a book called *Dynasties of Society*?" he inquired during a chat we had recently "Well in that book it says that a first generation seeks wealth the second generation seeks prestige and the third generation looks for success in the arts and the cultural world. Well I think about that quite a bit. As you can see, we aren't poor, and certainly we have all the prestige we need So I give quite a bit of thought to the other It's kind of hard to find something else when you're made for business, but I'm interested in that

"Next year I'm going to spend traveling I want to get away from things for a year and find out how other people think and feel If I don't take this trip now I know I'll get mixed up in the machine and never get away"

March 6, 1959

Dear Mike:

I have always had the feeling that you felt a little guilty for not having gone into my fraternity so I want you to know now and forever that whenever I allude to your association with that great member of the Miami triad I do it in jest and not in seriousness. A man must select his own associates. In fact that right is expressed in the First Amendment of the Constitution, and it is as basic as any right we have and it should never be dictated by any source other than one's conscience and reasoning . . . A fraternity is a wonderful institution but it can also be a rather dreary institution if the concepts and basic beliefs expressed in the initiation rites are not followed It is the reiteration of basic philosophy in the rites of all fraternities that I think makes them important. It is because they impress upon the individual the need for participation rather than the need for participation of the group.

So it is with life in this country The country gives you nothing but you give the country everything.

If there has been in your mind a little segment of fear that I have disapproved of your selection, dispel it forever. Rather than that feeling I must confess to one of admiration for your ability to make up your own mind and for not depending on the admonitions of an older man

Love
DAD

The older man could not however refrain from helping his son make up his mind about a matter which was of some importance to the Senator

Perhaps he was remembering his own college years On March 27, 1962 in a talk at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., Senator Goldwater related how he almost became a liberal in his younger days!

"If I had remained in college four years—I might have been a liberal!" He left the University of Arizona after one year "We were tired of conservative businessmen conservative newspapers Along came Franklin Delano saying 'I am a liberal' and there went my classmates."

April 27, 1959

Dear Mike:

Under separate cover a book is going to you that I thought you might like to read Inside the book is a copy of a letter I received from the Assistant Dean of Men, which made me very happy It is not so much the program that you have adopted relative to your service project, but the fact that you have been a guiding spirit in it For a person your age to recognize his responsibilities to his fellowmen and for that person to be my son is a source of gratification that I cannot describe.

The purpose of sending you this book, *The Conservative* mind, is so that you may discover in it defenses for conservatism Frankly, we have no real liberals in this country today We have only a form of radicalism. Liberals in politics (so-called) I have found to be on the whole men more concerned with perpetuating their own political structure rather than improving it and in doing so the country with it I am a conservative because I believe that under a conservative philosophy the country and the people make more real progress I think this book is fairly easy reading It might even be something you can get enough out of from which to write a paper Go through it anyway, it won't hurt your mind a bit.

Love
DAD

Mike did well at college, academically as well as socially

May 20, 1961

Dear Mike:

I am so darn proud of your being elected to Blue Key that even though I congratulated you on it over the phone the other day, I must once again tell you of my feelings To know that you are recognized by your fellow students should be a source of great pride to you, as it is to me To be further honored by being made president of your fraternity, even though the fraternity is of doubtful character should be another shining star in your crown

What I like about it is that you have done these things without any noise and without any bragging, and you have done them by being humble and working hard and if you keep this up, you will be able to support your father in the fashion to which he has become accustomed when he reaches his declining years, which should be about the year 2000.

Love,
DAD

Mike says:

"My feelings toward my father could be summed up by saying 'I think he is the greatest father in the world.'

"As you can see by reading the letters, Dad is always thinking of our best interests and supplying us with advice that will help us to not only lead a fuller life, but a richer one.

"I am very proud of my father and it is through this aspect that I have based my own actions through my short span of life I can speak for my brother and sisters when I say that whenever any one of us endeavors to do something, we do our best with the thought in mind that it is not primarily to build our own egos but to make our parents proud.

"True, it is difficult for a politician to spend as much time as he would like with his family, but I feel that it has brought our family even closer together." #



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*Mr. Mancini explains his orchestration methods in his new book recordings set Sounds and Scores distributed by G. Schirmer

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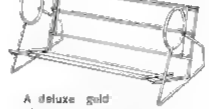
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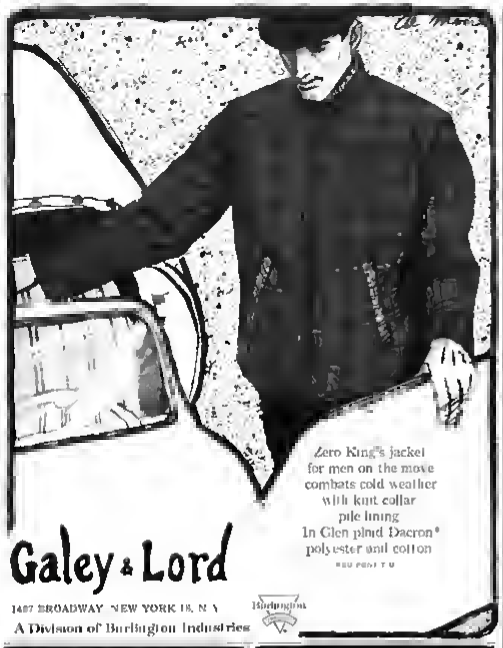
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PHILLIP HOTZ'S FURY *(Continued from page 110)*

I'm going. *(He knocks on the wardrobe.)* Hey! *(There is the sound of sawing outside.)* I've given them the list of what belongs to you. Nothing will be touched that you brought into the marriage. It won't be touched. I'm going with a shirt and a toothbrush, as you can see without your India-paper edition of Goethe. I'm sure you'll be able to find a job and earn a living. Give my regards to your family.

He took the easy way out, they'll say, he joined the Foreign Legion. We shall never see one another again. If any mail comes for me during the next few years—

(The YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *comes in carrying the armchair with its legs sawn off and sets it down; the seat is now about four inches from the floor.)*

YOUNG MAN. Herr Doktor, there's someone out in the hall.

HOTZ. I'm not at home to anyone.

YOUNG MAN. He wants to talk to the lady.

(A wisp of smoke curls up from the wardrobe.)

HOTZ. I disclaim all responsibility!

(He goes out, and the YOUNG REMOVAL MAN, *who has grown curious, turns the key, which is in the lock, and opens the wardrobe. Out steps* DORLI, *a slender young woman charming even with tear-stained face; she is holding a cigarette.)*

DORLI. Have we still got an ashtray? *(The* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *hands her an ashtray.* DORLI *stubs out her cigarette and goes to the telephone, where she dials a number.)* Hotz yes. Frau Hotz. Can I speak to my lawyer? *(To the* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN.*)* Many thanks! *(She speaks into the receiver.)* Herr Doktor—we've been trying for three hours, but—— Pardon? He's doing it. He isn't just saving it, he's doing it. Pardon? I didn't say a word. What can I do. Herr Doktor, if he shuts me up in the wardrobe? *(To the* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN.*)* You are my witness. *(She replaces the receiver.)* Even my lawyer won't believe me.

(Men's voices are heard from outside. DORLI *hides behind a curtain, while* HOTZ, *still in an open mackintosh and holding a screwdriver, brings in a visitor who is rubbing his hands.)*

WILFRID. Who would have thought it, Phillip, who would have thought it? I've only just landed, and here I am already! Who would have thought it! I still feel quite numb—three years in the Argentine three years in that climate, you just can't imagine it, three years doing nothing but making money, no you just can't imagine it—— *(He looks around.)* Everything just as it was! *(Exhaustion pause.)* And you Phillip old man are you still a writer? *(*WILFRID *laughs and slaps him on the back.)* Phillip, my friend!

HOTZ. Wilfrid—

WILFRID. No, my friend you can't imagine what it's like—three years over there, and no sooner have you landed in Europe than you feel completely at home again.

HOTZ. Take a seat. *(He moves the show-off armchair into position.)* Take a seat.

*(*WILFRID *sits down and acts as though there was nothing unusual. Sawing is resumed outside.* HOTZ *sits astride the grandfather clock and takes it to pieces with the screwdriver, while* WILFRID *takes out a cigar.)*

WILFRID. Tell me, how is Dorli? *(He lights his cigar and smokes.)* Is she still doing pottery?

HOTZ. Not at the moment.

WILFRID. Where is she then? *(*HOTZ *stands up and walks over to the door.)*

HOTZ. Gentlemen, take the wardrobe out. *(To* WILFRID.*)* Excuse me. *(To the* REMOVAL MEN.*)* But don't drop it! *(The* REMOVAL MEN *take their straps.)* Wilfrid, my friend, what can I offer you? Only I don't think we have any glasses left. Gin? Campari? Whiskey? *(The* REMOVAL MEN *lift the wardrobe.)* Stop! Are you mad? Stop! Stop! I especially said, don't drop it.

OLD MAN. But if the door is too low?

HOTZ. Then—please—out on the balcony. *(He opens the balcony door. To* WILFRID.*)* Excuse me. *(He wipes the sweat from his forehead as the* REMOVAL MEN *carry the wardrobe out onto the balcony.)*

WILFRID. Why don't you take your mack off, if you're so warm?

HOTZ. *(locking the wardrobe and putting the key in his pocket!)* Thank you very much.

(The REMOVAL MEN *go out with their straps dragging along the floor, while* HOTZ *sits astride the grandfather clock again and continues taking it apart.* WILFRID *smokes his cigar.)*

WILFRID. I asked how Dorli is. *(*HOTZ *detaches the pendulum and flings it away.)* Tell me if I've come at the wrong moment, won't you, Phillip?

HOTZ. On the contrary.

WILFRID. Word of honor?

HOTZ. You can hold the screws for me. *(He puts the screws in* WILFRID'S *hand.)* Also you can answer a question. *(He detaches the face of the clock and flings it away.)* Do you think marriage works?

WILFRID. Which marriage?

HOTZ. Marriage in general. *(The clock spring jumps out.)*

WILFRID. *(as* HOTZ *sucks his finger)* Hurt yourself? Tell me, what are you actually doing?

HOTZ. I'm taking the old clock apart.

WILFRID. Why?

HOTZ. Because I've no sense of humor.

WILFRID. Phillip——?

HOTZ. Do you think I've got a sense of humor?

WILFRID. No.

To spare you this:

(1"@•#!..,%?;&!!)*

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ESQUIRE THE PERFECT GIFT FOR WHOM?

Think of those friends of yours who'd appreciate a sentence like The big trouble with giving up smoking as far as we could see is that while everybody seems ready to tell you to give it up—including confirmed smokers who say they envy you and wish they could get that many weeks past the terrible temptation—nobody seems either ready or able to suggest anything else to take its place.

A travel suggestion like Ibiza—undeveloped but not uncomfortable picturesque but not primitive, dirt cheap but not dirty.

An idea like One of the rights a woman should have is the right not to avail herself of her rights.

A criticism like His John the Baptist gave the impression of a man who had forgotten where he checked his hat.

A drink tip like this for a Most Honorable Pelion: 1 oz O Che (Japanese green tea liqueur) 1 oz vodka blended over crushed ice and served with a fruit slice.

A word like tergiversate.

A face like



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*Translation "Next year I've got to start my Christmas shopping earlier!"

HOTZ There you are!

WILFRID Who told you that?

HOTZ Dorli my wife whom you know of course She says firstly I'm not a man I only talk, I don't do what I talk about Unlike you for example. Her lawyer goes a step further, because I pay him to sud says Your husband is schmuck! Secondly I have no sense of humor Unlike you for example According to Dorli I lost my sense of humor the moment I was born. (WILFRID *has to laugh.*) I think it's nice Wilfrid my friend, that you can laugh all the same. (*The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *brings the sawn-off table*) Thanks

OLD MAN What's next?

HOTZ The cellar All the bottles are to be uncorked But I'll do that myself just bring the bottles in here (*Exit the* OLD REMOVAL MAN.)

WILFRID It's damn cozy here (*He runs his hand over the face table*) Damn cozy!

HOTZ You think so?

WILFRID You may not have a sense of humor, but you've got ideas you know Have you ever lived in Japan? (HOTZ *shakes his head*) Your own idea? (HOTZ *nods*) Three years in the Argentine, no you can't imagine how one longs for this sort of thing—for good taste, for culture and so on, for coziness

HOTZ To come back to our question (*He puts a screw in* WILFRID'S *hand*) Do you really love her?

WILFRID My wife?

HOTZ Mine! (WILFRID *starts*) Don't drop my screws

(*A noise then the* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *enters*)

YOUNG MAN I'm sorry, Herr Doktor, but that was the only way of doing it

HOTZ What was it?

YOUNG MAN The spring mattress

HOTZ Thanks. (*The* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *goes out*) To come back to our question

WILFRID Drop that subject, Philip!

HOTZ So you think marriage works?

WILFRID (*jumping up*) Or I'll throw your screws out of the window! I really will!

HOTZ I've always envied you your sense of humor, Wilfrid There's no need to lose it now just because personally I can't laugh at the fact of your having slept with my wife

WILFRID Phillip!

HOTZ Are you going to hold the screws for me, my friend, or aren't you? (WILFRID *stands with his back to* HOTZ) I don't understand your indignation (*The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *enters and throws down scraps of wood*) What was that?

OLD MAN The bedstead

HOTZ Thanks. (*Exit the* OLD REMOVAL MAN.) To come back to my question (*Telephone rings*) Excuse me (*He speaks into the receiver*) Hotz Yes, in person (*He puts down the receiver*) Give me the screws (*He takes the screws from* WILFRID *throws them out the window picks up receiver again*) Are you still there? So am I What's that you say? (*He covers the mouthpiece*) Do you think I'm making a noise? (*He listens to the receiver for a while*) That was probably the grandfather clock falling over I only had one grandfather clock Frau Oppikofer, so that will never happen again Pardon? (*He puts hand to forked*) Here's the key!

WILFRID What key?

HOTZ You came to see Dorli Take it! She's in the wardrobe.

WILFRID Dorli?

HOTZ Out on the balcony, yes. (*He holds out the key, but* WILFRID *doesn't take it*) I'll answer as soon as you stop shouting Frau Oppikofer (*He puts his head over the mouthpiece*) How is your Clarissa? (*He speaks into the receiver*) No, no Frau Oppikofer, I'm giving you notice I'll come down at once (*Hangs up the receiver*) I have never dealt with so many unpleasant things in one day before I'm surprised at myself I'm not normally a man of action (*He takes a comb and combs his hair*) I mustn't lose my fury now!

(*The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *enters with a large vase from which he removes the wrapping paper, and turns to* WILFRID)

OLD MAN Is this the lady's property?

WILFRID That—what the hell's the idea, unpacking it without asking?—that's a genuine Inca vase.

OLD MAN What's Inca?

WILFRID Mind your own business.

OLD MAN Is this for the Frau Doktor?

WILFRID Damn it all, man.

OLD MAN You'd better tell me, otherwise it will be in pieces

WILFRID The Frau Doktor said I have known each other since kindergarten—

OLD MAN So it's the lady's property

(*He puts the vase down and goes out again,* HOTZ *has taken no notice at all but combed his hair ready to visit Frau Oppikofer*)

HOTZ I mustn't lose my fury now!

(*He puts the comb in his pocket and goes out* WILFRID *looks at the wardrobe that is standing on the balcony and* DORLI *behind his back, steps out of her hiding place*)

DORLI Thank you—

WILFRID Dorli!

DORLI —for the lovely vase (*Speechless, he takes her by both shoulders.*) Give me a cigarette (*He has to give her a cigarette*)

WILFRID Dorli he knows everything

DORLI I know

WILFRID Who told him?

DORLI I did. (*She takes the lighter from his hand as he stands frozen with amusement.*) Well how are you?

(HOTZ *speaks to the audience* DORLI *to* WILFRID)

HOTZ (*speaking Front Stage*) Now ladies and gentlemen, you will hear what I can't hear—I'm downstairs with Frau Oppikofer—but I can imagine it

(*He remains Front Stage, facing audience*)

DORLI He's primitive!

HOTZ She means me

DORLI He's self-centered!

HOTZ She still means me

DORLI He never thinks of anyone but himself!

HOTZ Now comes the expert opinion

DORLI He's schizophrenic!

HOTZ Schizoid!

DORLI Or whatever it's called (HOTZ *puts a cigarette between his lips but does not light it*)

HOTZ Go on!

DORLI Marriage as a spiritual alliance!

HOTZ That's what I think it should be

DORLI And everything else with other women! That would just suit him! Freedom in marriage! I can do what I like—

HOTZ My wife is not my property

DORLI He is incapable of jealousy What rubbish! Absolutely incapable What rubbish! He doesn't blame me for anything (HOTZ *thoughtfully lights his cigarette*) What's left of marriage then? (HOTZ *smokes thoughtfully*)

HOTZ It's hopeless I've spent seven years explaining to her what I understand by marriage—or delivering lectures as my wife calls it I've told her that as far as I'm concerned marriage only works if it's an alliance in freedom and frankness. (DORLI *has to laugh*) A spiritual adventure (DORLI *has to laugh*) Marriages aren't made in bed (DORLI *has to laugh*) What I say is.

DORLI If you could hear him talk!

HOTZ a marriage founded only on fidelity in bed

DORLI I know it by heart!

HOTZ , a marriage that doesn't come to terms with the bed

DORLI (*shouting*) What rubbish And is he jealous!

HOTZ (*shouting*) That's not true!

DORLI He merely controls his feelings That's all So that I have no right to be jealous either

HOTZ (*smoking thoughtfully*) You haven't any right to be jealous

DORLI It's downright mean The way he controls his feelings!

HOTZ (*smoking thoughtfully*) No one has any right to be jealous

DORLI It's exactly a year tomorrow since I told him About us And today at last he shows his anger He's such an introvert! Today at last! (*The* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *implies out a basketful of debris*) Just look at him!

WILFRID Debris

DORLI Just because I withdrew my divorce petition Just look at him! Merely because I said "You won't do it Phillip I know you!" (*The* OLD REMOVAL MAN *empties out a basketful of debris*)

WILFRID What's the idea of that?

DORLI Just so I should take him seriously next time he gets angry and says our marriage isn't working! (*Shakes her head*) And the curtains! The furniture! The pictures! Did you ever see anything like it? Just because the divorce-court judge told him he was an educated man (*She takes a cigarette*)

HOTZ She's beginning to feel surprised

(HOTZ *steps into the set and holds out his lighter for her cigarette*)

WILFRID I say, even the beautiful glasses I gave you two are among the wreckage!

(DORLI *draws the first puff and* HOTZ *steps back out of set*)

DORLI And yet I love him! (HOTZ *is now Front Stage, furing audience smoking*) I can't run to the station and drag him off the footboard every time he threatens to join the Foreign Legion—just so he should think I take him seriously (*She starts crying again*)

WILFRID Why did he shut you in the wardrobe?

HOTZ She knows perfectly well

WILFRID Well why?

HOTZ Go on tell him!

DORLI Because—simply because—because I said "You'll—never do it—Phillip I—know—you!" (*She starts crying again*)

HOTZ It strikes me as noteworthy that Wilfrid, my friend hasn't thought of touching my wife since he has found out we're getting divorced

DORLI Just—because I—said to him "You'll never do it Phillip—you've been saying that for—seven years. (HOTZ *steps into the set to hold out an ashtray to her*) And yet I'm so happy in our marriage! (*She puts her cigarette into the ashtray and* HOTZ *goes out again carrying it*) Why should I get a divorce?

WILFRID (*putting his arm around her shoulders*) Oh Dorli!

DORLI Oh, Wilfrid!

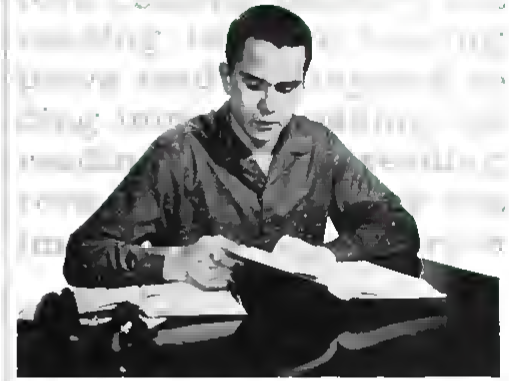
HOTZ Now he's getting to work

WILFRID You love him?

HOTZ Yes, you needn't worry (WILFRID *strokes her hair*) Don't mind me (*Although he is already smoking one cigarette, he takes another*) Perhaps



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ladies and gentlemen, you think it self-centered of me to imagine that the two of them are talking so much about me. But that's how it is! I'm the only topic of conversation that hasn't died on them.

(HOTZ *lights a fresh cigarette.*)

WILFRID. Do you think he loves you too?

HOTZ. That's what she thinks.

DORLI. Why does he always want to impress me? He takes all the acts of adultery upon himself. To spare my feelings! And I'm supposed to act the Madonna. Why? Merely so there should be no mention in court of the thing that sends the blood to his head, merely so his own lawyer shouldn't see how jealous he is, my Phillip, how jealous! No, he would rather take all the guilt on himself, he would rather pay millions as the guilty party, and ruin himself till he's sixty, simply to impress me. (*She stamps her foot.*) I won't let him impress me. (*She suddenly starts shouting.*) I won't let him have a divorce, even if it takes the rest of my life. I shall remain the wife until he admits it, my Phillip, until he admits it!

HOTZ (*also shouting*). Admits what? Admits what?

DORLI (*calm again*). There is no atavistic shouting in me, but inwardly I could feel it, he behaves like a cave dweller.

(HOTZ *shouting even louder.*) How—do—you—know?

DORLI (*going up to* WILFRID). Oh Wilfrid!

WILFRID. Oh Dorli! (WILFRID *and* DORLI *embrace.*)

HOTZ. At last! (*He is very embarrassed while they kiss.*) What I meant to say was: I really can't know what is going on here. I'm really downstairs with Frau Oppikofer at this moment. (*He stamps out his cigarette.*) Gentlemen, don't look! I'm not looking myself. We can picture it. And if you are ever in my position, gentlemen, I advise you. (*He looks, notwithstanding.*) Idyllic! A terrific crash is ahead!

WILFRID. What was that?

DORLI. I've no idea.

WILFRID. Gentlemen, if you don't stop that ghastly din immediately, but immediately, gentlemen. (*Another crash.*) What are you doing with that Bechstein piano? (*The sing of sweeping wires.*)

HOTZ. Division of property. (DORLI *starts to cry.*) "If division of property takes place during marriage, the joint property of the spouses is separated into the property of the husband and the property of the wife." (*Another crash.*) Matrimonial Causes Act, Section One, Article 189. (*He buttons up his reefer.*) As I said, ladies and gentlemen, I'm really downstairs with Frau Oppikofer at this moment. (*He rants.*)

WILFRID (*within the set*). Why did you tell him?

DORLI. Well, he told me.

WILFRID. What?

DORLI. About Clarissa.

WILFRID. Clarissa?

DORLI. Frankness! I can be frank too: there's nothing easier—frankness as the basis of marriage. If that's what he wants he can have it!

WILFRID. What has Phillip to do with my wife?

DORLI. The same as you with me. (*She wipes the tears away with her handkerchief.*) Didn't you know?

HOTZ (*addressing endurance, Front Siege, holding a written document*). I've given notice we're leaving the flat. (*He crumples the document.*)

WILFRID (*within set*). Clarissa?

DORLI. Don't yell.

WILFRID. My Clarissa?

DORLI. . . . so the whole block hears you.

WILFRID. Women! Whores! (*He goes out.*)

DORLI. Now he's even more primitive. (*She follows him.*)

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). Now I only have to say good-by. (*He calls out into the empty set.*) Gentlemen! (*The* REMOVAL MEN *enter, rolling their sandwiches.*) Bring the wardrobe in immediately. It's pouring rain. (*He resumes Front Siege.*) No ladies and gentlemen, I'm not schizoid. I admit that in my thoughts I was here while I was signing this termination of tenancy, and I imagined that my wife and my friend were talking about me. But I know perfectly well that my wife is in this wardrobe—in reality I'm not schizoid! (*He enters set. Within the set the* REMOVAL MEN *carry in the wardrobe.*) Can you manage it all right? (*They nod, their mouths full of sandwich.*) I envy your strength. (*They put the wardrobe in its original position.*) Again many thanks! (*The* REMOVAL MEN *go out with their straps dragging along the ground.* HOTZ *waits till they have left, then addresses the wardrobe.*) Dorli, did you get wet? (*He knocks on the wardrobe.*) Dorli! (*He picks up his little suitcase.*) I'm going now, Dorli, to join the Foreign Legion. (*He puts his ear to the wardrobe.*) Why are you holding your breath again? (*He stands there, not knowing what to do.*) I think it's despicable, Dorli, the way you treat me. For seven years you have been holding your breath so that every time it comes to the point I'm frightened to death and think I've killed you, Dorli, that's no way to run a marriage. You simply rely on the fact that I love you—and you do what you like with me. What you like! Merely because you're the weaker—(*He picks up the little suitcase again.*) Listen, I'm going. (*He looks at his wristwatch.*) I have to catch a train to Geneva at five twenty-three, with a connection for Marseilles at ten seven. If you feel sorry later today, Dorli, for having kept silent now you can write *poste restante*, Poste de la Gare, Marseilles. (*Bells now begin ringing from all the cathedrals, deadened by distance. Enter the* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN.)

YOUNG MAN. Herr Doktor? (HOTZ *jumps.*) It's about the radio. I mean, if you don't want to sell anything, Herr Doktor, that's a smashing set you have there. I know something about radios. With an input amplifier. But you might tell me quite frankly: couldn't I break it up so that I can put it together again later?

HOTZ. By all means.

YOUNG MAN. You see, I'm getting married too, Herr Doktor.

HOTZ. By all means. (*The* YOUNG REMOVAL MAN *withdraws again.*) I said good-by. (*The chimes are increased by a fresh bell.*) Tomorrow will be Whitsun. . . . Our Whitsun in Rome, Dorli, that was a year ago, yes—but I'm going all the same. (*He kisses the wardrobe.*) Good luck to you.

(*Enter* DORLI, *a paper bag under her arm.*)

HOTZ. Dorli?

DORLI. Yes!

HOTZ. No!

DORLI. What's the matter?

HOTZ (*staring at her*). Just a moment, just a moment. (*He thrusts his hand into his pocket, takes out the key and opens the wardrobe.*) Dorli? Dorli! Dorli—(*He throws all the clothes out of the wardrobe until it is empty.*) I never want to see you again!

OLD MAN (*coming in with a violin*). Excuse me, Herr Doktor, but we must get this job finished. I just wanted to know whether this is the lady's property.

HOTZ. My violin?

OLD MAN. It says on the hat. An old violin, Italian, with accessories, late eighteenth century, from Aunt Bertha. But then it's crossed out.

HOTZ. Crossed out?

DORLI. Yes, you bought it from me, Phillip.

OLD MAN. That's what I wanted to know. (HOTZ *stares at him.*) So it doesn't belong to the Frau Doktor?

HOTZ. No.

OLD MAN. That's what I wanted to know. (*He leaves and breaks the violin across his knee.*)

HOTZ. I never want to see you again! (*He goes out.*)

DORLI. Where are you going? (*She sits down at the low table and unpacks some food.*) Are you ravenous too?

HOTZ (*addressing audience on the reentering set and meter Front Siege*). Now I've forgotten my suitcase. (*He rubs his chin.*)

(*Within set* DORLI *sits talking as though* HOTZ *were in the hall.*)

DORLI. Will you have sausage or cheese? (*She butters a slice of bread.*)

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). I can't understand why she isn't in the wardrobe. I had the key in my trouser pocket, and the wardrobe was locked. I understand her less and less. (*He takes a cigarette.*) Just this cigarette—(*He lights the cigarette.*)—then I'll fetch the suitcase.

DORLI (*within the set*). Your sandwich is ready. (*She calls in a friendly voice.*) Phillip? (*She turns round and sees the* TWO REMOVAL MEN.)

YOUNG MAN. Madam, we've finished.

DORLI. If you want a tip, my husband is out in the hall.

OLD MAN. No, he isn't.

DORLI. Then he's on the landing.

OLD MAN. Suppose he isn't there either?

DORLI. Then he'll be sitting in the Café Morokko. (*The* REMOVAL MEN *put on their caps.*) Happy Whitsun! (*The* REMOVAL MEN *leave in glum silence.*) Phillip? (HOTZ *enters set.*)

HOTZ. I'm going now. (*He picks up the suitcase.*) Good-by.

DORLI (*looking at him*). I'm not angry with you.

HOTZ. Dorli—

DORLI (*eating her lunch*). Why an earth have you kept your mackintosh on ever since this morning, Phillip?

HOTZ. Listen—I'm going now! (*He looks at his wristwatch.*) Do you know the exact time?

DORLI. Four forty-eight.

(HOTZ *winds up his wristwatch.*)

HOTZ. That's no way to run a marriage, Dorli. You do what you like with me merely because you are the weaker.

DORLI. What do I do?

HOTZ. I have to catch a train to Geneva at five twenty-three, with a connection for Marseilles at ten seven. If you feel sorry later today, Dorli, for having kept silent now, you can write *poste restante*, Poste de la Gare, Marseilles.

DORLI. I'm not keeping silent at all.

HOTZ. But I must go now.

DORLI. Where to?

HOTZ. Good-by. (*Pause, the sound of bells.*)

DORLI. When will you be back? (*Pause, the sound of bells.*)

HOTZ. Tomorrow will be Whitsun. . . . Our Whitsun in Rome—well, that's a year ago already, but I'm going all the same.

(DORLI *butters a slice of bread as* HOTZ *goes at last.*)

DORLI. I didn't buy any smoked salmon today. I guess we shall have to save now, Phillip. It's been an expensive day for you.

HOTZ (*appears, suitcase in hand, and addresses audience*). If she comes out now to call me back, even if as in previous years she only comes to the entrance door, then it means she believes once more that one day I shall go, then she's no need for me to go. (*He looks at his watch.*) I hope her watch is right! (*He holds his watch to his ear.*)

DORLI (*within the set, turns and sees there is no one there*). Would you like a rollmops before you go?

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). I wonder if they'll take me at all when I get to Marseilles?

DORLI (*within the set*). Come in!

(*Enter a lady, pulling off her gloves.*)

CLARISSA. I'm beside myself!

DORLI. You—

CLARISSA. He boxed my ears!

DORLI. Who?

CLARISSA. Wilfrid, my husband.

DORLI (*moving the paper bags to one side*). Sit down.

CLARISSA (*kneeling down*). What on earth possessed you to tell my husband I had an affair with your husband?

DORLI. Because Phillip told me so.

CLARISSA. Phillip?

DORLI. Yes.

CLARISSA. I'm beside myself.

DORLI (*going on eating*). He's got it in his bonnet about that, you know—frankness as the basis of marriage.

CLARISSA (*picking up her gloves*). We never had anything to do with each other. (*She throws down the first glove.*) Never! (*She throws down the second glove.*) Never! (*She bursts into tears.*)

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). If Dorli hears I've never committed adultery at all, and if she believes it, then she'll never believe a word I say again! Then I shall really have to go.

DORLI (*within the set*). I don't know why we women don't stick together. It's a pity. We went to school together and no sooner are we beginning to be more or less grown-up than each of us has only one aim—to please men and deceive our sisters. (*She holds out a paper bag.*)

CLARISSA. No thank you!

DORLI (*taking an apple*). You came from the Argentine to tell me it's all untrue. What sort of flight did you have?

CLARISSA. Simone—

DORLI. Don't get formal—

CLARISSA. It isn't true!

DORLI. I asked you what sort of flight you had.

CLARISSA. What can I do, Simone, to make you believe me?

DORLI. Nothing. (DORLI *offers the bag again.*) Apples aren't fattening!

CLARISSA. Do you think I'm fat?

DORLI. We were talking about husbands.

CLARISSA. Mine or yours?

DORLI. Mine. (CLARISSA *laughs.*) I'm not going to have a divorce, do you hear, and certainly not on your account. (*She shouts.*) Certainly not on your account.

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). Now they're shouting already. (*He looks at his wristwatch.*) That can't take long.

CLARISSA (*within the set*). It simply isn't true! I shall shout it out to the whole world. It simply isn't true. We had nothing to do with each other.

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). I shall miss my train. What does it concern the world, if we never had anything to do with each other; what the devil does it concern the world?

(*Within the set the two women are calm and dignified.*)

DORLI. Are you going already?

CLARISSA. You've grown thin.

DORLI. You haven't answered me.

CLARISSA. Very thin.

DORLI. Why isn't Phillip your type? (CLARISSA *shrugs.*) You don't know my husband.

CLARISSA. That's what I keep telling you.

DORLI. You can say what you like against my husband, and about men in general, but there's no one else who would admit to adultery that never took place, and in public too.

CLARISSA. Your husband is a writer.

DORLI. What do you mean by that? (CLARISSA *shrinks up.*) My husband doesn't tell lies! (CLARISSA *expects her to make up.*) I'll tell you something! Between sisters—so to speak.

CLARISSA. I don't fancy that, my dear.

DORLI. Perhaps you don't! But I'll tell you all the same.

CLARISSA (*making up her lips*). Your Phillip doesn't interest me.

DORLI. Phillip is the shyest man there is. It goes as far as untruthfulness when there are only the two of us. He's so shy. But the moment he knows the public is listening he doesn't tell lies.

CLARISSA. Oh.

DORLI. Yes, it's strange.

CLARISSA. So he doesn't tell lies!

DORLI. Not at any price, no. That's why I can't stand what Phillip writes the moment he catches a whiff of the public: he speaks truths—about marriage, for example—which he would never utter between our four walls.

CLARISSA (*picking up her gloves again and pulling them on*). In short, you don't believe me. (DORLI *takes another apple.*) Simone! Nothing happened! I give you my word! Absolutely nothing at all!

DORLI. I don't want to know the details.

HOTZ (*addressing audience*). Now I'm going! (*He picks up his suitcase.*) What am I waiting for? I've got the suitcase.

CLARISSA (*within the set*). Happy Whitsun!

DORLI (*standing, eating her apple*). Happy Whitsun! (CLARISSA *leaves.*) Did you ever see two women who believed one another when it concerned the same man? (*Enter* HOTZ. DORLI *doesn't notice.*) Happy Whitsun!

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(HOTZ *acts accordingly and goes.* DORLI *throws away her apple.*) Stupid cow!

HOTZ (*addressing audience from Front Stage*) She never used to be sarcastic. That's new! She used to be—oh, I don't know—but she was never sarcastic. (*He imitates her tone of voice.*) "Happy Whitsun!" (*He beams with hope.*) At least that's a new tone. (*He enters the set. Within the set* DORLI *has sat down again and is hunting through the paper bag.*) I'm going now. (*She starts with fright.*)

DORLI Good heavens!

HOTZ (*stepping in front of her*) I'm going now.

DORLI (*staring at him*) Good heavens now I've forgotten the tomatoes! (*She heads through the paper bag again.*)

HOTZ I'm going now. (*He waits for a while then goes.*)

DORLI No there they are! (*She takes out a tomato.*)

HOTZ (*addressing audience from Front Stage, he mackintosh still his arm. The bells have stopped ringing.*) The journey to Geneva was grim, as long as I tried to stay furious—I traveled first class—and until I admitted to myself that it would be utterly idiotic if I went on with it!

HAWKER *Cigarettes, cigares, parfumerie, chocolats!*

HOTZ She was right. I couldn't expect Dorli to run to the station every spring and drag me off the footboard, just so I should believe she took me seriously.

HAWKER *Cigarettes, cigares, parfumerie, chocolats!*

HOTZ She can't take me seriously. (*There is the sound of a train coming into a station.*)

DORLI (*within the set—standing at the telephone*) Philip! Yes, I'm at home. Hallo? Where are you? In a call box? Hallo hallo I can't understand what you're saying. Where? There's so much noise on the line. Hallo! It's better now. What do you mean, in Geneva? (*She hears the receiver, while the rumble of a train is heard. Then she dials a number.*)

HOTZ (*addressing audience*) What did I expect? I might have known Dorli was sitting at home, that the bitch never thought of—

(*Enter a* CUSTOMS OFFICER.)

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Schweizer Zollkontrolle. Douane Suisse.*

HOTZ (*handing over his passport*) How could I still have put any hope in her?

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Haben Sie Handelsware?*

HOTZ I'm angry about myself.

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Ob Sie Handelsware haben?* (HOTZ *points to his big suitcase.*) *Aufmachen bitte.* (*The* CUSTOMS OFFICER *takes out shirt—toothbrush, pajamas.*) *Virlen Dank!* (HOTZ *packs his suitcase again.*)

HOTZ The only chance Dorli had left was if they frisked me so I missed the train. (*The* CUSTOMS OFFICER *has meanwhile changed his cap.*)

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Bon en mouvement!*

HOTZ I jumped nervously.

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Votre passeport, s'il vous plait.* (HOTZ *tremblingly holds out his passport.*)

HOTZ But he wasn't suspicious for a moment. (*The* OFFICER *hands back the passport.*)

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Est-ce que vous avez des marchandises?* (HOTZ *points to his suitcase.*)

CUSTOMS OFFICER *Ouvrir, s'il vous plait.* (*The* OFFICER *takes out shirt, toothbrush, pajamas.*) *Bon voyage, monsieur.* (HOTZ *respects the* OFFICER *leaves.*)

HOTZ They all let me go on.

DORLI (*within the set, standing at the telephone*) Operator, can you find out whether that call really came from Geneva. Five minutes ago. Please.

HOTZ (*addressing audience*) It was pretty hot in Marseilles. (*He takes off his jacket.*) I arrived just as the tattoo was sounding, or whatever it's called, but first I went into a *bistro* to drink a coffee my favorite breakfast. (*Enter a* WAITER.)

WAITER *Café?*

HOTZ *An lait.* (*The* WAITER *goes.*) *Est-ce qu'il y a des hirondelles?* (*The* WAITER *nods yes as he goes.*) My favorite breakfast. (*He turns round.*) Not a sign of my wife, of course. (*The sound of bugles.*) And then it was too late—

FINALE

(*While military music with bugles and drums is heard, an iron railing such as encircles barracks comes down grey with a dirty circular. Behind this railing appears* DORLI.)

DORLI Phillip! Phillip! (*The following appear and march past: two dusty legionnaires with rifles and fixed bayonets behind them* HOTZ *with his little suitcase and his mackintosh and jacket over his arm then two more dusty legionnaires with rifles and fixed bayonets.* HOTZ *stops to wave to* DORLI *but the legionnaire behind him jabs him with rifle butt to make him march on.* DORLI *sinks to her knees behind the railing.*)

DORLI (*sobbing bitterly*) Phillip—that's no place for you! (*The military music dies away and the barracks fence floats upward.* DORLI *remains on her knees in the room, sobbing, as* HOTZ *rolls and puts down case mackintosh and jacket.*) Phillip?

HOTZ They wouldn't take me.

DORLI There you are!

HOTZ Too short-sighted.

DORLI (*throwing her arms around his neck*) Phillip!

(HOTZ *strokes her hair, while* DORLI *rests blissfully against his chest, then more out of embarrassment, to make light of the situation, he says*) Is there any mail for me?

CURTAIN

INTRODUCING THE McLANDRESS DIMENSION

(*continued from page 81*)

leaders Dr McLandress makes some allowance for the possibility of change. He hazards the guess that the President's rating may be higher than when he was serving as Senator and he is of the opinion that the Macmillan rating has gone down recently.

The British Royal family much of which had to be rated from rather limited secondary evidence, provides few surprises. One is the coefficient of Antony Armstrong-Jones, now Lord Snowdon, who is far above all other members of the family with 48 minutes. Dr McLandress who is intrigued by the relation of royal lineage to McL-C thinks that this may be the highest royal rating since Queen Victoria's consort Prince Albert. People with a position in the court, as also in London and Washington society, have a uniformly low rating. (Two Washington hostesses of the Truman-Eisenhower era, Mrs. Perle Mesta and Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, who surprisingly enough caught Dr. McLandress' attention are in the lower minute range.)

Rated from secondary oral and written communication—Dr. McLandress attaches considerable importance to the appearance of the first person singular—and plural in such material—Winston Churchill* has a coefficient of eight minutes. This is low but not as low as the McL-C of his old friend Lord Beaverbrook, which is only two minutes. Lord Beaverbrook's coefficient is matched on this side of the water by an American elder statesman, Mr. Bernard Baruch. Speaking of Beaverbrook and Baruch Dr. McLandress offers the thought that ratings decline with advancing age. As a "wholly unscientific guess" when Max Aitken left his native New Brunswick for Britain and when Bernard Baruch left his South Carolina for Wall Street I would say that their coefficients, if not high, were probably higher than now."

Other publishers are within range of Lord Beaverbrook although there is none that matches his score. Mr. John Hay Whitney, owner of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has a McL-C of nine hour twenty-seven minutes. (Mr. Whitney and Mr. Roger Blough, one hour thirty minutes, are both examples according to Dr. McLandress of men whose relatively high McL-C is associated with the diverting effect of a single strong external attraction. In the case of Mr. Whitney this would appear to be the earnings statement of his newspaper; in the case of Mr. Blough, it is the President of the United States.) The McL-C for Mr. Alfred Knopf is seven minutes; that of another publisher, Mr. Bennett Cerf, is 1:7 minutes. Mr. Phillip L. Graham, the dynamic young tycoon of the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* has a McL-C of fifty-nine minutes. Dr. McLandress hazards the guess that this could be the mark of an exceptionally public-spirited publisher.

In the immediate field of American politics only two members of the United States Senate have a McL-C of more than fifteen minutes. One at one hour fifty-five minutes is Senator Ben Smith of Massachusetts who was designated by President Kennedy as the latter's replacement in the Senate on the general understanding that he would not be a candidate for reelection. The other is Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen who has a McL-C of three hours twenty-five minutes. In this connection—the question seems also to have arisen in the case of Mr. James Reston—Dr. McLandress has been asked if a subject sufficiently gifted in verisimilitude could contrive to give investigators the impression of a much greater McL-C than he really has. Dr. McLandress discounts the possibility. He attributes Senator Dirksen's politically high McL-C to an almost unique inability to divert his thoughts from the public interest.

Honors for the lowest coefficient in the Senate are evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans and the East and West Coasts. This is the result of a tie between Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon and Senator Jacob Javits of New York, each with a coefficient of four minutes. A large number of the more devoted and diligent members of the Senate are within the four-to-eight minute range.

Coefficients in the Executive Branch tend also to be low and to fall rapidly in the higher reaches of the civil service and political hierarchy. Dr. McLandress does not attribute this entirely to personal insecurity but also to the fact that men in senior positions in the government are generally more intelligent and thus have a more sensitive appreciation of the relation of the individual in public office to his position. Coefficients are extremely low in the upper levels of the Department of State and in many parts of the Department of Agriculture. They are also low in the White House.

High ratings were found in the Department of Commerce, the National Archives and the Interstate Commerce Commission. Reflecting, errorling to Dr. McLandress the natural concern of the judge with the problems of other people, the highest McL-C in the Federal Government was that of Chief Justice Earl Warren at four hours thirty minutes. The lowest was that of Professor J. K. Galbraith, American Ambassador to India at one minute thirty seconds. Noting the natural tendency of people to think that a diplomat's attention should be centered on his country rather than himself, Dr. McLandress warns once more against hasty conclusions. As instanced by General de Gaulle (footnote on page 184) there is the tendency of people in important public office to confuse the two.

An incumbent and an aspiring governor have the distinction of two of the three lowest McL-C's that Dr. McLandress has yet encountered. The governor is Mr. Nelson Rockefeller of New York and one of the two men to break into what Dr. McLandress calls the "second range." Governor Rockefeller has a McL-C of forty-five seconds. This is very low, but ceases to seem so in comparison with Mr. Richard Nixon's coefficient which is only three seconds. It should be noted incidentally that both of these ratings are based on a wealth of oral material and are thought by Dr. McLandress to be exceptionally reliable. The Nixon rating could indeed be on the high side. It was established before the publication of Mr. Nixon's recent book. The effect of this book, in the doctor's view might have been to shade his coefficient by a fraction of a second.* Also rated before his recent book was a third public figure with a low McL-C, Mr. Lewis Strauss. Then given a McL-C of thirty eight seconds Dr. McLandress hazards the guess that full consideration of his new volume might conceivably put him in the high multi-second range.

It is these very low ratings for two such prominent political figures which has led to the discussion of their advantage for people seeking political preferment. It is Dr. McLandress' view that this concentration of attention on inward factors of personality is an advantage and he adduces impressive empirical evidence to support his thesis. He has made an extensive case study of a recent New York congressional fight between two closely matched contenders. Mr. John V. Lindsay and Mr. William vanden Heuvel. Equal in all other respects Mr. Lindsay has a McL-C of fourteen minutes as compared with Mr. vanden Heuvel's of one hour and thirty-six minutes. Mr. Lindsay was the victor. Similarly in gaining office in New York State Mr. Rockefeller was matching his forty-five-second McL-C against Governor Averell Harriman's 12.5 minutes. Governor Harriman was of course unseated. Dr. McLandress implies, and many will agree, that in the face of this evidence undue significance can not be attached to the last presidential election when the relatively high-rated Mr. Kennedy nosed out the phenomenally low-rated Mr. Nixon. Other factors including the predominantly Democratic temper of the country were working for Kennedy. The almost total concentration of purpose implicit in his coefficient may well have been what enabled Mr. Nixon to do as well as he did.

In any case the answer will come this autumn in California when Mr. Nixon opposes his three-second McL-C to the fourteen-minute thirty-five-second coefficient of incumbent Governor Pat Brown. This is the contest that even those hardened professionals who are most suspicious of any intrusion of science into politics are watching. If Governor Brown wins, the work of Dr. McLandress will certainly be taken somewhat less seriously as a guide to the politically compelling personality than it is today, although it should be kept in mind that many predicted the demise of the Gallup poll after its failure in 1948. If Mr. Nixon wins it is safe to say that come 1964, outside of the South the candidates with a high McL-C will indeed be few and far between. ##

*Mr. Nixon's Six Crises, a work of fiction may or may not be one that of which the author has had personal experience. It is a dramatic story of personal failure and a final triumph. Dr. McLandress's coefficient for Mr. Nixon's book is 1:14. It is the highest coefficient he has found in any of the literature of politics.



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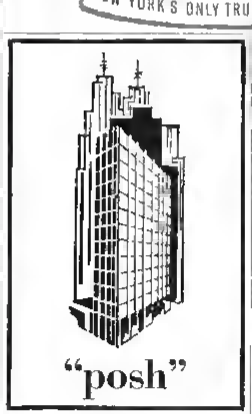


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THE ANATOMY OF SOLITUDE *(Continued from page 122)*

'a dog barking. Moments later he was singing a dirty song. Next he invented exercise saying he would like to "make like a porpoise, but these darned air hoses won't let me."

Suddenly there was an outburst of sobbing and he cried:

"How many people really think what it's all about?" And a little later: "How many people ever even think just once about love."

A short time after that he said: "I hear voices—men's voices." There was a short period of raucous laughter. "Too bad they should be a bunch of dollies."

At the end of four and a half hours he said: "Am I really hearing things?"

And then abruptly he ripped off the mask and climbed out of the tank.

With our increasing understanding of solitude, experiments are of course becoming more sophisticated. But even so the subject's morale is bolstered by the knowledge that when the going gets too rough the experimenters will rescue him. Scientists can only speculate mostly from accounts of men who have suffered through real life experiences, how their laboratory subjects would behave if this security were withdrawn.

WHAT then. Is the answer for the spaceman? What physical and psychological defenses can protect him from the corroding effects of solitude?

It is known that some men of course have a certain amount of natural resistance to the debilitating influence of prolonged isolation.

Mrs. Ritter found that "the extroverts among those who spend the winter at Spitsbergen will always instinctively create for themselves a sphere of activity and hence a sphere of reality which will save them when no impulse comes from without. Those who find their pleasure in meditation will withdraw into themselves into regions of astonishing brightness but those who are accustomed to yield to their inclination to idleness run the great danger of losing themselves in nothingness, of surrendering their senses to all the insane fantasies of overstretched nerves."

But science has yet to discover the man who can bear solitude indefinitely. Mural strength can only delay the inevitable breaking-up. Dr. Robert H. Felix director of the National Institutes of Health (where Dr. Lilly conducted his tank tests) stressed this when he testified before a Congressional committee on the effectiveness of isolation as a brainwashing device.

"You can break down any man," Dr. Felix said. "I don't care what his background is or how he has been indoctrinated. Once you have cut off all outside stimuli you can feed him any information you want him to have."

He will reverse it into his thinking and it will gradually become part of his logical thought process.

The only way to rescue a man from the clutches of blank solitude is to give him something to do activity. Mention of it crops up persistently in the diaries of lonely explorers and seamen.

Dr. Rumbaut relates that his rubber raft had drifted to mid-Atlantic when his self-winding watch stopped and he had no way of resetting it.

"This incident brought home to me how much the aimlessness of doing what I pleased of not deciding in advance how to fill my day could undermine me, and I decided to work out a strict timetable of activity. I am convinced that in such circumstances it is essential for the castaway to remain master of events, rather than merely react to them."

Mrs. Ritter, alone when her husband and his helper tended their traps, wrote in her diary: "For human beings this stillness is horrible. It is days since I have been outside the hut. Gradually I have become fearful of seeing the deadness of the land. I sit in the hut and tire myself out with sewing. It makes no difference whether the work is finished today or tomorrow, but I know what I'm doing. I do not want to have my mind free for a moment to think a moment in which to become aware of the nothingness outside. I have become conscious of the power of thought, a power which up here can bestow life or death." Mrs. Ritter also found refreshment in reading. Books brought her back to a certain "sphere of reality."

Scientists agree that this is the answer, or part of the answer, for the spaceman.

"Give him something to occupy his mind," says Dr. Constantine D. L. Generales, an authority on space medicine. "Give him microfilmed books, television from earth, music and things to do. If possible, give him an exercise area. When larger spaceships are built they will be manned by crews and the men will have companionship."

Solitude, then, is an isolation from things familiar, a commonenough estate which has suddenly taken on new and fearsome meanings for modern man. Yet Thoreau, in his essay *Solitude* seemed to grasp its implications as clearly as any contemporary scientist.

"Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows. The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone at the mercy of his thoughts but must be where he can 'see the folks,' and receive . . . and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and 'the blues'; but he does not realize that the student though in the house is still at work in his field and chopping in his woods as the farmer in his and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

The time may come when scientists can manipulate the minds of prospective astronauts so that conditions in outer space become the familiar environment so that the spaceship pilot is working in his field and chopping in his woods. ⁂



"Just a minute, just a minute—I'll ask the questions!"

FAMOUS LAST WORDS *(Continued from page 107)*

tent to me as my training and physical condition. No one knows how important this is to me—not even my trainer. And I'll tell you this: I'll bring myself up to this fight, and if I'm very sharp—or let's say just sharp—that's all I need to win. Mental alertness is it. If I have to think what I'm going to do before or after a punch I might as well give up."

I asked Floyd about courage in the ring.

"What a man is hurt, he can be more dangerous. A desperation punch can win a fight for you. It might be a punch you normally wouldn't throw. Take that fight with Burns and Coley Wallace. Coley knocked Bivins all around the ring for eight rounds and just missed finishing him off. When the ninth round started Bivins sees Wallace tearing out of his corner and come running at him and in desperation Bivins threw a straight right hand and knocked him out.

"I'll tell you a story about the time I was an amateur and was scheduled to fight. I was very young, still a light heavy—this was before the Olympics at the Downtown A.C.—but they wanted to fill out a card one night and so they moved me up to the heavyweight match. You could get by with it if your manager said okay, and I fought this guy [Julius Griffin] and I was scared. Oh, I was scared. I remember climbing into the ring and looking across it at this guy and I was never so scared in all my life. He had tremendous muscles all over him. He looked like a great tree trunk. And when that bell rang I was so scared I just ran straight out to him and I hit the ground and I knocked him out right then."

Shortly after the contracts for the Liston match were signed I watched him appear on a half-hour television interview alone with a Ph.D. It was the day his book *Victory Over Myself* went on sale.

During the program Floyd was told a story of his first days at a special school and of a teacher who had befriended him. He expressed his deep affection for her and told of the day he knew the answer to a question for the first time, but did not have the courage to raise his hand. This day no one else knew the answer and when the teacher gave it and it was exactly the one Floyd had in his mind, he was crushed with remorse. He ran out of the room and down the hall but this wonderful teacher came after him and said: "I know you knew the answer, Floyd. But in the future, right or wrong you must raise your hand." That advice helped him immeasurably. He told the interviewer—not only in school but afterward.

The champion told the story simply and without hesitation with great conviction. But at the end of it, he said when outlining his training program: "I will go back and train hard to get ready for my fight with Liston."

The quality of courage is not to be discerned from the outward appearances of men. It reveals itself only in moments of crisis—sometimes it comes to the most unlikely men. Talking with Liston, I had the impression that he was unaware of its existence in him or at least he didn't find it worth considering in the abstract. Floyd Patterson, though, is motivated by courage. Both stories are about it, works it up, makes it work for him. In that level of the consciousness did it be I wondered and what man ever could arrange for it to bring him victory? ⁂

EAST COAST'S FAVORITE RESTAURANTS—NIGHTCLUBS

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SUN LUCK EAST—58 E. 55 PL 9-4870. Elegant sister to the West Side apartments, specializing in the finest Cantonese, Peking and Shanghai dishes. Lunch 11:30-4 & 5 A.M. to Dinner 4 p.M. Open at 4 P.M. & remains open until 4 A.M. Sat. & Sunday.

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New York City (cont'd)

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Homewood — Mrs. Speaks Men's Wear
Mobile — The Sanguin Shop
Sheffield — Hammon's
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Arizona

Tucson — David Bloom & Sons, Inc.
Tucson — S. & S. Men's Shop

Arkansas

El Dorado — Samples
Little Rock — Lammy Kaplan & Inc.
Little Rock — Pfeifle and Arkansas

California

Bakersfield — Cotter's, Inc.
Fresno — Cotter's, Inc.
Long Beach — Buffums
Los Angeles — Stevenson's
San Bernardino — Mel Coburn
San Diego — Leo Clothing Company
San Francisco — Roos Atkins
San Francisco — Paupeno
San Leandro — Harper's
Santa Ana — Sam Horwich Men's Wear
West Lake — Stan's Men's Store

Colorado

Denver — Holmes's For Men
Pueblo — Van Bibber Men's & Boys. Inc.

Connecticut

Greenwich — Jay Cranvell, Inc.
Hartford — Ken Davis
Hartford — Herrick's
Milford — R. W. Crane Co.
New Haven — Bacon Kelley Co.
Stamford — The Rosenau
Stamford — Sam's Shop
Westport — H. Mack's Inc.

District of Columbia

Washington — Olin Hunt, Inc.
Washington — Georgetown Gift of the

Florida

Daytona — C. R. Slaughter Inc.
Jacksonville — Mel Cohens
Miami — Jim Simon
Tampa — Jack Paul Men Inc.

Georgia

Atlanta — Anthony's
Atlanta — Tyrrell's Sweet
Atlanta — Lee Rosenau
Atlanta — Parks Chamberlin Inc.
Atlanta — Zachry
Atlanta — Taggart

Idaho

Idaho Falls — Brown and Bates

Illinois

Aurora — Morty's
Chicago — Haskin
Chicago Country Squire Men's Store
Chicago — Kenneth Wong Men
Chicago — H. I. Rothschild & Co.
Fort Wayne Bon Ton Men's Wear
Geneva — Sanderson's Clothing Store
Mt. Carroll — Kraft's
Moline — Clive & Dougherty Co.
Peoria — Bradley Store
Quincy — Scheinmans
St. Charles — Charles A. Locke
Taylorville — Sunseare
Wenona — Hall Department Store
West Chicago — Robertson's
West Frankfort — Hester Bus Overland Trailer

Iowa

Cherokee — Cribaer & Childers
Waterloo — Reinelt Dept. Store Inc.

Kansas

Kansas City — Glassman's Men & Boys Wear
Salina — Hoare-Reid

Kentucky

Covington — Levy Bros. Inc.
Louisville — Hevenerhall's
St. Matthews — Levy Brothers Inc.

Louisiana

Baton Rouge — Steinhardman's Inc.
Baton Rouge — Welsh & Levy
Monroe — Sport Shop

Maryland

Baltimore — K. Kahl & Sons
Silver Spring — Darnell's Men's Wear

Massachusetts

Boston — Filene's & Sons Co.
Boston — Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston — Kennedy's
Boston — Peacock Moose Company
Boston — Shepard's Inc.

Michigan

Ann Arbor — Stephen's
Bay City — Powell's
Detroit — Hudson's
Detroit — Kaufman's
Detroit — Sanders
Detroit — Stanley Drug Co.
Flint — Crawford & Hendrian Inc.
Grand Rapids — Meyer's Men's Store
Jackson — J. W. Hodgi
Kalamazoo — Leaman & Men's Shop
Owosso — Stanger Inc.
Saginaw — Goodell's Suburban

Minnesota

Austin — Coffee & Mill of Inc.
Bemidji — Mill Brothers
Little Falls — Victor Clothing Co.
Minneapolis — Judkins

Missouri

Clayton — Puckett's Men's Wear
Kansas City — Emery Bird Thayer
Kansas City — H. & J. Jacobson
Kansas City — Jones Shop
Kansas City — Michael's Fine Clothes
Lexington — Bond's
St. Joseph — Nash-Bandes
St. Louis — Lemps Men's Shop

Montana

Billings — Jansen's

Nebraska

Lincoln — Lincoln & Stein 1st Store
Omaha — Boy Scouting Inc.
Omaha — H. S. Jamison
Omaha — Nebraska Clothing Co.
Plattsmouth — Jones Shop
Scottsbluff — Smith's Mens & Boys Wear

Nevada

Las Vegas — Benzman & M Las Vegas

New Hampshire

Concord — Ellwood Fine & Son
Dover — Strout Shoe Inc.
Keene — Ayer's

New Jersey

Cherry Hill — Menswear Inc. Clothing Shop
Clifton — Lines Lawrence & Son
Collingswood — Lee Howard Inc.
Dover — Long Men's Shop
East Orange — Meltzers on the Mall
East Orange — Lord & Whitehead
Elizabeth — Cashdan Inc.
Elizabeth — J. J. Cottle Co.
Fairfield — Perry Andrews
Montclair — Levy's
Haddonfield — Jimmy Wood's Mens Store
Keyport — W. S. Wallace
Matawan — Reinstein Outfitters Inc.
Ocean City — Kabel Men's Shop
Paramus — Meyer Original
Plainfield — Tompkins
South Orange — Marks
Summit — Scott's
West New York — Schlimgen's & Son
Westwood — The Male Shop

New Mexico

Albuquerque — Henry's Inc.
Albuquerque — Stromberg's
Las Cruces — Hyatt Men's Store
Santa Fe — Men's

New York

Albany — McMurray & Riley
Albany — John G. Myers, Co.
Albany — Steckel's
Auburn — Tyburn's Men's Shop
Canajoharie — Sayles Men & Boys Wear
Corning — F. & W. Grand Inc.
Brooklyn — Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn — Hirsch Mens Shop
Cedarhurst — Irving
Middletown — Kassel Brothers
Newburgh — Wenzel's
Niagara Falls — Main Inc. Clothing Co.
Oakdale — Woodside's
Oneonta — John H. Zeh & Sons
Orchard Park — Hodge Podgers
Utica — Webb's Men's Shop Inc.
Vestal — Spencer's Men's Store
Yonkers — Patten Clothing
Watkins — Cherbo's

North Carolina

Asheville — Hall Hoot Inc.
Rising Mountain — Bedding Child Rose and Bell's Shoe Co.
Charlotte — Belk Bros. Co.
Charlotte — Ed Mellon Co.
Charlotte — Tate's Men's Store
Durham — Van Slumbers
Fayetteville — Wellington Inc.
Greensboro — Montgomery Ward Co.
Henderson — Woolley Clothing Co.
Hendersonville — Patterson's Men's Shop
High Point — Cannon-Ivester Co.
Laurinburg — Burton-Webb Inc.
Pembroke — Sugar's Men's Shop
Wilson — P. Rose Co.

North Dakota

Grand Forks — Nelson's Clothing

Ohio

Akron — Polsky's
Akron — Rhoades
Akron — Stein's
Akron — Polsky's
Akron — Lyden's Men's Wear
Canton — Mel's Store
Cincinnati — Burkhardt's
Cincinnati — H. & S. Payer Co.
Cleveland — Gingert Mack Shop
Cleveland — The Hub & Bonbon Co.
Cleveland — Kay's Mens Store
Cleveland — Stein at Lyndon Co.
Dayton — Bertram Stores Inc.
Dayton — The Metropolitan Co.
Fredericktown — Fredericktown Clothing Co.
Girard — Globe Clothing Store
Lakeland — Sullivan's
Marietta — Roberts
Newcomerstown — Baltimore Clothing Co. Inc.
Oberlin — Prince & Arbaugh
Ottawa — Wise Clothing & Shoe Co.
Salem — Strouss-Hirshberg
Toledo — Sommer's
Wauseon — The Men's Store
Wooster — Brenner
Youngstown — Ha Lelli's
Xenia — Kingston's of Merrimack

Oklahoma

Enid — Bates Shop.
Oklahoma City — Rutland Inc.
Weatherford — Hagen's

Oregon

Portland — Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Portland — Haldeman Bros

Pennsylvania

Bethlehem — Interior
Boyertown — Zimmerman's
Bradford — Tom Sage
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Clarion — Colwell's
Hanover — J. & W. Men's Shop
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(Continued from page 93)

across the way.) The boys at this school are no bigger than the boys from the schools they play but they consistently win almost all their games each season possibly because their opponents lack towers, cameras, telephones and scouts. And possibly because their football coaching staff alone is apt to be larger than their opponents' entire athletic departments. But not content with the manifold advantages of personnel and equipment alumni boosters of this school also beat the bushes in surrounding school districts for likely seventh-grade prospects. All this, and ringers, too! One wonders why. Can perfection in football really be that important to high-school boys? If it is, why bring in ringers? For when a team is loaded with ringers, the regularly enrolled student body never gets a chance to try for the team, to learn all the perfection these coaches and scouts have to teach.

It is easy to predict that a school's reputation and its student morale will sharply shrink as the football team improves its record—just as has happened in many football colleges. For in many universities the athletes' dormitory, or the predominantly athletic fraternity house is called the animal house, and student attendance at the games has been decreasing. At one college you can hear ironical students chant: CHEAT! CHEAT! CHEAT! COME ON, GANG, LET'S LOSE!

It is past time for a revolution from the top designed to give the game back to the youngsters. For football can be a drama of the highest order. Fortunately, the first straw has appeared in the wind. It has appeared in the South of all places in the very heart of a region most devoted to the worst excesses of high-pressure football. Four small Southern colleges have *flatly prohibited any mention of a student applicant's athletic ability* when his credentials are presented to the admissions committees. This strikes at the very heart of the matter: recruiting ringers. After all, an athletic scholarship is a cynical contradiction in terms. One can only think of the All American guard at a Big Ten school who, struggling with a composition in his physical-education course, painfully wrote, "I am a futbal plair."

In addition to an outright end to athletic scholarships the colleges must stop charging admission to the game if the game is to be saved. For corruption begins with the price of admission; pressures mount to fill the stadium; and to fill the stadium a winning team must be hired; and from that point on the game is lost. It is untrue that college football receipts pay the way for all other athletic facilities at colleges.

Third the game will never get better until the college drops its director of athletic publicity on the points of his head, and abolishes press boxes and other special press privileges. For if the press had to take its chance on a seat in the stadium, most games would go widely unreported. Among other benefits the morning odds published for gamblers would disappear from the sports pages. The press cannot escape blame for hotting up the pressure that has turned what should be a private match played by twenty-two boys into a public industry that supports bookmakers and sells soap, cigarettes and automobiles.

Fourth colleges must give the coach faculty status and tenure and turn a deaf ear to the alumni. The colleges must hire coaches exactly as they do other teachers; no school yet has dropped an English professor because only two hundred of his three hundred students passed. Further, if a coach seeks to break his contract in order to earn more money teaching a rival, the college must sue for breach of contract if anyone is to have the slightest regard for either the game, or the school.

Fifth, colleges must confine football to its proper place and time. Its place is that it is a game—one of many games. The time for it, of course, is in the fall after college reopens. Spring practice and the kind of fall practice that begins in the middle of August in a training camp is absolutely inimical to the best interests of the game, assuming that football is to be treated as a game.

These are some of the things colleges can do to bring football back into perspective. There are others such as banning intersectional games, but the point is that the revolution must begin with the colleges for it is their example that the high schools follow. It is the college which pays a subsidy to the high school coach to act as a preliminary talent scout. In turn the high school coach begins to prepare fodders on every likely seventh-grade husky in his own school district and outside it. If he is ambitious to move into college coaching, there to enjoy gaudier opportunities for contract-jumping and the requisition of new cars from booster clubs and extra money from television and radio performances, then he will devote himself to establishing a reputation as a recruiter and as a compiler of undefeated seasons. In the process, such a coach will follow the techniques of the colleges and the pros corrupting both the game and the boys, paving the way for the threatened scandal, becoming a part of a system of values that insists on winning at any cost, in the process furnishing us such sorry spectacles as those of the season past—Notre Dame's snarling refusal to relinquish victory unfairly won, and West Point's public dangling of a carrot before Louisiana State's Paul Dietzel. ✻

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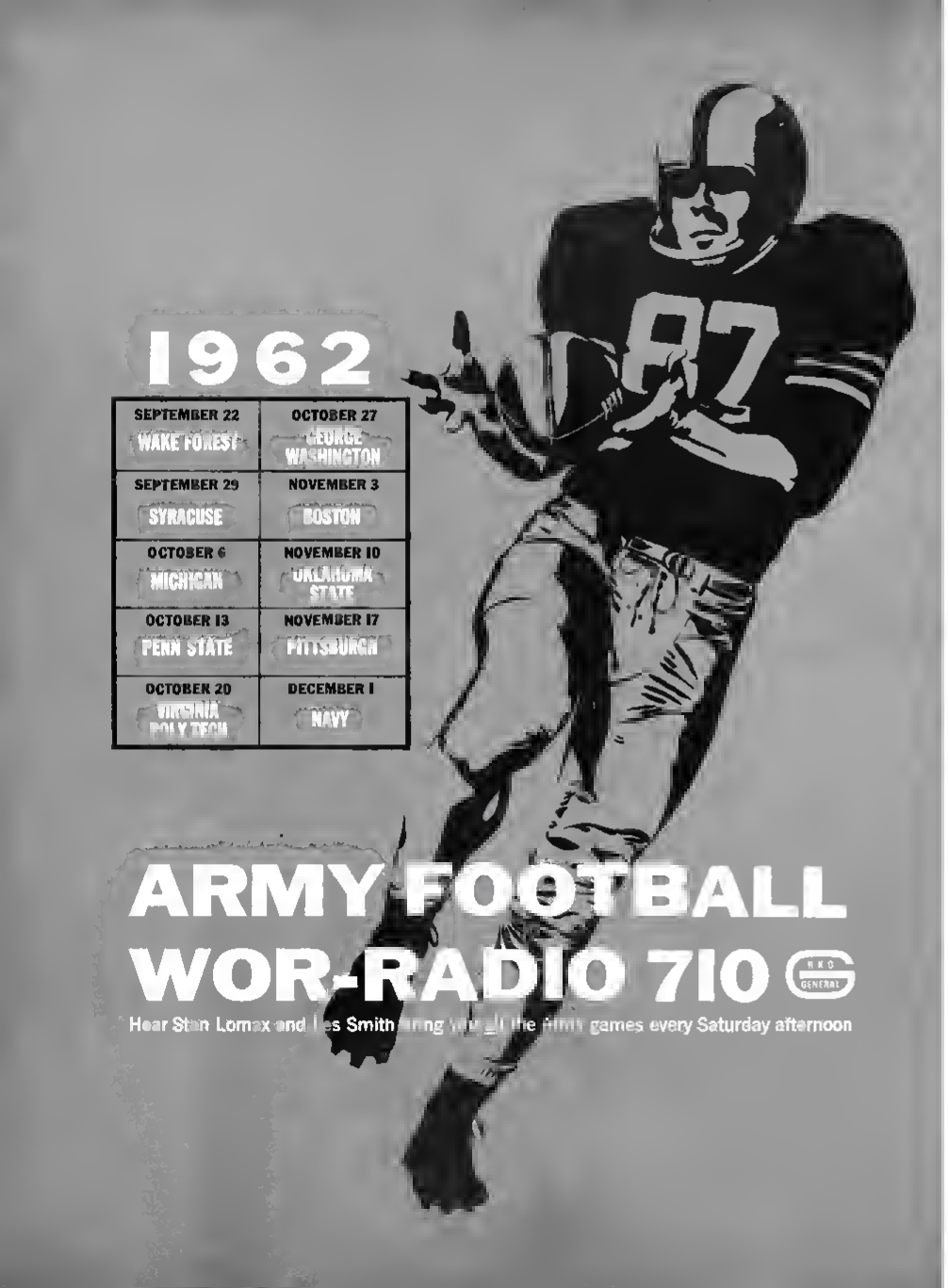
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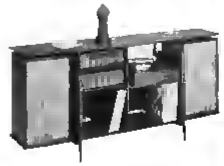


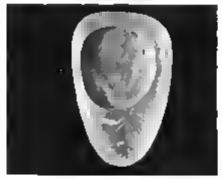
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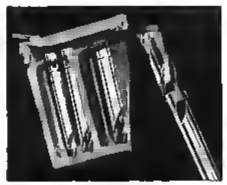
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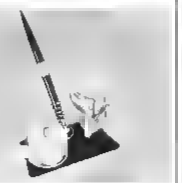
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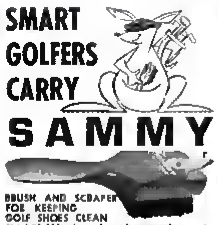
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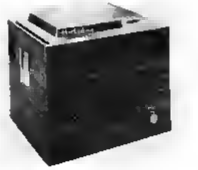
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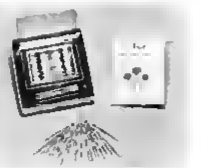
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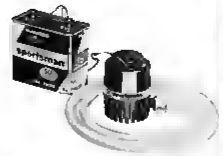


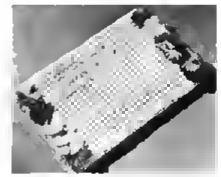
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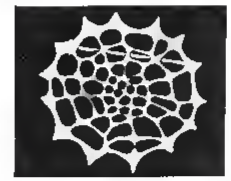
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All I ask you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!

Take this book and turn to page 20. Read eight short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your mind the simple secret I've shown you. And then get ready to test your new AUTOMATIC memory!

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this! Without referring to the book, you're going to sit down and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received ... if you are a salesman they may be twenty different products in your line ... if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework ... if you are a housewife they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts that will have that fact into your mind permanently and automatically! And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—automatically—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life you'll be able to plan ahead your entire day automatically in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, notes, or other "paper crutches."

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—to the exact order that you memorized them!

You'll keep every single appointment on time—because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! A simple trick ... a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!

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But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory. This secret is just one of the over 10 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods to astound you! But you never knew how incredibly simple they were—until you learned the details yourself!

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to ... or introduce him to a friend! In as little as one short week after you read this book, how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people ... meet each one of them fully ... and then remember their names—automatically—for as long as you live!

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street ... whenever you bump into them at the club ... whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically! There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! By the time you can reach out to shake their hands your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children, instantly, by their names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone" ... who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes ... to win new friends in the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to remember exactly what you hear and read! It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference ... to back up your opinion in discussions ... become a leader in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech or a sales presentation—or material. It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by 100% in a single week!

This book shows you how to improve the depth and force and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary ... learn dozens of ways to burn new words into your memory ... learn them ... remember them without looking them up ... repeat entire phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language in just a few short weeks—at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once and then repeat it in the same brilliant way.

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to professionally organize your mind—do what you have to do in half the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments—automatically. You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! Let me send you this book—and prove these facts to you ... or it DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!



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And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours. This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

Try It Entirely at My Risk!

The name of this book is HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY! I believe that this book is revolutionary—because it proves once and for all that memory improvement can be fun ... it can be exciting ... it can be passed from one person to another automatically!

This book is a word-for-word copy of my regular mail-order course which I sell for $25. Now, ever the book costs you only $2.98 ... and I want you to try this book—in your own home—entirely at my risk! Here's how!

First try for yourself the experiment I have described in this exhibit. See for yourself if it almost automatically works in the very first evening alone! And then read on to see the book for one additional week! If in this very first week alone, if this amazing book doesn't do everything I say ... if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory—no matter what your age—no matter how poor you may think your memory is today—then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!

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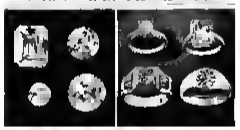


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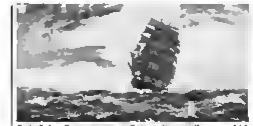
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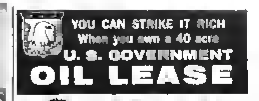
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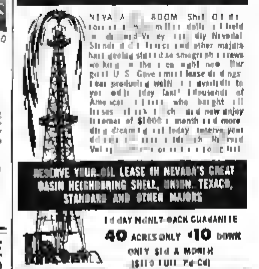
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